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EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.

VOL. I.

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.

Cambacérès

London Published by Henry Colburn 13. Great Marlborough Street

EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS,

SECOND CONSUL,

ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE, DUKE OF PARMA,

&c. &c. &c.

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BY BARON LANGON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1837.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE volumes here presented to the public contain a faithful record of Conversations which the author had the happiness to enjoy with the distinguished personages whose names authenticate the extraordinary facts they related.

The evening parties, to which Prince Cambacérès had the kindness to admit me, were composed of the old friends of the ex-chancellor of the Empire. In summer in his garden, and in winter in his saloon or his cabinet, Prince Cambacérès was the soul of an interesting circle, presenting an intellectual feast — to which, each visitor contributed his contingent.

The old and the new systems, the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire and the incipient Restoration, furnished the texts of these Conversations. The most important events often formed subjects of narration and discussion; as for example—the death of the Duke d'Enghien; the cabal which gave birth to the imperial government; the misunderstandings with the Pope; the invasion of Spain; Napoleon's divorce; scenes

in the Tuileries, Saint-Cloud, Malmaison, Fontainebleau; and finally, as it were by way of episodes, came the marvels of the campaigns of Italy and Egypt.

It was my good fortune to hear events of the most deep and stirring interest described by persons who had witnessed them, and, in many instances, by those who had acted conspicuous parts in them. These descriptions, instead of being introduced by the dull common-place preliminary —*It is said*, or, *I have heard*, rivetted the attention of the listener by such words as :— *One day, when the Emperor sent for me*, or, *Robespierre, addressing me, said, &c. &c.* The distinguished visitors of Prince Cambacérès could truly say, in reference to the scenes they described : —" *J'étais là quand telle chose advint.*"

In the arrangement of my materials, I have not observed any chronological regularity. I present them to the reader nearly in the order, or, to speak more correctly, the disorder, in which I find them collected in my notes. I give the Conversations as they occurred, and, consequently, without regard to unity of time, place, or subject. The merit of the work rests solely on the value of the materials of which it is composed ; and, in submitting those materials to the press, I have been actuated by the spirit of truth, and not by the vanity of authorship.

L. L. L.

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THE consequences of the European war having compelled me to leave Italy in February 1814,

I returned to France and took up my residence at Carcassonne. The restoration ensued, and, in the August following, I proceeded to Paris. On my arrival in that capital, I lost no time in calling on Prince Cambacérès. He still resided at the old Hotel de Monaco, where he fixed his abode when the demolition of the Hotel d'Elbeuf compelled him, in 1809, to remove from the Place du Carrousel. His new residence was situated in the Rue Saint-Dominique. Her Royal Highness the Duchess dowager of Orleans purchased it from him after the Hundred Days; and she died there. The council of state now holds its sittings in that hotel. What next will be its destiny? Houses, like empires, often change masters. The chronicles of the palaces and hotels of Paris might furnish matter for a few amusing volumes.

When, on saluting the Prince, I recollected the many stirring events which had occurred within the space of a few short months, I felt unable to conceal my emotion. His manner was marked by his accustomed kindness and amiability:

"How is this?" said he. "You turn to the setting sun! Do you profess the worship of sinking stars?"

"Monseigneur," replied I, "your highness overwhelmed me with favours in the days of

your power. I can never cease to cherish a grateful remembrance of them."

" Leon," said he, " if you knew how basely I have been forsaken. Messieurs so and so, (he named about ten or a dozen persons,) are at the Tuileries... But, I am delighted to see you. Whenever you have an hour to spare, especially in the evening, come and see me, and we will talk over the past."

" Yes, and we will build in the regions of chimera, castles in the air for the future."

"The future! Alas! we have nothing to look for in the future. The Emperor has closed every chance against himself. The Bourbons will reign for ever."

" I do not think so."

" Indeed! and pray what inspires you with that doubt?"

" A line of La Fontaine; that writer whose works are an inexhaustible mine, in which every thing is to be found. In the fable of *l'Ours et l'Amateur*, you will find this maxim:

' Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant ami.' "

" It is very true."

" For example, I passed a few days at Carcassonne with Count Jules de Polignac. Two strange hallucinations have taken possession of his mind: one is the complete return to the old

régime ; and the other, that France can be saved until he himself is made prime minister. He repeated this nonsense over and over, and made it the subject of a hundred arguments."

"What a singular man he is!"

"He is a pure specimen of loyalty and of exalted piety ; a man of the most amiable disposition and manners, but of the most complete incapacity. There is no junior clerk in any of our public offices, who is not better qualified to be a minister than the Count."

"So much the worse, for he is very influential now, and will be very powerful by and bye. But he will see—he will reflect, and will learn to judge of things more accurately."

"Monseigneur, there are people who close their eyes that they may not see, and stop their ears that they may not hear. We have many such in France, now."

Count Réal was announced. His highness uttered an exclamation of joy.

"How, Count! is it you? I have not seen you this age."

RÉAL.—I go out but little : the weather is so bad.

He looked at me with an air of doubt.

THE PRINCE.—Oh! he is one of ourselves. You may speak freely.

He introduced me. My humble name was

unknown to Count Réal; but his Serene Highness' guarantee was of course sufficient to insure full confidence in me. The Count again made some remarks upon the weather, which he intended to be figurative, and expressed his fears that it would be very stormy. The republicans distrusted the Bourbons, and certainly without reason; for their forbearance, indulgence, and clemency, knew no bounds; and, in 1814, it might have been truly said that the Bourbons alone *had forgotten every thing.*

Count Fabre de l'Aude next dropped in. The Count was a magistrate and a politician of the good old school, distinguished for probity and parsimonious economy; but, at the same time, a warm hearted man, and ever ready to serve his friends: in short, he had no enemies, except those who were ungrateful for his kindness. He was an able *financier* and a most accurate calculator. Accounts never became confused in his hands. Napoleon esteemed and appreciated his merit, and frequently appealed to his advice in private; though he never conferred on him any other reward than the functionless post of *procureur-général* of the *conseil des sceaux des titres.* After being president of the tribunal, he, of necessity, became a senator: he was created a count with the rest of his colleagues *en masse*, and, at the same time, he

obtained the title of commander of the legi[illegible] honour. He was the friend of Cambacérès, he honoured me with his particular regard, on account of his connexion with my father-in-law, who, during the empire, was a counsellor of the criminal court of Toulouse.

We all entered into conversation without reserve. We spoke of the royal family. Prince Cambacérès, who took every opportunity of clearing himself from the charge of being a regicide, introduced the subject of the King's death. Some observations were made on the political error committed by the Girondins in consenting to the death of Louis XVI.

" I should like," said Réal, " to tell something which I dare say you do not know. I can inform you why, and through whose influence, it was determined that the sentence on the King should be attended by a tragical result."

We all manifested our curiosity.

Réal stationed himself with his back to the fireplace; there was no fire. The Prince took his seat in a large arm-chair; Fabre de l'Aude in another of smaller dimensions; and I in a chair without arms. The hierarchy being thus arranged, Réal commenced:

" On the 21st September 1792, about midnight, the National Convention, which had been installed since the morning, had, as a first

operation, and on the proposition of Count Grégoire, resolved to terminate the monarchy by proclaiming the creation of the republic, single and indivisible. I can fancy myself, even now, in that apartment of Robespierre. It was a room on the ground-floor, the entrance to which was through a very shabby antichamber. On the day I have mentioned, there were assembled in the room, Saint-Just, Lebas, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Barrère, Fouquier-Tinville, Carrier Lebon, Legendre, Santerre, the two Robespierres, (Maximillian and Augustin,) and myself — thirteen in all — an unlucky number. Robespierre the elder made the remark."

"He, Sir?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, he," replied Count Réal.

"Does that surprise you, my young friend?" said Prince Cambacérès. "It is a superstition, to be sure; but there are many similar examples!"

I know one more, thought I to myself, and I recollected certain dinners.... but I shall come to this subject hereafter.

"The two sittings of the Convention," murmured Réal, "had been stormy, and, though the proclamation of the republic had been carried almost unanimously, yet it met with opposition from a few discontented spirits, who complained that the important measure had not been sufficiently matured and discussed. Carrier alluded

to the dissatisfaction of Gensonné, upon which Maximillian Robespierre observed:

"Gentlemen, this Gironde is an assem[illegible] of Tartufes."

LEGENDRE. — No matter; on the 10th of August, they put their shoulders to the wheel nobly.

ROBESPIERRE. —Parbleu! They did indeed. And, if the Château had gained the day, they would all have been hanged and we with them.

LEGENDRE.—Then they are not for the tyrant?

ROBESPIERRE.—They are for the monarchy. They want a king.

BARRÈRE.—Or a president.

AUGUSTIN.—It is the same thing.

RÉAL.—No.

SAINT-JUST.—Yes. It matters not, king or president; two heads in one cap; a Philip VII., instead of a Louis XVI. If such are to be the results, what have we been labouring for? Those gentlemen of the Gironde are not quite so great as their own ambition. I would lay a good wager that they have already disposed of all the posts in the ministry, and sent us a-packing.

A discussion now arose on another subject. None of the assembly were favourable to Égalité, who had just then assumed that absurd title. All vowed to unite firmly against him.

ROBESPIERRE (with a look like that of a wolf

[illegible]sting for blood).—Parbleu! gentlemen, we [illegible]ght strike a grand blow.

[illegible]LL.—How?

ROBESPIERRE (lowering his voice).—This is among ourselves. What would you give to him who would furnish you with the means of so completely degrading Égalité, that he should have no refuge but the grave; and so deeply embroil the royalists with the Gironde, that any treaty, armistice, or adjustment, should become impossible?

LEBAS.—Diable! That would be excellent! and have you discovered such a plan?

ROBESPIERRE.—Yes, if you are not faint-hearted.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.—Proofs of our courage are not wanting!

BARRÈRE (with an expression of alarm).—This is something serious.

ROBESPIERRE.—Gentlemen, to serious evils, we must apply serious remedies. By proclaiming the republic, we have passed the rubicon. Let us continue our march; Louis must be brought to judgment, condemned to death, and executed.

ALL.—Ah!

SANTERRE.—The King condemned to death! the constitution declares him inviolable.

ROBESPIERRE.—Lebas, Couthon, Réal; Saint-

Just, in short all of us here, except Fouquier and yourself, are also inviolable, by virtue of the same constitution; and yet, if the republic should demand our heads, we must forfeit them, in spite of that same constitution.

RÉAL.—Gentlemen, it appears to me that Robespierre is in the wrong. The King cannot be tried.

AUGUSTIN.—Silence, aristocrat! Agent of Pitt and Coburg!

RÉAL.—I say we are overstepping our power.

CARRIER.—We are all-powerful against a tyrant.

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.—It is certain that if the head of Capet fall with the concurrence of Egalité and the Girondins, they will get into terrible disgrace with the respectable class of people.

SAINT-JUST.—What do you mean, by respectable people, Fouquier? Are we brigands?

FOUQUIER.—Words have changed their meanings. The term respectable people *(gens de bien)* is synonymous with traitors;—*canaille* means good citizens.

BARRÈRE.—Take the life of the King! It is a grand—patriotic idea! Will it be popular?

ROBESPIERRE.—Yes! with the aid of *Sainte Peur.* (Laughter.) That Saint whom Danton created on the 2nd and 3rd instant, and who

w keeps Paris in awe. Frighten the Plain, it will vote with us; the Girondins will for the cause of liberty. As to Egalité, he will commit——

RÉAL.—What is the *Plain?*

ROBESPIERRE.—The lower benches of the assembly—which are occupied by the insane moderates, those monsters who recommend concord, when blood ought to flow in torrents. The *Mountain* shall be the high benches, whence we will overwhelm the plain, and command the *marsh.* By the latter term, I mean the centre, which is occupied by those sleepers, who awake only to vote with the majority.

"It was," continued Réal, addressing us, "the elder of the Robespierres who, on the very first day of the Convention, created those terms which subsequently became the watch-words of so much agitation and crime. As to me, I felt myself ill at ease in this conventicle. It was urged that the question was inopportune, and a warm discussion ensued on this point. Robespierre knew that Danton, Fabre d'Églantine, Camille-Desmoulins, Hébert, Brissot, Louvet, Condorcet, Dumouriez, Valence, Gorsas, Fonfrède, Barras, Tallien, Marat, Manuel-Pétion, Voidel, Genlis, Le Pelletier-Saint-Fargeau, Château-Neuf, Randon-Vadier, and others belonged to the Égalité faction, round whom the Giron-

dins, in despair of success, would rally. To put the King to death, was to complete the annihilation of royalty: to oblige Égalité to cooperate in the regicide, was to render him for ever incapable of wearing the crown, by whatever title it might be offered to him. Thus Égalité, though a participator in the crime, would reap no advantage from it: the whole benefit would revert to Robespierre and his party."

These considerations had their due weight in the minds of the majority of the assembly, and determined them to take the decisive step. It was resolved that the King should be brought to trial, as soon as the urgent business, then in progress, could be settled; and that the trial, when once commenced, should be actively carried on to its close. Carrier was heard to observe, "Even though Capet should escape, a more lucky 6th of October, 20th of June, or 10th of August, will rid us of him."

"Fool!" replied Robespierre, "what shall we gain by this measure, if it be executed by violence? We must have a well grounded charge, an open investigation, counsel for the accused, in short, a trial lawfully instituted, maintained, and decided. His head must fall in due legal form: this will produce an effect; will make Europe tremble, and secure to us the support of

the citizens—for they will be our accomplices. We shall receive addresses of congratulation and adherence from every commune and town in France."

The sitting rose. Mademoiselle Duplay, Maximillian Robespierre's mistress, entered and announced Marat. I signified my intention of retiring. Fouquier-Tinville and Santerre went away with me. The latter passed through the Rue Saint-Honoré. He seemed to be going to the Palais-Royal, for he took leave of us on the Place, and entered one of the turnings leading to the Palais. Fouquier and I continued our course along the Rue Saint-Honoré. I lodged at No. 75. When we were alone, Fouquier said to me:

"I could wager that he is going to denounce us. He is sold to Orleans. To whom do you belong?"

"To myself."

"Bah! That is madness! In these times, every man must devote himself to a leader. Join Robespierre."

"Why? A member of the sovereign people ought to maintain his independence."

"You are wrong. You will be set down as a royalist."

"I can show proofs to the contrary. I am a friend to the republic."

"I assure you, gentlemen," pursued Réal, addressing himself to us, "I spoke the truth. At that time, I was a sincere democrat. I have changed my opinions since then, and I am now a monarchist." He then resumed his narrative.

"Fouquier appeared to me to be a man already sold to Robespierre. This threw a light upon me. I was averse to the sentence of death. I put myself on the watch, and I could plainly perceive that the plan which had been proposed at Robespierre's, was gradually developing itself in other places. Égalité, though well cautioned, could neither avert the trial, nor refrain from taking part in it. He, the King's nearest relation, accepted the office of his judge: from that moment, he was lost. He was afterwards regarded with a feeling of repugnance; and it was scarcely considered a subject of regret, when, in his turn, he mounted the scaffold. Thus ends my story."

We rose from our seats, and thanked Réal. Excited by the compliments which Fabre de l'Aude and I lavished on the ex-senator, Prince Cambacérès rubbed his hands, and said:

"It is indeed a very interesting story. Would you like to hear one which I can tell you, and which relates to the same period?"

"Yes!" we all exclaimed with one voice; and the Prince thus commenced—

"When I was chosen a member of the National Convention by my Department (Herault), I lodged in Paris, at the Hotel de Bearn, Rue Feydeau. I occupied a modest set of apartments on the third story without an antichamber. One morning, about eight o'clock, I heard a knocking at my door: the key was on the outside. Come in, said I, and two persons entered. One was Voidel, and the other was the Duke of Orleans. I rose from my chair and began to stammer out some apologies for my humble abode.

"'Never mind, my dear colleague,' said Voidel. 'I have come to introduce you to one of ourselves; an excellent patriot, animated with the desire to render France happy. He wishes to know you, and requested that I would bring him here.'

"I again commenced my protestations. I could not conceive why the first Prince of the blood, instead of summoning me to his palace, should come to visit me in my obscure retreat. As to the Duke, his manner was embarrassed and restrained. His exquisite tact evidently reproached him for the course he was pursuing. Voidel took his leave, saying he had some visits to make, and left me alone with the Most Serene Highness of the day. The Duke of Orleans, opening the conversation, said in a low tone of voice:

"'My dear colleague, you see before you a very unfortunate man. I am surrounded by enemies who traduce me, who misrepresent my actions, and even my thoughts. At first, I was accused of conspiracy against Louis XVI.; now it is alleged that I aspire to the attainment of despotic power, under the title of President, Protector, Consul or anything else they may invent. It is certain that my sentiments are those of the French people. For upwards of four years, I have been fighting in the cause of France, and serving her with my fortune, and my influence; my eldest sons are in the army; I have renounced all distinction. Yesterday evening (this interview occurred on the 17th of September,) I went even farther—I went very far—perhaps a greater length than I should have gone.... In short, by the help of a patriotic fiction, I endeavoured to prove my aversion to continue the course that has been pursued.'

"He paused and hesitated, then said a few words, and paused again. He looked at me steadfastly, and I observed that he turned pale.

"'You doubtless know what I did yesterday at the Jacobins?'

"No, Monseigneur, I replied; I have been very unwell for the last few days, and have been confined to my room. Your serene highness and Voidel are the first visitors who have broken my solitude; consequently, I cannot know

any thing that Monseigneur may have done or said.

"'Why do you constantly repeat Monseigneur and your highness? I assure you, my dear colleague, I have voluntarily relinquished those titles and qualifications; therefore, call me simply *Sir*, if you do not choose to call me your colleague; though the latter appellation is the one in which I pride myself.'

"I bowed. These words surprised me. Where a man derives distinctions from his birth, or social position; or, when he has solicited or accepted distinctions, he ought not to relinquish them voluntarily. For example, would it not be absurd in me to reprove M. Langon, whose superior I have been in the council of state, when he addressed me by the titles of prince and serene highness? In public, I should not have addressed the Duke of Orleans by titles, which were interdicted by law, and still more by prudence; but, in a private interview, I conceived it proper for me to use them, and for him to receive them: but, to proceed with my story.

"I bowed silently and respectfully, and, after kindly shaking my hand, the Prince thus continued:

"'You must know, then, that urged by the desire of separating myself from the past, to

afford no pretext for calumny, and in order to be consistent with the new and flattering title of civic adoption, accorded to me by the city of Paris, I thought it incumbent on me to declare, at the meeting of the Jacobins, that—I said it jokingly—not exactly jokingly—I was serious, quite serious—Ah, Monsieur de Cambacérès! if you knew what a difficult position I stand in, and what sacrifices I must make to extricate myself from it!'

"These broken sentences, and the Prince's evident hesitation to make me acquainted with something, which he nevertheless wished to tell, roused my curiosity. I sat in silent suspense, with my eyes cast down, puzzled to guess what was to follow these last words; though I confess all my conjectures were far enough from the truth. At length, after some equally mysterious circumlocution, the prince informed me that, on the preceding evening, urged by some fatal inspiration, he had conceived the notion that, by raising doubts of the legitimacy of his birth, he should succeed in mitigating, as far as concerned himself, the violent hatred cherished by the *sans culottes* against the royal family. Doubtless, if he had had time for reflection, he would have resorted to some less ignominious stratagem; but the unfortunate Prince had one earnest wish to gratify; and that was to live, and, if possible, to die in France.

"I hope I am not wanting in due consideration for misfortune; I am aware of the sacrifices which it is necessary to make to circumstances, and I knew too well, at that time, how presence of mind may be paralyzed by the fear of a speedy and horrible death. Nevertheless, what I heard from the Prince filled me with amazement, and my countenance no doubt expressed the bewilderment into which the Duke's extraordinary disclosure threw me. I was at a loss to comprehend how a man, having the good fortune to possess the noblest name in the world, should renounce it, not only without compulsion, but voluntarily; instead of preferring torture, or death, to the loss of it!

For a moment, I suspected the possibility of a mystification, but I repelled the idea. Since the Prince had ventured to tell me what I had just heard, it must necessarily be true.

"Ah Monseigneur! I exclaimed, you speak as Tacitus wrote.

"'My dear Sir,' resumed the Prince, 'no flattery,—I am fallen. You disapprove of what I have done,—I am sensible of my error; but, I have a large fortune, children, and friends. I love France, and, rather than quit my country, I would descend to the regions below. Henceforth, I presume they will let me live at my ease, and I trust that the revolution will adopt me

in emulation of the city of Paris. My dear colleague,' he added, drawing his chair closer to mine, 'are you not tired of this state of things? Would you not rejoice to see a change for the better?'

"I should rejoice, said I, eagerly seizing the opportunity to change the conversation, to see the sovereignty of the laws, and the establishment of true principles of wisdom and moderation, without pillage, or bloodshed.

"'That is what I also wish to see: it is what you desire *in common with me.*'

"This was coming to the point. I smiled. I knew the Prince to be artful, and I was fully sensible of the danger I should incur by entering into his indirect confidence. He, encouraged by what he imagined to be an approving movement of my lips, thus proceeded:

"'Yes, if I should be deemed worthy—capable of conducting affairs prudently—whether under the title of president, protector, first consul, or even dauphin—I pledge my word that men of your stamp should compose my council, and that I should feel pleasure in making you amends beforehand, for the injustice of fortune.'

"*My dear colleague,* said I, pronouncing the qualification emphatically, I thank you for this proof of your confidence. I am flattered by it, and, in return, I promise to bury it in inviolable

secrecy. As to the subject to which it refers, I think it at present inopportune. See how we are situated. Consider what you were forced to say yesterday, and what would be the result of a demand for sovereign power, even for you.

" 'Yes, I see the difficulty—but, with perseverance, numerous and warm friends, and money judiciously applied — I have opened my mind to you, because I know you to be prudent and intelligent. Voidel has likewise spoken to you . . . . I have all the leading men of the cap of liberty party, besides the Girondins with whom I am treating: — I have Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Santerre, Barras, Condorcet!'

" I let him run on, though I was not a little astonished at the array of names which he had set down on his list. But men situated as the Duke then was, are so ready to delude themselves by chimeras. To hear him, I might have supposed he could count on two thirds of the Convention.

" And Louis XVI, said I, what of him?

" ' Ah! there is the embarrassing point. But Louis would listen to reason, were it not for the Queen. It has been proposed to me . . . . but no! . . . I will never consent to it. . . . I should shrink with horror from a sceptre stained by the blood of my relation, and of him who

was my sovereign.' (This was said on the 17th of September," observed Cambacérès. "Mark that, Gentlemen!) 'It is necessary that the King should leave the Temple.... should quit France, and then... '

"Here the Duke of Orleans paused, and remained for some minutes absorbed in his own reflections—then, drawing out his watch, he said:—

"'Ten o'clock already; Pétion is waiting for me at Mousseaux. He is one of our party—I hope you will soon know them all... Adieu, Monsieur Cambacérès. Then the matter is understood between us. Adieu! Speak to Voidel, or Laclos, about the arrangements. They are my familiars.' (laughing.)

"Indeed, Prince, said I, then what are we to be called?"

"'Oh! the parties present are always excepted. You will dine to-morrow at the Palais Royal. Adieu!'

"He left me, and I began to reflect on his conduct of the preceding evening. Into what a gulph had he plunged, in the hope of mounting a throne! How was he to extricate himself from the difficulties with which he was surrounded? What magnanimity! what heroism would be required!

"I went to dine next day at the Palais Royal;

but I had no opportunity of conversing privately, either with Laelos, or Voidel. Subsequent events carried me insensibly so far from Egalité, that I passed before his scaffold to fill the place assigned to me as the second person in the state. I have had an important part to play."

Cambacérès had become quite animated, whilst relating the above story, and, when it was ended, he said, rubbing his hands: "Gentlemen, this reminds me of my first interview with another personage much more worthy your attention—I mean the Emperor."

FABRE DE L'AUDE.—Where did your Serene Highness first see him?

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS. —You shall hear. About the end of the year 1794, after the 9th Thermidor, there was a president of the committee of war, named Aubry. He was a man of no capacity, without a particle of military talent, and, consequently, the avowed enemy of all superior merit. For example, he never pardoned any one who got promoted before him and left him in the rear. Thus, he was furiously enraged against a certain Corsican, who had taken Toulon, in spite of the stupid Carteaux, the imbecile Doppet, and the English; and who, having subsequently become a general, completed, in the space of a few days, a brilliant campaign on the other side of the Alps.

Aubry owed a bitter grudge to the little general, whom he often reproached for his youth. '*One soon grows old on the field of battle, and I am getting on,*' was the reply to these reproaches. Aubry got up a malicious charge, and the result was, that the general, at once young and old, was suspended. Amidst the blundering and mismanagement which then prevailed in all matters of business, I was made one of the committee of war. Imagine how well fitted I was for the appointment. The case of the suspension was presented to me, accompanied by a report of disobedience. Aubry made a very long face. He wanted the case to be regarded as a matter of vast importance, and was astonished to find that I treated it with indifference. I should have been as much astonished if he had presumed to pronounce an opinion on a question of jurisprudence! I contented myself with signing the paper, in my turn, and throwing all the responsibility on him.

Some time after this, when I was lodging in the Rue Chabannais, I was startled by a knock at my door early one morning. The knock was somewhat louder than that given by the Duke of Orleans, when he had honoured me with a visit about two years previously. I requested my visitor to enter, and I saw before me a little,

thin, sallow complexioned man. His ill arranged hair was hanging down in the curls called *oreilles de chien*, which were in fashion at that time. He was very badly dressed—his boots were too short, his coat too long, his cravat horridly wrinkled, and his hat bearing evidence of long service. Disfigured as he was by these shabby habiliments, I could not help remarking his white and beautifully formed hands, and his mouth, which was inconceivably handsome, especially when animated by either a good natured or a satirical smile. And then his eyes! ..what eyes they were!.....as brilliant as those of the lion, or the eagle:—at once gentle, fierce, penetrating and confiding....expressive of sublime genius and magnanimity. His fine teeth, also, attracted my attention. He had, altogether, the air of a sovereign in the garb of a beggar; or, perhaps, I may say he looked like Jupiter, when he visited Baucis and Philemon. Add to this, a full, sonorous and clear toned voice, easy unaffected, yet dignified and commanding, manners. Superiority of intellect was marked in every look and gesture:—in short, his appearance produced upon me an immediate and irresistible fascination. I was under a spell. I felt that I was in the presence of a man who commanded my respect and admiration. Such, at least, is the impression he produced on me at first sight.

FABRE DE L'AUDE.—He made the same impression on me. My first rencontre with him is quite a history.

REAL.—And so is mine. I tremble, even now, when I think of it.

MYSELF.—I shall never forget the first time I saw him.

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—Well, you shall each in your turn describe that memorable day of your lives. Meanwhile, let me proceed with my story.

"'Citizen!' said my visitor, 'I am General Napoleon Bonaparte, whom you have unjustly suspended.'

"General, I replied, I fear there has been some mistake. Doubtless there was an error.... and I am afraid I committed it.

"'That is wisely said! None but fools lay claim to infallibility, the Pope excepted.'

"Truly, General, said I, laughing, you would be fully justified in blaming me, if I had considered the case as anything more than a matter of form. It would have been most absurd in me to have pretended to judge you as a military man. I merely saw the public functionaries refusing obedience to the constituted authority. The fact is clear. You must admit that I acted as any other person would do in my place. But now to deal candidly with you; I willingly

acknowledge that I treated you with great injustice. You are one of those who ought to be advanced, instead of being kept back among the common crowd. I know we are indebted to you for the taking of Toulon, and the taking of Toulon saved the republic. Your merit excites envy. People who have no talent cannot endure those who have any. But, have a little patience; you will work your way to your proper rank, if they do not speedily assign it to you as they should do.

"You see," continued Cambacérès, "that my compliments were well turned, or, as M. Pourceaugnac says, *assez bien troussés*. The General had come with the intention of reproving me: and we parted on friendly terms. He called on me again, admitted me to his confidence, and opened a correspondence with me about Italy and Egypt;—in short, he admitted me to his friendship....You know the rest. Now, Count Fabre de l'Aude, let us hear your story."

"I knew General Bonaparte only by name," said Count Fabre de l'Aude, "by the brilliant reputation he had earned at Toulon, and his first campaign of the Alps. There was at that time in the south of France, a Sieur P.... an ill disposed, envious, malignant creature who, in addition to all his other bad qualities, was avaricious and eager to grasp money, no matter

by what means. One day, this miserable fellow entered my apartments pale, dejected, and apparently almost frightened out of his senses.

" You will be hanged to a certainty, said I. They are in pursuit of you.

" ' Alas ! I am innocent ! My only object was to save the republic.'

" To save the republic, truly, by your roguery. I know you well.

" ' For the sake of my poor father, of my mother whom you respect, of my brother....'

" It is lucky for you that you are connected with so many respectable people. Let me hear what you have to say for yourself,——

" At this moment a loud knocking was heard at the outer door. (I then lodged in the Rue Coq-Heron, No. 63) I trembled, and P.... uttering a cry of terror, looked around him with an air of bewilderment : then, after a moment's pause, he made a spring, and, by a miracle of agility, he leaped completely over my bed and concealed himself by crouching down in the space between the bedstead and the wall. The door opened and a man entered.....But why should I attempt to describe him?.... It was General Bonaparte. The portrait which Prince Cambacérès just now drew of him, is better than any I could trace. His eye flashed with rage, and, though innocent, I was almost as much awed as the criminal.

" ' I presume I am in the presence of Citizen Fabre de l'Aude ?'

" Yes, citizen, and I have the honour to address General Bonaparte ?

" ' The same : I have come to inquire whether you can furnish me with any information relating to a villain, a forger, a calumniator. I will make an end of him, Citizen Five-Hundred, if I catch him. The rascal shall die by my hand. He comes from Carcassonne.'

" He does.

" ' He is of a respectable family ?'

" Yes.

" ' Whom he has disgraced, but whom I will avenge.'

" What offence has he committed General ?

" ' He has been corresponding with the English cabinet under my name, and has denounced me to the Directory as a traitor to my country. What do you think of that, Citizen Fabre ?'

" That any one has a good right to hang him, except yourself, General Bonaparte. You are a hero.

" ' I am a man of honour, and it is my duty to punish the villain. I request that you will give me his address.'

" And I request that you will grant his pardon.

"I then made some observations, with the view of convincing the General how much he would degrade himself by taking revenge on so contemptible an enemy.

"'You are right,' said he, after a moment's reflection, and raising his hand to his eyes, 'I will spare his life, but it must be only on condition of your making him retract and confess his turpitude. Let this point be clearly understood, without any room for evasion. The explanation must leave him black as ink, and me white as snow. On that condition, I will spare him, but on no other.'

"This ultimatum, which was delivered in a voice of thunder, was not calculated to meet with objection, or resistance. I promised in the name of P.... all that was required, and the General then said:

"'Citizen Five-Hundred, (these were his words) I am delighted to have made your acquaintance. Come and see me; I am going to be married to-morrow, and it will not be long before I quit Paris. Honest men should meet together.'

"I accepted his invitation to visit him. After his marriage, I went to pay my respects to Mme. Bonaparte. The newly married couple admitted me to their intimacy; and I did not prove myself undeserving of it. I met at their

house one of my colleagues, Ozun, who was, like myself, a member of the Council of Five-Hundred. He was a man of considerable talent, and was devotedly attached to General Bonaparte. Thus, a double link of friendship was formed between us. After his departure for Italy, he wrote to me often. A year had not elapsed, when Ozun, in the course of conversation, one day said to me:

" 'The General might be placed at the head of the government. His talent is universal, and he would govern and legislate as well as he fights. In short, he is a man without an equal.'

" I acquainted the General with what Ozun had said. His reply was, that the pear was not ripe, and that he never hurried things. However, our indiscretion did not injure us in his good opinion: on the contrary, I think it helped to recommend us to favour, as subsequent occurrences proved.

" A short time after this, I had an opportunity of acquainting Bonaparte with the ill-feeling entertained towards him by the Directory; but he knew it without my information. I was a spectator, rather than an actor, on the occasion of the 18th Fructidor. I observed the dissatisfaction of Barras. At one moment, he attempted to turn against the General the revolution which

had been undertaken with his concurrence This circumstance is not generally known : I will explain it to you some other time. Barras failed to accomplish his base design. Nevertheless, Bonaparte heard of it, and the lion began to roar. To appease him, it was proposed that he should go to Egypt. He departed, and our correspondence continued. One day, when I was writing to him, I overstepped the bounds of my reserve. Shall I give you a specimen of my style of writing at that time ?"

We all with one voice signified our eager curiosity. Count Fabre reflected for a few moments, and then repeated to us (such was the retentive power of his memory) a letter couched in nearly the following terms :

Paris, August 12th 1799.

" General,

" Things are going from bad to worse. No more victories abroad, and at home nothing but famine, pillage and oppression ; ..... abroad neither credit nor respect ; at home, listlessness and want of spirit. We are lost, unless speedily aided by a firm hand. That hand is not in France, nor even in Europe : yet, without it, all will be compromised and ruined.

" Negociations have been set on foot with

the Bourbons. Their return now would be fatal to us; though, perhaps, not so hereafter. Meanwhile, you are lost sight of, and all this is done by four or five men at most; for the rest of the republic look only to the conqueror of Italy, the hero of Malta and of the Pyramids. You belong to your country, and your proper place is not in Cairo, but in Paris. Come, then, ...we anxiously await you. With you we shall be strong; without you, all is lost. In summoning you hither, I am but the trumpet of the immense majority. You belong not to a few, but to all. Even those who fear you, look to you for their salvation. I send you an exact account of the state of affairs, together with the names of those on whom you may count, and also the names of the hostile and the timid. Examine and reflect. Would you have us turn to Moreau? surely not—and yet things cannot continue thus. Assistance must come from abroad; and it depends on you whether it shall come from the south or the north."

"After despatching this missive, I was not utterly free from alarm. I was surrounded by rogues, who had a keen scent. However, I escaped detection. Some time afterwards, I received an answer, which I conceived it to be my duty to sacrifice to prudence. This answer was, if my memory serves me, as follows—

" ' One thing is certain, namely, that I have nothing more to do in Egypt.... I can easily imagine the embarrassed state of France, badly as she is governed, and fiercely as she is assailed.... I am ready to sacrifice myself in her cause. We shall be taxed with ambition, because we draw her out of the abyss.... No matter; let us do our duty, without regarding the clamour of the mob. I knew ——— to be a contemptible fellow, but I did not think him a traitor. The Bourbons!! ... *They can never return, except by marching over two hundred thousand dead bodies.....*' "

Réal.—(interrupting Count Fabre) That is precisely the phrase he used in his letter to Louis XVIII.

Count Fabre.—True: it is the same. That only proves how permanently he entertained the idea.

" ' As to Moreau,' continued Napoleon in his letter, ' he may be driven aside with a thrust of one's shoulder.'

We all laughed at hearing Moreau thus admirably characterized.

" ' I shall speedily rejoin you: the sooner the better. If your notes be correct, the danger is imminent, and the resources immense... I will come, and I will see....'

" He arrived twenty-five days after I received

the above letter. I need not proceed further; it would be entering upon too long a story: I reserve the rest for another time. Count Réal, I throw the ball to you. Give us an account of your first interview with General Bonaparte."

COUNT RÉAL.—After the campaigns of Italy, the Directory, with the view of retarding Bonaparte's arrival in Paris, proposed sending him to Rastadt, where negociations for peace were to be opened. Our Directors were afraid of him, and subsequent events proved that their fears were not unfounded. They trembled at the very name of the young General who, in less than two years, had earned a colossal reputation. His glory eclipsed that of all his contemporaries; and, if the other generals of the republic were ever spoken of, it was only when conversation was exhausted on the theme of General Bonaparte.

I was frequently in company with Barras, and he used to converse with me confidentially. I don't know why it was, but he, more than any of his colleagues, betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction when he heard praises lavished on General Bonaparte, which, as may be supposed, was not unfrequently. The General was sent to Rastadt, in the hope that he would be detained there till the close of the conferences. But they

little knew him who flattered themselves wi this hope. He felt that Paris was his proper place, and there he speedily presented himself.

About two o'clock one morning I was at home, and had retired to bed, when I was alarmed by a knocking at my door. I say alarmed, for at that time every thing excited fear. I called out: who is there?—"I have brought a dispatch from Citizen Director Barras," was the answer. *Diable!* I was overwhelmed with forebodings. The candles were lighted, and I opened the fearful missive. It contained only the following words:—

"I beg that my good friend Réal will come to me without a moment's delay."

(Signed) BARRAS.

At that time, the request of a Director was equivalent to the command of a prince of the old régime. Though greatly fatigued and in want of sleep, I immediately rose. I interrogated the messenger: "Has anything happened?—Is there any conspiracy?" I inquired; but I could obtain no satisfactory answer. I became more and more alarmed, and, having hastily dressed myself, the messenger and I got into a fiacre which was waiting for us at the door:—the coachman smacked his whip, and we drove off.

The Luxembourg was guarded like a garrison, and my conductor had to give various pass words before we reached the cabinet of the director.

Barras was up, and was writing by lamp light. As soon as I entered, he rose from his seat, advanced towards me, and cordially pressed my hand. This reception somewhat cheered me, and helped to dispel the gloomy pictures which my imagination had conjured up.

"I am afraid you have been roused from your sleep?" said Barras in a tone of kindness.

"Indeed I have," replied I,—"I was enjoying very sound slumber."

"How happy you are to be able to sleep! ..as to me, I never know the luxury of closing my eyes, except by the help of an opiate, or after being exhausted by the most horrible fatigue."

"But you are a Director!"

"And, like Damocles, the sword is suspended by a hair over my head....Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Bonaparte has arrived."

"When?"

"A few hours ago....At midnight. He is an unsettled dissatisfied spirit..He is now storming and raging.."

"About what?"

"Indeed I scarcely know. Somebody, would seem, has been cramming him with falsehoods and making him believe—"

I could perceive that Barras was embarrassed. He walked about the room with hurried steps. He could not prevail on himself to tell me that Napoleon was jealous, and that a malignant tongue had bred mischief between the General and himself. I dropped a hint on the subject, and Barras, apparently delighted that I had broken the ice, thus proceeded:

"Yes," said he, "one of Bonaparte's sister's," (he did not inform me which of them, but I believe it was the eldest) "has been telling him some odious tales. His poor wife is inconsolable. I am much annoyed about it. He is determined to make an uproar, and I assure you there is no foundation for it. Now, Réal, I wish you to go to him. . .you can speak coolly and reasonably. Advise him to be prudent: and say I am ready to offer any explanation."

"But I am not acquainted with him."

"What does that signify? I send you as a messenger of peace. Go!"

"What, now? At three o'clock in the morning? I could not see him."

"You think not?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, then, go at seven o'clock; I know he is an early riser."

I shrugged my shoulders. My mission was a difficult one. But there was no declining it. A Director was then a sort of sovereign. Prince Cambacérès, I believe you were at one time nearly being made a Director?

THE PRINCE.—Yes, but some obstacle arose. I owe my consular fortune to my exclusion from the Directory. It was the touchstone which convinced Bonaparte that I was not devoted to Barras.

REAL.—I received my instructions, and departed, not a little embarrassed. It was three quarters past six when I entered the Rue Chantereine, which had only a few hours previously received its new name of *Rue de la Victoire*. This was a token of respect from the municipality of Paris to the conqueror of Italy and the pacificator of Europe. Instead of presenting its usual solitude, the street was filled by a crowd of persons, all eager to offer incense at the altar of the new deity. The crowd was chiefly composed of military officers, a class of men for whom independence is ill-suited. The equality of the republic had become odious to them; and they were impatient to serve something or somebody. These heroes on the field of battle, were humble slaves in the presence of

Napoleon. They seemed to have divined his future greatness.

Very few of them succeeded in gaining sight of him; but no matter—they inscribed their names at the door. I happened to cast my eyes on General C———, a sort of long serpent, who was always creeping at the feet of people in power; and, consequently, he made his way in the antichambers rather than in the army. He advanced and embraced me.

"My dear friend," said he, "are you very intimate with the General in Chief, Bonaparte? You are very fortunate, and I envy you. Pray assure him how highly I admire——"

I checked him by observing that I had never yet exchanged words with General Bonaparte. He then turned his back, and wished me good morning. Since then, however, he has made ample amends for his coolness, by abundance of cringing and bowing, when he saw me on the road to fortune. The civilians, (*Messieurs les civils*, as the Prince de Benevento called them) never knew how to pay their court so well as the military.

On this point, we all agreed.

An aid-de-camp, pursued Count Réal, advanced to me: the circumstance of my being a stranger procured me this mark of attention. This aid-de-camp was Junot. He was a hand-

some young man, of pleasing manners. He was devoted to his General and to his country. His ardent courage and other estimable qualities well entitled him to a better fate than that which awaited him. He inquired what I was waiting for.

"To see the General," I replied; "I am sent by one of the Directors."

"By which of them?"

"I can name him only to the General."

Junot bowed and retired. In a few minutes after, a servant to whom I had doubtless been described, entered the room. After looking about, and satisfying himself that I was the person he was in search of, he inquired my name, which I had just given to Junot. I repeated it. The servant then conducted me up a narrow staircase and into an *entresol*, through which I was obliged to creep almost bent double. He opened a door,—I entered,—and found myself within the distance of two feet from General Bonaparte. Darting at me a glance, which I shall always remember, he said:

"What brings you here, citizen?"

"The wish to render justice to a man, who has been calumniated and misrepresented to you; I come——"

"Silence!" exclaimed he in a voice which vibrated through my ears like a peal of thunder,

"no one has been calumniated....I have heard nothing but truth.... and death...."

He paused. I confess I felt so ill at ease that I would rather have been in any other place than where I was. However, I was the messenger of peace, and, making an effort to resume my presence of mind, I repeated what Barras had told me. I maintained his innocence, and pointed out the interest which certain persons had in creating dissension between him and the General. I affirmed that he never could have boasted of that which was utterly false....in short, I wound up my pleading with so much energy, that Bonaparte seized me by the button of my coat, and, with a less gloomy expression of countenance than he had hitherto maintained, said:

"It is possible that I may have been deceived....that they who have reported the mischief may have been its inventors....It is not the first time I have had to defeat a wicked plot of this sort. But, in this case, circumstances were so precisely detailed——"

He stopped short, I perceived that my arguments had produced some effect, and, anxious to follow up my advantage, I observed that the circumstances to which he alluded, were merely unfounded allegations;—that, on the one hand, there existed a jealousy of his marriage with

a woman of good family and the widow of a man of rank; whilst, on the other hand, Madame Bonaparte was envied for the attachment which her husband bore her. I adverted to the imprudence and indecorum of making known to the public the malignant inventions of his enemies. Bonaparte was always ready to listen to the voice of reason. His irritation was gradually appeased, and the storm, which at first threatened to burst with such violence, soon passed away. He dismissed me with a conciliatory message. I was overjoyed at my success. I saw him frequently afterwards; and, at a latter period of his career, he did me the honour to remember me. He gave me an appointment, and I may venture to say that he was satisfied with me.

Count Réal, having finished his story, my turn came, and I related as follows, the most important incident of my life:—

One day, when I was strolling idly about Paris, I happened to enter the Place du Louvre. The Imperial Museum caught my eye, and roused me from my reverie. As I possessed a ticket, which was admissible on all days, I thought I would take advantage of it. I presented my ticket at the door, and, being admitted, I hesitated for a moment whether I should first view the picture gallery, or the apartments

containing the antiques. My lucky star determined my choice in favour of the latter, and this circumstance was not without its influence on the rest of my life.

The day was exceedingly dark and cloudy, and I found the *salles des antiques* almost deserted. Very few visitors were passing through the spacious apartments, and no one was engaged in drawing from the statues. I felt no inclination to break from this solitude, which was congenial with the melancholy state of my feelings at the time. I sauntered about, sometimes gazing on vacancy, and sometimes admiring the sublime specimens of grace and beauty which were grouped around me.

The Diana hunting, that wonder of art, then stood in the apartment which Prudhom had adorned with the productions of his pencil. The statue rivetted my attention, and I stood for some time thoughtful and motionless before that exquisite representation of immortal grace and beauty. Whilst I was thus rapt in admiration, I did not perceive that I was an object of curiosity to a person who had entered the room unperceived by me, and who seemed not a little amused at my enthusiasm, which was the more sincere inasmuch as I was totally abstracted.

The person to whom I allude was of the

middle height; though, by the effect of an optical delusion (which his presence frequently produced) he appeared to me to be of tall stature. This may be accounted for by the extreme dignity of his movements, and an air of majesty, which made even tall men appear little when near him. His eyes, whose glance was so terrific when he was roused to anger, exercised an irresistible influence over the hearts of those on whom he looked kindly. Nothing could equal the magical expression of his mouth:—when he smiled, the fascination was irresistible; and, when compressed by rage, it made the firmest nerves tremble. In those moments, every word to which he gave utterance fell like a thunderbolt. It was a mouth which could make powerful monarchs tremble, or confer happiness on thousands by a benignant smile.

But, to return to my scene in the Louvre. The stranger whom I have just been describing stood with one hand hanging carelessly at his side; the other was raised, and the fingers were passed through the button-holes of his waistcoat of white wadded silk: the hands were remarkable for delicate whiteness and elegance of form. A green uniform coat with two silver epaulets, a small three cornered cocked hat, of a peculiar form, white kerseymere small-clothes, white silk stockings, shoes with gold buckles, the grand

cordon of the legion of honour, almost entirely concealing a sword in a white sheath with a hilt of mother-o'-pearl and silver:—such was the dress of His Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, etc.; for he himself stood before me.

Napoleon frequently entered the apartments of the Museum by the inner door communicating with the Tuileries. There he would walk about by way of relaxation, after long and wearisome confinement in his cabinet. Whilst the Emperor was in the Museum, it was customary not to admit strangers, lest he should be annoyed by idle curiosity; but, any persons who happened to be in the apartments before he entered, were suffered to remain. On the day to which I have alluded, he had taken it into his head to visit the lower part of the Museum, and my immoveability attracted his notice.

He had stood for a minute or two looking at me, and, finding that my contemplative reverie was likely to be of long duration, he advanced a few paces, and raising his hand so as to catch my eye, he said;

"Do not forget, Sir, that Pygmalion fell in love with a statue."

This apostrophe drew me from the intellectual to the material world; and I hastily looked round at the person who had addressed

me. I immediately recognized the Emperor. Though I was not elated by any of the feelings which such a rencontre would probably have excited in the heart of an ambitious courtier; yet, I was highly pleased at finding myself thus face to face with the great man, whom I had hitherto admired only at a distance. Uncertain whether the Emperor wished to be known or not, I contented myself with making a respectful obeisance and replied:

"The error of the artist proves the power of the art."

"Are you a sculptor?" inquired the Emperor.

"No....Sir."

Napoleon smiled at my marked hesitation, which proved that I was aware whom I was addressing, and he said:

"Are you a painter?"

"No."

"What are you, then?" he continued with some degree of impatience.

"I aspire to discharge those important functions, which afford a young man the opportunity of qualifying himself to serve his sovereign usefully."

"Perhaps you would like to be an auditor in the council of state?"

"That is the object of my ambition."

I mentioned you, Prince, and your Count Fabre de l'Aude.

"Your name?" continued the Emperor.

I gave it.

"Where is your father?"

"I have lost him."

"Is he an emigrant?"

"No, he perished on the scaffold in 1794.

"Ah!....and you would wish to enter my service?"

"It is an honour of which I should be proud."

"You know me, then?"

I bowed profoundly, and crossed my arms, on my bosom in token of affection and devotedness.

"Ah! you know me, and yet you pretended you did not," said he. "Bravo! you must be a diplomatist."

"I am the subject of Your Imperial Majesty. It would ill have become me to raise the veil beneath which your Majesty thought fit to disguise yourself."

"Well! very well! Go on as you have begun, and you will find your path smooth in the career you have to pursue. Above all things be humble."

"I will exert, in the service of Your Imperial Majesty, the same zeal with which my ancestors served the Kings your predecessors."

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—Did I ever tell you

that that same evening the Emperor asked me some questions respecting you? He repeated to me literally the words you have just now uttered. He was much pleased with them, and he made the remark, that people of quality were the best fitted for courts.

"You might have reminded him, Prince," said I, "that in past revolutions, men of rank have always been the last to bow their heads to the conqueror. One only of all the members of the council of state, withheld his adherence from the act of deposition; and that one was a nobleman. This should be borne in mind."

RÉAL.—And how did your interview with the Emperor terminate?

After I had made the remark, which Prince Cambacérès has just adverted to, Napoleon smiled, and, with great kindness of tone and manner, said:

"Lose the remembrance of this meeting, and I will not forget you."

He kept his word. Having saluted me, he proceeded towards the *Salle des gardes* of Henry II. I remained rivetted to the spot, as if by enchantment. On the departure of the Emperor, all my self-possession seemed to have forsaken me; and, but for an effort of physical strength, I should have been overcome by the excess of my joy.

The present generation, who see thrones filled

merely by men of the ordinary stamp, are perhaps unable to comprehend such a state of feeling. Providence has not granted to them the favour which must ever be our pride and glory; namely, to have been face to face with Napoleon, to have heard his voice vibrated through our ears and hearts, and to have gazed on his placid and majestic countenance. To us, Napoleon was not a mere King or Emperor; he was a being of a higher order; one of those sublime creations, that perhaps help to exalt our idea of the Creator. Napoleon was our father, our master, and, in some degree, our idol. We young men cherished for him the affection and duty of sons. There existed between him and ourselves a positive sympathy which made us regard as a sacred and family duty, that which the present generation of young Frenchmen would pronounce to be servility and base vassalage. It is certain that we believed the Emperor's government to be *the best of republics*; and yet what a downright despotism it was!

It was sometime before I could restore my feelings to their ordinary level, and regulate my mind so as to render myself superior to my good fortune; for to me it was a singularly good fortune to have been honoured by the notice of the Emperor, and to have acquired his special protection. I felt that thenceforward every

object would appear to me under a new aspect, that I should no longer stand alone in the world, or require those supports which, like fragile reeds, snap when implicitly trusted to. I should now no longer need the protection of strangers—that protection which was such a burthen to me.

No one who saw me enter the Museum that day, would have recognized me when I came out. My walk....my looks....all must have been changed. I felt as though I had been electrified by contact with the great man. I looked forward to the future with a pride and confidence which henceforth nothing could shake. Napoleon was our religion:—our faith in him was like our faith in Providence. With his aid, we felt that nothing could fail us, and we set at defiance all hostile influence. Our sovereign was not a mere signing machine; and who in all the world could have morally countersigned Napoleon?

In the midst of my joy, I did not forget the injunction of profound silence which I had received from the Emperor. I should have considered myself criminal had I revealed a syllable to any person whatever, and you, Monseigneur, must pardon me for the reserve I maintained even to *you*.

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—I commend you for it ....Ah! young enthusiast! you have drawn

an accurate picture of the French youth at that time.

RÉAL.—And now it is affirmed that they were hostile to the Emperor.

Nothing can be more false than that assertion! exclaimed I. The conscription, that frightful tyranny, as it has been termed, was painfully felt by parents; but we....we gloried in our administrative embroidery, our magisterial fur, and our military epaulets! Napoleon justly understood and estimated the youth of France; he did not basely flatter us, but he opened to us the path of glory, in which he himself triumphantly led the way.

CHAPTER II.

Cambacérès and Carnot at the Palais Royal on the 10th of August 1792—David the Painter—His disavowal of a phrase often attributed to him—Pretended list of the condemned—Alarm of the Jacobins—Théroigne de Méricourt—Unpublished details relating to the 10th of August—Count Rœderer's visit to the Tuileries—A mysterious message—A Conversation with Marie-Antoinette—Louis XVI—Curious disclosures—Rœderer's account of the events of the 10th of August—Cambacérès relates the circumstances which preceded the 18th Fructidor— Consultation between Cambacérès, Talleyrand, Barras, Madame de Stael and Benjamin Constant—Dialogue between Cambacérès and Barras—An interview with Barthélemy—The Prince de C.....—Anecdotes—The Royalists' plot discovered—Carnot's account of his escape—Details not published in his Memoirs—Interview between Napoleon and David the Painter—The picture of the coronation—Discussion between Napoleon and Count Fabre de l'Aude respecting the restoration of titles and armorial bearings—The cock and the eagle—Napoleon suggests the re-establishment of monarchy—Curious details.

THE first time I dined with Prince Cambacérès, after the events of 1814, was at his

country seat, and the party consisted of six guests, myself included. There were present Count Fabre de l'Aude, Carnot, Baron Dubois-Dubay, Baron Denon, and Baron Louis David (the painter.) During dinner, the conversation was general, but, when we retired to the drawing-room, the party separated into several little groups. The Prince chatted with Carnot, and related to him how I had made his acquaintance. Cambacérès then said to the ex-director:

"You and I did not see each other for a very long interval after the day when we met for the first time."

Carnot inquired whether they did not first meet at a sitting of the Committee of public safety.

"No," replied the Prince, "our acquaintance is of older date. I first saw you on the 10th of August, 1792. We supped that evening at the Palais-Royal."

I know not why Carnot's memory should have been at fault on such a point; but he never wished it to be understood that he had been on terms of familiarity with the Duke of Orleans.

"At all events," resumed the Prince, apparently a little piqued, "our acquaintance was formed in very stormy times."

"Yes, it certainly was. First, during the trial of Capet, (here I looked at the ex-arch-

chancellor, who made a sort of grimace, which Carnot did not perceive, or did not choose to notice,) then, on the 10th May, or the 1st Prairial, on the 9th Thermidor, and on the 18th Fructidor. After the latter period, I lost sight of you."

"It was lucky for you that you got out of the way."

"Did you find yourself lucky in staying behind?"

"I proved my innocence. Those were sad times."

Count Rœderer was announced, and his entrance interrupted the colloquy. The salutations and introductions being ended, the Prince said, addressing himself to Count Rœderer:—

"I was just now relating to M. Carnot some circumstances connected with the 18th Fructidor, with which he is unacquainted; but perhaps, Count, it would be more interesting if you would relate what took place on the 10th of August, which possibly we may all have forgotten."

Rœderer, at first, did not seem much inclined to accede to this suggestion; but, being acquainted with us all, he at length consented, and, pointing to David, he said: "There is one who can set me right, if my memory should fail me."

"I assure you, replied the painter, that my memory is none of the best: besides, the fine arts are now the only subject to which I direct my attention."

We all smiled at his scrupulous prudence, and Carnot, seating himself, turned towards David, and said:

"*Robespierre, I will drink the hemlock juice with you.*"

"Carnot," said David, with some warmth, "you are repeating a calumny. My enemies thought proper to attribute that phrase to me, but I never uttered it. It is vexatious to think of the folly and wickedness that have been attributed to me. Ah! gentlemen, we were all more or less mad in 1798, and 1799."

Every one seemed to acknowledge the truth of this remark. David again positively denied the apostrophe to Robespierre. I may likewise observe that, on several other occasions, in my presence, he has made the same disavowal. When the warmth of feeling, occasioned by this little incident, had somewhat subsided, Rœderer thus continued:

"For the space of a year, it had been a settled point that Royalty would henceforth be opposed to our interests. One of two things was inevitable; either Royalty must be overthrown, or, we must take to flight; for a re-action was

near at hand. There were a great number of us who had reason to fear the vengeance of the Court. I recollect that, sometime between the 15th and the 20th of July 1792, I was spending an evening at Mousseaux, when a list was produced, written, it was alleged, by the ex-minister of marine, Bertrand-Molleville, with notes in the hand of the Queen. This list contained three hundred names, classed in five divisions. To these divisions the following punishments, were allotted: 1st execution, 2nd the galleys, 3rd imprisonment for life, 4th exile for life, 5th banishment, or imprisonment, for a certain period; and to all was affixed the additional punishment of total confiscation of property. The Dukes of Orleans, de Biron and d'Aiguillon, and sixty members of the Constituent Assembly, were in the first class, together with Robespierre, Pétion, Lameth, and Marat. In the second division, which was equally well filled, I had the honour to be set down, with a long list of good company. The Duke de Liancourt was at the head of the third division, and Monsieur, the King's brother, at the head of the fourth. This horrible document bore every appearance of being genuine. Pétion declared he had received it from Madame Campan, which statement was false; but, at that time, any story obtained credit, especially any one which excited alarm. The

Duke of Orleans was dismayed—Sillèry and Voidel were in utter despair. Barbaroux, who already fancied himself slaving at the galleys for life, in company with Vergniaud, asked us what we proposed to do. 'For my part,' he added, 'my resolution is taken. The Marseillais are advancing. Whenever they appear, I shall put myself at their head, I shall repair to the Tuileries, make an end of the King and Queen, or perish in the attempt.'

"At these energetic words, terror seized even the boldest of the company. Pétion was as white as his own shirt, and Robespierre a little whiter. The Duke of Orleans signified his wish to return to England, and Robespierre and Marat aspired to accompany him. Danton, then raising his voice, exclaimed:

"'I will murder the first coward who shall take to flight. The wine is drawn, and we have nothing to do but to drink it. There must be no demur. Let us follow Barbaroux, and turn the Tuileries inside out. This vigorous stroke will disarm the royalists. They will tremble and fly, and our triumph will be complete!'

"Laclos spoke in the same tone, but in better terms. All agreed as to the danger of hesitation. Pétion, on being questioned, declared his belief that the National Guard were partly royalists;—that two or three battalions would doubt-

less declare themselves hostile to the King, if Mandat, their commander, could be sent out of the way.

"'Sent out of the way,' exclaimed Danton; 'kill him,—the dead do not come back.'

"Several individuals present expressed their horror at the proposed mode of getting rid of poor Mandat; upon which Danton observed: 'It is better to devour the beast than to be devoured by him.' No one made any reply to this remark. It was resolved that an attack should be made on the Tuileries, as soon as the Marseillais arrived in sufficient numbers to encourage the Parisians. It was never imagined that the King would surrender without an attempt at resistance; the possibility of such a want of spirit was not for a moment contemplated. A certain individual, to whom the crown was promised, gave up all the money he possessed to pay the men of the 10th of August. He was fairly duped; but he well deserved it. Our party at Mousseaux broke up, and we all went to apprise our friends of the proscription list which we had just seen."

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—And by whom was that pretended list really drawn up?

RŒDERER.—I afterwards learned that it was the work of a man named Duport, a notary, who lived near the church of Saint-Eustache. This

man, by using his left hand, could counterfeit any person's writing. He was much employed at the Palais-Royal in drawing up accounts. The list which I have just mentioned was perhaps his master-piece. Théroigne paid him, but of course not from her own purse.

I here interrupted Count Rœderer, to inquire what had become of the woman Théroigne.

RŒDERER.—She is dead.

DENON.—That is a mistake. She is now a lunatic and an inmate of the Salpétrière.

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—I recollect a strange present which I received from M. Pinel. It was the original copy of some correspondence of that creature Théroigne with a female of her own stamp. It presents a curious picture of the profligacy of the time. Would you like to see it? added the Prince, addressing himself to me. Well, I will make you a present of it.... But let Count Rœderer proceed.

"This interruption," observed I, "has afforded the Count an opportunity of adding a note to his narrative."

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.—Let the notes be given at the end of the story, and not at the foot of every page.

RŒDERER.—Théroigne, who was an absolute demon, was employed to assassinate Suleau, a worthy citizen, a man of talent and respecta-

bility, and a hearty royalist. Théroigne formed acquaintance with Danton, with the base Saint-Hurugues, with Maillard, Mehée, Sergent, Hébert, Roussin, Merlin de Thionville, Chabot, Manuel, Bourdon de l'Oise, Santerre, Bazire, Fabre d'Eglantine, Panis, and Chaumette. As to Robespierre, his alarm had induced him to quit the capital; and, in spite of all that may have been said about Marat's movements, he was no where to be seen. Henriot had a heavy duty to perform on that occasion: he took charge of the Faubourg Saint-Victor; Panis took Saint-Marceau; and Santerre, Saint-Antoine.

Barbaroux headed his Marseillais: all their orders and pass words were issued by him. The police, without any regular authorization, distributed five thousand cartridges among the federates, who had been joined by about a thousand thieves and vagabonds; for all were deemed good enough to fight in the holy cause. The end was supposed to justify the means. We could not pick and choose. August was to restore the old régime, or banish it for ever.

As to me, I knew not half the measures that were adopted, though I very well understood the danger, and I also knew the fate that awaited me, should the court party prove victorious. I was not very much at my ease. On the evening of the 8th, I went to the Tuileries. Every

one there was agitated by gloomy presentiments. The King seemed to have lost his senses; for he was laughing immoderately. Madame Elizabeth was silent and dejected. The Queen was calm, proud and indignant; she was the soul of the Royalist party. I know not what prompted me to mention the arrival of the Duke of Orleans, whose carriage I understood had been seen in the court-yard. The mere mention of his name called forth a general burst of hatred and indignation; so violent, that I feared a terrible scene would ensue, and, to avoid it, I took my departure. The information, however, proved untrue—the Prince did not appear.

I was descending the grand stair-case when an ex-body-guard, (M. de Gaston if I recollect rightly) who was behind me, said in a low tone of voice: "Sir, the King requests that you will follow me. He wishes to speak to you." Taken by surprise by this mysterious message, I hesitated whether or not I should accept the royal invitation. A moment's reflection made me ashamed of my apprehensions. M. Gaston looked at me, and I bowed in token of acquiescence. We crossed the vestibule, and entered the gallery on the left of the court-yard, which opens, in arcades, to the gardens. My guide went forward to speak to a sentinel, and then to a *valet de pied*, after which we ascended another

staircase, which brought us to an *entresol*. Here I was left alone for about ten minutes, which I should possibly have imagined to be the duration of an hour, had not the course of time been marked by a splendid clock which stood in the apartment.

I heard the rustling of a silk dress, and I rose from the arm chair in which I had seated myself. A lady entered: it was the Queen. I expected the King, and my surprise must have been marked in my countenance. The eagle eye of Marie-Antoinette perceived it, and she said:

"You are surprised to see me, Monsieur de Rœderer; you expected the King. He is engaged in an audience with M. Mandat, and cannot come to you just this moment. I feared you would be tired of waiting...."

I stammered out some formula about duty, the desire to prove my affection, etc. Another inquisitorial glance from Marie-Antoinette accompanied by a sigh, and she said:

"Duty, affection, respect, even love, are words unsparingly addressed to us; and yet we can put no faith in them. Who is there now can say he loves the King?"

"All France, Madam, I assure you.

"All France, say you? Then, why is he left here desolate, without respect, without power;

compelled to contest with the vile *canaille*, and exposed to every outrage?.... Ah! Monsieur Rœderer... I ask again, who loves the King? Would not they who love him give proof of their affection? Would they not defend him, remove his enemies, and afford him the means of doing good? The King is grateful. He would reward munificently and promptly any one who might render him an important service.

The Queen paused. She awaited my answer with visible anxiety. I saw the snare, and I observed that if any coldness were manifested towards the King, it must be because he was supposed not to be sincerely attached to the constitution. Upon this, the Queen exclaimed in a tone of impatience:

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur! With the exception of the King, who must regard it as his only safeguard, tell me who is attached to this fine constitution? Certainly not the traitors who are plotting a republic. You are a man of sense, Monsieur Rœderer, and you cannot fail to perceive what they are aiming at. Why is this forging of pikes continued? Why are a thousand banditti in reserve at the barrière? And the Marseillais, who is leading them on? Is it with the view of cementing the constitution that the national guards are excited against us, and our defenders disorganized? What is meant,

I ask you, by these acts of hostility? Against whom are they directed? What would the people have? and you Sir, what would you have?"

These animated and pointed interrogatories, accompanied as they were by the Queen's keen and searching looks, not a little embarrassed me. However, I felt the necessity of summoning all my presence of mind, and I replied:

"I do assure you, Madam, that you are misled by exaggerated statements. I am aware that the police yesterday distributed ammunition; but only to the national guards. As to the unrecognized parties to whom your Majesty alludes, I know not who or where they are. Perhaps they are confounded with the neighbouring federists, who have zealously offered themselves for the defence of Paris. The Marseillais will do the same...."

Here I was interrupted by a gesture of contempt. The Queen's eyes flashed anger, as she said:

"Ah Sir! I would rather think you blind than treacherous. You are either the one or the other—that is certain."

"Madam!"

"Do you imagine you can gain any advantage by setting yourselves in hostility to us? The situation of the King is not so desperate,

but that he can help himself. His adherents and his resources are immense. The feeling in the departments is favourable; it will be wise in you to concur with it. We are all anxious for the happiness of the country."

"Why not say the happiness of the kingdom? Is the republic proclaimed?"

"Who has any thought of such a thing, Madam?"

"The leaders of the pretended federists. Do they imagine Europe will endure such a volcano of agitation?"

She stopped short, on hearing a heavy footstep advancing towards the apartment.

"Here is the King, Sir; I hope he may be more successful with you than I have been."

Without waiting for my reply, she rose and opened a door leading to another room. She then curtsied and closed the door after her, but not before I had caught a glance of Madame Elizabeth, who was in the adjoining apartment, and who had doubtless overheard every word that had passed between us. In a court, one must never count on absolute privacy.

The King appeared, and in the most courteous manner, apologized for having kept me waiting. In the course of my interview with him, he let fall some remarks which made but little impression on me at the moment, but which created in me a feeling of no little un-

easiness when I reflected upon them the following day. You must bear in mind, gentlemen, that the interview I am about to describe took place on the evening of the 8th of August. The King observed that M. Mandat had unexpectedly detained him and added :

" The poor Commandant is very melancholy. He is assailed by gloomy forebodings. *He assures me that they seek his life.*"

I protested that such a thing could not possibly be thought of.

" So I have assured him," replied the King. " But reasoning will not overcome fear. For my own part, I have more confidence in the people. They will not renew the horrors of 1789."

" I am convinced they will not, Sire."

The King then questioned me about the departments, and the members of the commune. He asked me whether Bailly might not hope for a re-action of public opinion in his favour : and whether the national guards would do their duty in the event of an attack on the Tuileries. He urged me to give him my sincere opinion on this point. " Certainly," added he, " I will never commence a civil war ; but, if they fire into my windows, there is a lawful defence which I may be permitted to maintain."

" But which would be very painful to a heart like yours," said I.

Here Louis XVI took my hand, pressed it cordially in his, and said in a tone of deep emotion :

" Ah, Monsieur! I cannot sleep, so much am I tormented by the idea of being compelled to shed the blood of my people, who are my children. I would rather a thousand times (should I be pushed to the extremity) shed my own blood, even to the last drop."

When Rœderer repeated these words, all present gave utterance to a simultaneous expression of admiration ; and yet there were several regicides in the party. Rœderer was delighted at the impression he had produced, and, recollecting the remark made by the orator Œschines to his pupils, when he was reading to them an oration of his antagonist Demosthenes, he very appropriately quoted it and said : *Ah ! if you had heard this uttered by his own lips !*

" For my own part," resumed Rœderer, " the King's words made so powerful an impression on me, that, in the impulse of the moment, I was about to throw myself at his feet and to reveal the plot that was hatching. But prudence interposed, and I reflected that as matters then stood I should only hurl myself to destruction without saving him. I confined myself to general remarks. The King, without much disguise, proposed that I should devote myself to his in-

terests; and hinted that he had in his pay several members of the left side. I feigned not to understand him, and he, becoming weary of the interview, dismissed me."

Here Count Rœderer paused. Several of the party expressed themselves gratified by his interesting story. Even Cambacérès had not before heard it fully. Carnot and David said nothing: the former looked dissatisfied, and the latter was evidently ill at ease. All the rest of us were delighted, and we expressed so much gratification at what we had heard, that Rœderer was induced to proceed as follows:

"Mandat was, at heart, a royalist; and yet, by some strange fatality, the King at first classed him among his enemies. In the presence of Count de Rochefort, M. de Guyon, the Duke de Brissac, and some other faithful friends of the royal family, the King remarked: 'In case of danger, Mandat will take part with me, because he will execute the law; but he is in principle a republican.' Mandat, to whom some one repeated this observation, replied: "I see that I must sacrifice my life to convince the King of my real sentiments." He proceeded to Pétion, and informed him that an attack was meditated on the executive power. He spoke with so much energy, that the Mayor of Paris, after a long discussion, and being pressed to the utmost ex-

tremity, gave him a note couched in the following terms :

" Sir,

" The terms of the constitution are precise. If traitors should attack any constituted authority in the exercise of its functions, you must, under pain of forfeiture to the nation, defend that authority, in concurrence with the national guard. The King, as you may suppose, is not excepted from the duty which the law of the country imposes on you.

(Signed) " PÉTION."

" I saw this note in Mandat's hands. He shewed it me on the 9th of August. I read it over three times, and since then it has remained engraven in my memory. I may add, and it is a subject of deep remorse to me, that I was the indirect cause of the death of that unfortunate citizen. He had just parted from me, when Pétion came to me. My thoughts where wholly engrossed by the communication I had just perused ; and I congratulated the Mayor of Paris on the honourable letter he had addressed to Mandat. Pétion turned pale, bit his lips, and said : 'I have committed a fault.' He said no more, but this was quite enough. On the

morning of the 10th, an imperative order of the commune summoned Mandat to the Hôtel de Ville. Here he was censured for the measures he had adopted against the people. He was broken, and sent to prison, under the guard of Rossignol. The latter caused him to be immediately assassinated, and, after his death, Pétion's letter was found upon him.

"The whole of the 9th of August was actively employed by our friends. They stirred up insurrection in the faubourgs, and held themselves in readiness to march. The night of the 9th was terrific. Terror was universal. Many persons, finding it unsafe to sleep in their own houses, procured beds elsewhere. I was one of them. It is impossible to form any conception of the absolute listlessness of Louis XVI. Paris was illuminated almost in every part. The tocsin had ceased to sound. The streets were crowded by furious mobs, and few could pass through them with safety. Any one wearing a green coat was sure to be attacked: that was the signal of proscription. Cannon was drawn through the streets, and the multitude provided themselves with arms. At length, the word was given for the attack on the Tuileries — thither the assailants marched

"On the morning of the 10th, Pétion's prudence forsook him. Being summoned to the

Tuileries, he repaired thither, and, under some pretext or other, was detained as a hostage. He soon perceived his error and wrote a note to Vergniaud, acquainting him with his situation, and begging to be released with all possible speed. Vergniaud thought the best thing he could do was to cause the Legislative Assembly to issue a decree, summoning Pétion to the bar, where he would have to render an account of his conduct on the preceding evening. The messenger who was ordered to convey this summons, met him in the gardens of the Tuileries. Pétion welcomed him as his deliverer; there was no contending against the will of the legislature, and the mayor of Paris, being released from captivity, fled to his own house, in which the conspirators shut him up in order to save him from all responsibility in case of accident. This was a favour which he exacted from them.

"Danton came to me early in the morning. He was half intoxicated and he said :—

"'We are going to have an explosion.'

"Then take care you don't get blown up in it," observed I.

"'There is no danger of that. Everything is arranged, and we are sure of success. There are some who insist on the death of the King this day; but I do not think that necessary.

Indeed, it would perhaps be prejudicial to us. Those who sincerely want the Duke of Orleans, would of course be delighted to get Louis out of the way; but I think that would only serve to retard matters, and I am not for striking at the life of the King. Will you take upon yourself, continued he, the task of intimidating him? Prevail on him to quit the Tuileries, and to come and seek refuge in the National Assembly. There we can surround him, and get rid of him quietly.'

"I must confess that I was not over eager to undertake this dangerous task; but Danton fixed his fierce eyes on me; and the colossus, seizing me by the throat, which he grasped almost to suffocation, said:—

"'Mark, that in this tragedy each one has his part to play. Should any one, who is required to be an actor, shew himself disposed to remain a mere spectator, it will cost him his head. Do not hesitate, then, or you will have reason to repent it. I shall keep my eye upon you; and you will be treated according to your deserts.'

"I cast down my eyes, and promised all he required. It was arranged that, as president of the department, I should proceed to the Tuileries, and do all I could to prevail on the King to leave the castle

" The report of artillery was heard.

" ' Hark !' said Danton, ' the work has commenced. *Morbleu !* we will make them dance to a fine tune.'

" He departed almost in a state of frenzy. I dressed myself, and proceeded to the office of the department. I was pensive and melancholy, and yet I could not help smiling at the groups of maniacs who every moment stopped me on my way through the streets. I had the pass-word, the card of recognition ; and those who happened not to know me personally suffered me to pass on when my interrogatory was ended.

" I need not relate to you, gentlemen," pursued Count Rœderer, " the events of the 10th of August. I have published my justification ; I will, therefore, confine myself to some facts which I had exclusively the means of knowing. The King, in spite of all the Queen's entreaties, could not be prevailed on to defend himself. He ought to have appeared in military uniform, with the white plume of Henry IV, booted, spurred and on horseback. But, instead of this, he made his appearance dressed in a violet coat, (the colour of mourning and of ill omen,) small-clothes, silk stockings, shoes with diamond buckles and a rapier by his side. His pale and haggard countenance was expressive only of

terror and irresolution. He inspected, with an air of indifference, the ranks of the national guard. Some ventured to address to him insulting remarks; but all would blindly have obeyed his word of command, if he had had courage to give it. Barbaroux assured me, that if the King had only shewn himself, the citizens would have rallied round him, and the counter-revolution would have been accomplished.

"Meanwhile, the decisive moment approached. Fouquier-Tinville, who was that day aid-de-camp to Danton, came, on the part of the latter, to desire me to repair to the Tuileries with my colleagues. We proceeded thither at half past eight o'clock. I was the first who entered the court-yard, where I successively addressed several battalions. Those of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, and the Petits-Pères, were for the King. I recommended them to act with caution. Do not be assailants, said I; stand on the defensive. One of them replied:

"'We will do our duty · death to traitors!'

"This language alarmed me. Accompanied by my colleagues, we waited on the King, who was surrounded by his family. He asked my advice. I observed that to maintain the conflict would be a fearful extremity; and that it would be better for him to seek the protection of the National Assembly, who would quell the tumult.

" 'The King will do better,' said Marie-Antoinette. 'He will punish the factious; his lenity encourages them to outrage. Here, Monsieur, she added, presenting to him a pistol, take this, and God will aid you.'

" The King looked at her with a piteous air.

" A member of the department addressed some words to the Queen which I did not hear.

" 'Silence, Sir!' she exclaimed, 'you have no right to speak here. These disturbances would not have taken place, if you had done your duty. We do not want talkers: at this time, we want men who can act!'

" I cannot attempt to describe, gentlemen, the effect which these words produced: all who heard them were electrified. *Mon Dieu!* how easily sovereigns may preserve their crowns! If they lose them, it must be by their own weakness. I then addressed myself to Marie-Antoinette, and asked her whether she would take upon herself the responsibility of what was about to ensue: the destruction of so many faithful servants of the King, and possibly even of the royal family. The Queen turned pale. The ministers consulted together, and it was determined that the King should go to the Assembly. Marie-Antoinette then said to me:—

" 'You have prevailed, Monsieur Rœderer, and the King is lost.'

" I have saved him, Madam."

" 'You have sacrificed him. Ah Sire!' she added turning to the King, 'you promised me better than this.'

" Tears and sobs prevented her from continuing. She asked for a glass of water, but she shook so violently that I thought the goblet would break between her teeth. We left the Tuileries, and proceeded to the place of our destination. The rest is known. I need not repeat it. But I may mention that, as we passed through the streets, I twice saved the life of Louis XVI. One of the assassins, from whose hands I forced a musket which he had presented at the King, said to me in a tone similar to that in which he would have addressed an accomplice—

" 'But you know it has been agreed on!'

" No; no!" replied I, assuming an air of mystery; not to-day. " The plan is changed."

Here Count Rœderer ended his recital. He had interspersed it with some very curious particulars, which, as they had not been published, I determined to note down among my memoranda. Carnot, turning to Prince Cambacérès, said:—

" Now, Monsieur, the 18th Fructidor, if you please."

CAMBACÉRÈS.—All was going on badly. I was distressed at the melancholy aspect of affairs. My correspondence with Bonaparte was actively kept up. I painted to him the distracted state of France, and he replied to me by these few words:—*It is not yet time.* On the one hand, there was the royalist conspiracy carried on unreservedly, headed by Pichegru and Villot, and boldly threatening to restore the old régime, whilst, on the other hand, the Old Mountain was in motion. Barras was in the middle, striving to maintain himself in his eminent position. He was negociating with the Count de Lille (Louis XVIII) with General Hoche, with Bonaparte, and with the tail of Robespierre. You know that, at the time I allude to, the five Directors were Barras, Rewbell, La Réveillère-Lepeaux, you Monsieur Carnot, and Barthélemy. The three first were anxious, above all things, to keep their places. The Marquis de Barthélemy had a leaning to the King, and you, Monsieur Carnot, wanted the Republic. But the three whose schemes you thwarted were more anxious to get rid of a troublesome watcher than to humble themselves to a good citizen. Do you recollect your conversation with M. de la Rue?

"Yes," replied Carnot, and I have related it in my Memoirs."

CAMBACÉRÈS.—But I can inform you that your interlocutor relates it in other terms, and

that your respective accounts do not agree.* Be that as it may, it is certain that the Di-

* The following is the account given of the conversation here alluded to, by the Chevalier de la Rue, in his publication entitled "The History of the 18th Fructidor."

"The danger was daily becoming more urgent and more apparent, and we thought that Carnot would at length perceive the advantages of his position and turn them to the advancement of his own glory and the salvation of France. One of our party, who had been engaged in private and confidential relations with Carnot, resolved to make one more effort. After proving to him that all the circumstances of the conspiracy were known to us, he endeavoured to convince him that the fate of the country was in his hands, and that no man ever had allotted to him a more important political part. He warmly urged him to seize the favourable opportunity of rendering to his country the greatest service that could be conferred on her."

"The picture you have drawn," replied Carnot, "is very seducing: but I can see royalists behind the curtain; and I will never consent to rally round their banner."

"What an opinion you entertain of us!" observed the Deputy. "Woe to those who should meditate, at this moment, the restoration of royalty! Our sole object is to give you colleagues as capable of governing France, as they are anxious to ensure her happiness. Doubtless, there are deputies who think that the executive authority would be better placed in the hands of a single ruler, than divided among five who are incessantly at variance. You yourselves afford a proof of this truth, since you are animated by hatred and jealousy of each other. You, Citizen, who are an able politician, and who have meditated profoundly on all the various forms of government, must of necessity share this opinion. But such a change

rectory was split into two opposing parties, and that three of its members were endeavouring

can only be the fruit of experience; it must be effected without violence, without commotion, and it must be the result of experience and of the national will."

"Now, we have come to the point," said Carnot. "You would have the Republic resolve itself into a monarchy, and the monarchy to restore the Bourbons. Now, these changes I will exert all my efforts to prevent."

"Your imagination, Citizen Director, hurries forward events with vast rapidity. It appears to me that we are very far from a monarchy, and still further from a recall of the Bourbons. But, supposing both these changes should ensue, and that our political vicissitudes should terminate like those of England, what conclusion is to be drawn? surely this.... that your most powerful interest counsels that course which glory and the love of your country imperatively command. I know the cause of your dislike of the Bourbons..but is there any more certain means of effacing your political errors—any more noble justification? Who will doubt that your errors are attributable to circumstances, and not to your own heart? What prince would bear in mind the mistakes of the man who should open to him the way to his throne? And, finally, supposing we should one day or other return to the monarchy, would it not be desirable for the happiness and tranquillity of France, to restore princes before whom ambition and pretension dare not raise their heads? If, on the contrary, the army were to dispose of the crown, as it threatens to do, might we not justly fear the fate of Macedonia, which the Generals of Alexander, after his death, parcelled out among themselves? Or, might we not share the fate of the Romans, when the empire was to be won by the intrigues of commanders of legions, most of whom ascended the throne by the aid of revolution and crime? Do you imagine that an usurper would shew

to expel the other two. Amidst this conflict, it was not a little dangerous to maintain a

more tenderness than a legitimate sovereign to the destroyers of kings? Being necessarily more suspicious, he would probably be far less indulgent than a Bourbon, whose position, as well as the characteristic goodness of the family, would urge to pardon the past."

"Your argument," replied Carnot, "however specious, will never convince me of that indulgence. Even if I carried in my pocket a pardon, cemented by the royal promise, I should place no faith in it. On the day after his elevation to the throne, the King would perhaps be obliged to revoke it."

"I should sincerely pity you, citizen, for being a prey to such alarms, but that we are merely arguing on a chimera! However, to return to the object of my mission to you. You must perceive that we are hurrying towards anarchy or to military despotism, which is the most cruel of all tyrannies. This is the danger from which we must endeavour to escape, and to you, citizen, fate has reserved the honorable task of preserving France from these new scourges. Let me recommend you, then, cordially to unite with your colleague Barthélemy. Employ against the conspirators the arms with which the constitution provides you. Pursue earnestly with us, the course marked out for you, and the country, which you say you love, will be indebted to you for her salvation."

"I have already explained my sentiments on this point," said the inexorable Carnot; "I will never become the accuser of my colleagues. Besides, I do not perceive any of the dangers at which you are so much alarmed; though if they existed, I should from my position have the best opportunity of seeing them. I think, on the contrary, that there are among you imprudent or designing men who conjure up these phantoms of conspiracy, with the view of casting odium on the patriots, and

neutral position. I was not without inquietude. One evening, my humble abode was honoured by four visitors ...Parbleu! gentlemen, who do you think they were? But, you would name a thousand persons, before you guessed right. On the door being opened, I beheld, to my utter surprise, the Director Barras in person, M. de Talleyrand Périgord, the Baroness de Staël, and the Baron Constant de Rebecque!

I fancied I was labouring under some delusion of vision, and I began to rub my eyes. Barras, observing my surprise, said :—

" You did not expect us?"

" M. Cambacérès," said Madame de Staël, " I know you are a prudent counsellor; therefore, I have advised these gentlemen to come and hold a little conversation with you."

I requested my visitors to be seated. I fastened the door, and drew the curtains, and, being installed in perfect privacy, I inquired to what subject the proposed consultation was to refer. At that time, M. Constant was a Swiss, very anxious to become a Frenchman. He was dying of the mania of being thought somebody; not having sufficient good sense to be satisfied with being a man of the world and a man of

driving you into some error, of which the royalists will not fail to take advantage. Subdue your alarms, be more confident, and all will be well."

talent. He lent his pen to any one who promised him the reward of a place; and he who now leans to liberal monarchical ideas, was at that time singularly infected with republican despotism. He undertook to explain the object of our interview, and made a long speech composed of obscure, long-winded sentences, which no doubt he thought very eloquent. Madame de Staël every now and then prompted him both in words and ideas; so that the oration was altogether not a little amusing. Barras, seeing me smile, grew impatient to make an end of M. Constant's speech, which he very unceremoniously interrupted by saying:—

"At first, I did not wish to see you in the Directory; not from any objection to yourself, but on account of my engagements. Now, I should see you there with pleasure on one condition, which is, that you assure to us the co-operation of Bonaparte."

"For what object?" inquired I.

They all looked at each other. The moment had arrived when it was necessary to be candid; and, after a sign interchanged between the Ex-Bishop of Autun and the Baroness, Barras thus continued:—

"We are between two gulfs: the old régime on the right, and terrorism on the left.

By dint of leaning first to one side and then to the other, we shall lose our equilibrium. We must endeavour to stand firm and not fall; but it would be well to close up the gulfs which are yawning on either side. This we might do by pursuing our course in the path opened by the present constitution (that of the year III and not of 1793); but, to do so, we must have the aid of a sword."

"Do you want Hoche, Moreau, Bernadotte, or Augereau?" inquired I.

Objections were urged against them all. Augereau was declared to be useful only for a *coup-de-main*. He was said to be an arm and not a head. "There is only one," said Barras, "only one who by sincerely uniting with us could lend us ample support. Henceforth, in all measures that may be contemplated, that General must be placed in the foremost rank. He has already been applied to through Ozun :*

* Marie Joseph Ozun, was a native of Sarrancolin in the department of the Pyrenees, and was descended from an ancient family in that part of the country. He was a man of talent and of agreeable person and manners. On his arrival in Paris, he commenced his official career in the office of the National Treasury. He became a member of the Council of Five-Hundred in 1795, and was made a tribune after the 18th Fructidor. He was subsequently created Prefect of l'Ain, and he died shortly afterwards in consequence of a fall from his horse. At the time of his death, the First Consul, who was his inti-

upwards of two hundred persons have written to him, and I wish you to procure his final answer."

"What if he should demand a share of the cake?"

BARRAS.—How?

"A place in the Directory."

TALLEYRAND.—He is not of the age.

"Oh! He is an exception. Nobody would dispute the point with him."

They all laughed, and I joined them. Madame de Staël now thought it was her turn to speak. Her silence had hitherto been a manifest effort of self-denial.

"I have suggested," said she, "that the Director shall intrust me with the negotiation. A woman is a person of no importance. Is it not so, gentlemen?" (We made many gallant protestations to the contrary) I can go to Italy: of all journeys that is the least likely to awaken curiosity. I will see the hero; I will paint to him a picture of his future glory. If he has a spark of patriotism in his soul, I will fan it into a flame. I will be his prophetess, his sybil, the

mate friend was about to give him the appointment of Prefet du Palais. From his entrance to the council of Five-Hundred to the time of his death, he actively espoused the interests of Napoleon. He has left behind him some very curious memoirs extending from 1784 to 1803.

Egeria of a victorious Numa. This will ensure success, whilst, if you employ ordinary negotiators, they will merely resort to cold commonplace arguments. Bonaparte will grow weary, and matters will never arrive at a close. What is your opinion, Monsieur de Cambacérès ?"

I was by no means anxious to mediate between Barras and Bonaparte ; and I, therefore, eagerly seconded the proposition of the enthusiastic daughter of Necker. " Gentlemen," said I, " Madame de Staël is a man in politics, and the Graces cannot fail to negotiate advantageously with heroes."

I perceived that neither Barras nor M. de Talleyrand shared my opinion. The former observed :—

" I fear that the General, of whose stoicism I have witnessed examples, will not be very well pleased to see affairs during the Republic conducted as they would have been in the reign of Louis XV."

TALLEYRAND.—The Gentleman (Bonaparte) is very positive, and but little given to gallantry. So far from consenting to listen to Minerva, he would, I verily believe, shrink from the zone of Venus.

Though the pill was well gilded, yet nevertheless Madame de Staël shewed herself piqued. However, some remarks which were made,

soothed her dissatisfaction, and the party took leave of me, with a very absurd recommendation of secrecy.

Three hours afterwards, I repaired to the Luxembourg: I desired Barras' valet-de-chambre to inform his master that I was awaiting his commands. Barras desired that I should be shewn in, and, as soon as he saw me, said :—

" What do you think of that mad project? Do not imagine that I had any share in it. The whole merit belongs to those two sages whose heads Sappho has turned. They will see their absurdity by and bye. However, she has talent enough for the whole forty of a French Academy."

" Do you wish them to add another act to the Revolution?" I inquired.

" We must. The French are a strange people; agitation is their element, and they cannot be kept tranquil. Such is their taste for violent emotions, that repose is painful to them. When they complain of inertness, they mean to say :—*We rise and go to bed to-day, just as we did yesterday and the day before: this is too wearisome. Release us from this insipid state of existence!*"

" It is too true," I observed.

" Well, then! we must serve our master in his own way. These Councils are plotting my destruction, with that of La Réveillère and Rew-

bell. They are leagued with Carnot and Barthélemy. You seem to doubt this. I know it to be the fact. The ferocious Carnot (I repeat the epithet which was used," said Prince Cambacérès, " without vouching for its appropriateness. Carnot bowed, and we all laughed).... The Republican Carnot wishes to be a *Marquis*, and to fill a place at court..I tell you again it is so..Do you know so little of mankind? Carnot hates us and will do anything for the pleasure of revenge. We must keep watch on him, and anticipate his designs. If you are not for us, your name will be inscribed as against us; and then, God help you! If you will let good sense guide you, you will have a decisive answer from Bonaparte. In the first place, he must transmit funds. The Treasury is drained. There is not enough in it to pay for a man's supper:

Voilà, belle Emilie, à quel point nous en sommes.

This droll application of the above line of Corneille, made me laugh, though the subject of our conversation was melancholy enough. I shook my head and said:—

" Hoche will not agree to this."

" Never mind him."

" He will be compromised."

" That is his own fault."

"And if he should speak?"

"We must close his mouth."

"How are you to impose silence on a man in his position?"

"There is a way to do so. . . .and an infallible one."

The tone in which this was said made me shudder. I replied:—

"I know there is. But I need not trouble myself about what does not concern me. I will write to Bonaparte."

"Go and see him!"

"Stop!" said I, "this is not child's play. My mission would excite attention. Would Bonaparte be pleased with it? If he could be be brought to a favourable decision, I would go. . . .*If not, not*—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Barras, laughing, "this is the Cortes of Arragon over again! But, seriously, one cannot treat *this gentleman* so cavalierly as one would another.. .You are one of those who threw him in my way in Vendémiaire."

"Have you any reason to regret it?"

"I do not mean to say I have....But he is worse than a bar of iron; one can break that if one cannot bend it; but he is neither to be broken nor bent. These obstinate spirits are always more troublesome than useful....And then you turn round upon me and say, *tu l'as*

voulu, Georges Dandin !....Well! I confess I did admire him; but then I knew nothing of him beyond his courage and military talent. Who would have imagined, in these times, that an officer would think about anything but pay and promotion? His correspondence is quite unique!....It is like Frederick II writing to his Council of State!... What extended views!... ..What lofty feelings of honour!....What foresight! If we ever suffer him to get a firm footing in Paris, there will be but one dwelling for him, and that is the Tuileries;....and he will doff his military cap for the crown of France."

I listened with deep interest to these observations. Barras formed a just estimate of Bonaparte; but yet I was not without apprehension that his fears might suggest that *certain way* of getting rid of him, which he had obscurely hinted to me in reference to Hoche. I, therefore, thought it expedient to subdue the bright colouring of the portrait he had traced of Bonaparte, to whom, nevertheless, I fully conceded other qualities besides those of an able general.

"I am quite sensible," added I, "of the importance of securing his concurrence. I will write to him. I will see Lavalette. But will he not be dissatisfied with the confidence you have reposed in Augereau?"

Barras then told me that Augereau had been allotted a part in the movement only because he had been expressly designated by Bonaparte, who, knowing him to be incapable of governing, did not regard him with that jealousy which Hoche, Joubert, Championnet, Moreau and Bernadotte naturally inspired. "Indeed," continued Barras, "Bernadotte is as good as Bonaparte; he has as much talent. I have sounded him, and his answer was, that he regarded Carnot as the most excellent of men, and would never consent to aid in his destruction." But for this answer, I should not have troubled my head about Bonaparte. Bernadotte might always be opposed to him with advantage.

About this time, M. Lavalette, an aid-de-camp of the Conqueror of Italy, arrived in Paris, and soon became very intimate with the Beauharnais family. This young man was exceedingly vain of being the bearer of communications from Bonaparte, and he made quite a stir in Paris. To hear him, one would have supposed that he had been sent on some secret mission to the government. I advised him to be more circumspect; but he was young, vain of his position, and anxious to be thought a person of great importance. Lavalette was, moreover, a most incorrigible gossip; he was shrewd and adroit, and very adequate to sustain

his part of Patrocles during the absence of Achilles.

From certain facts that came to my knowledge, I was warrantêd in concluding that the three Directors, who constituted the majority, were less averse to the royalists than to Carnot, whose inflexible integrity cut them off from all hope. His lofty disinterestedness was a severe censure on their corrupt proceedings. So much the worse did it prove for him who is now present, and who hears me tell this, added Cambacérès smiling.

As the Prince uttered these last words, I fixed my eyes on Carnot, and I observed that he reddened and looked embarrassed by the compliment pronounced on him. Why did that noble-minded man think it necessary to consent to the unjust and tragical death of the best of Kings? The Prince proceeded:

"Barras left me, and shortly afterwards I saw Ozun, who informed me of Bonaparte's hesitation. Baron Rebecque also called. He came to complain, in the name of Madame de Staël, that I had forsaken her. I immediately went to see her, and she poured forth a torrent of complaints against every one. The Directory did not choose to adopt her plans; M. de Talleyrand insisted on having his own way; and Bonaparte would not admit the fitness of

a woman to meddle with affairs which demanded the exercise of masculine energy. I took my leave of her. All things considered, I had good reason to congratulate myself that I was not included in the number of the proscribed of the 18th Fructidor.

"Meanwhile, Generals Pichegru and Villot were not slumbering. They were not seconded by their weak and timid colleagues, who were always prating about the letter of the constitution, and who had none of the prompt energy requisite for defeating intrigues. I knew all that was going on; I saw the tardy movements of the royalists. I could not, at the last moment refrain, as prudence would have dictated, from warning the director—Barthélemy—of the danger which threatened him. Chance threw him in my way, for, as I was crossing the Tuileries, I almost stumbled against him. 'Good morning,' said he, 'how do you do?' and was proceeding on his way, but I detained him.

"Mon Dieu!" said I, "honest men are unfortunate in these times!"

"'They are, indeed,' replied he.

"May it not be, I resumed, owing to their own blindness? They will not see the wicked plots that are brewing around them. For example, I would lay a wager that you go to bed every night in the confident hope of rising in the morning.

"He looked at me with an air of composure, and said, 'What do you mean?'

"Citizen, I advise you to look to your own personal safety. Danger is at hand."

"'What have you heard?'

"Nothing at all....But I know enough to make me pity you. I have no wish to concern myself with your business, but, were I in your place, I would adjourn all those plans of reform, (which ultimately will be accomplished without effort) and I would seek Barras and Rewbell. Assure them of your determination to unite cordially with them,—tell them that you see the mischief in which the royalists would enthral you, and that you are resolved not to share the ruin into which they would drag you.

"'I thank you, citizen, but I cannot possibly follow your advice. The three members of the majority are wretches whom I despise. I would rather incur the chance of falling, than league myself with them.'

"But your fall is certain and near at hand."

"'*Imparidum ferient ruinæ*....'

"That is sublime in Horace; but in Paris in the 18th century, it is the maxim....I paused.

"'Go on,' said Barthélemy.

"Well, then, it is the maxim of one who is willing to be duped."

"'Ah Sir!' replied the director, 'you cannot

conceive the disgust—the contempt with which I regard those odious intrigues which disgrace my colleagues. I know that they are plotting and conspiring. If they seek my life, let them take it; but they shall never have my acquiescence in their designs.'

"To-morrow, said I, your life may perhaps be the forfeit of your honesty."

"'To-morrow, that is very short notice!.... Then, if there is to be no longer respite, I must consider my doom as sealed. To escape is impossible.... God's will be done!'

"With these words, he departed, leaving me in a state of feeling which I cannot attempt to describe.

"He had not given me time to inform him that the Prince de C———, an offshoot of the old régime, having been informed of the conspiracy by his father, the principal minister of Louis XVIII, was about to sell his information to the Directory. This wretch intended, on the following night, to crown by a horrible act of treason, the many crimes of his life. Who has not heard of the notorious Prince de C———?"

"I have seen him several times," observed M. Vivant-Denon. "On one occasion, I was standing at the lower end of the Rue Richelieu, conversing with Count de Roche—d'Al———

when we saw a hired cabriolet driving towards us with great speed. The horse, dashing his foot into the gutter, covered my interlocuter with mud, upon which a voice from the inside of the vehicle, which we immediately recognized as that of Prince C——— called out:

"'Ah, my dear Monsieur de Roche....I am very sorry for having splashed you. You are covered with mud. Now, any wag passing by, might say that you wear the insignia of the order of the mire, of which they have made me grand master.'

"Well," we exclaimed, "if you do not embellish the story he certainly designated himself very correctly."

"I assure you it is literally true," pursued M. Vivant-Denon. "On another occasion, I was entering the Tuileries. I heard some one call me by my name, and, looking round, who should I behold but the Prince de C———. He was fashionably dressed, and looking uncommonly well, for he was a handsome fellow. He was walking, not with a *grisette* or a female of the lower class, but with a common street-walker. I looked at him with amazement, and he smiled at my surprise.

"'My dear fellow,' said he, 'this lady is thirsty and I wish to procure her a glass of beer. Can you lend me a crown?'....Anger

and impatience quite overcame me. I could not trust myself to give him an answer; so I walked off and left him."

"And this fine gentleman," said Prince Cambacérès, "presumed on the sixteenth or seventeenth Fructidor to write a letter to Barras of which I happen to possess a copy."

The Prince opened a closet, and, after turning over some papers, took out a letter which he read to us, and which he afterwards permitted me to transcribe into my memorandum-book, where I now find it. It is in the following terms:—

"Citizen Director,

"My position is not calculated to inspire you with confidence. I am an emigrant, not yet finally erased, and a son of the minister of the individual who styles himself Louis XVIII, and King of France. My father, whose services and integrity have been called in question by that individual, is in complete disgrace. I have his cause to avenge, and I wish to save the Republic. Will you hear me? But it must be immediately; for there is no time to be lost. The delay of a single hour may be fatal. I am so confident of the importance of the disclosures which I am about to make that I

am willing you should detain me as a hostage until you satisfy yourself of my sincerity, and of the accuracy of the documents which I have to lay before you. I am in the Rue Vaugirard, under the portico of the Odéon, awaiting your answer. Reflect well; for the existence of the present order of things depends on your attention to this.

"(Signed) C——"

"Barras, roused by this missive, assembled Rewbell and La Réveillère, together with Sottin and Merlin de Douai. Sottin was minister of the Police, and Merlin de Douai was minister of Justice. It was determined that Barras and Sottin should that night have an interview with the informer. They accordingly sent for Prince C—— who, for the promise of a handsome sum, revealed the whole plot of the royalists, and with a degree of circumstantiality which left no doubt of the truth of his statement. It was soon ascertained how to defeat the conspiracy, and where to seize the conspirators. The *coup d'état* was hurried on, and it was accomplished on the night of the 17th Fructidor. The succeeding events are known to you. M: Carnot can inform us how he escaped."

"The narrative is in my Memoirs," observed

Carnot: "However, I may relate some particulars which I deemed it necessary to withhold at the time I published my Memoirs, but which I have now no reason to keep secret. I was in fear both of the royalists and the jacobins; consequently, I turned a deaf ear to the multiplied representations of the members of the right in both councils. My fear was the return of the Bourbons. Could I have imagined that they, being restored, would leave me unmolested, whilst the jacobins, when in the possession of power, employed it to persecute me? The world seems to be turned upside down. Early on the morning of the 17th Fructidor, at a sort of public audience, to which I allowed any one to be admitted who wore a uniform, I observed a young officer about twenty years of age, making his way through the crowd. He advanced to me and presented his hand, which I took. He then made certain signs of the higher orders of free-masonry, denoting that I ought to treat him with more respect than that which was merely due to his uniform of sub-lieutenant. He led me to the recess of one of the windows, and there, after cautiously looking round him, he thus addressed me:—

"'Citizen director, the Republic is betrayed by Barras. I know the fact. The villain has

sold us to his vices. Shall we endure this? Brutus did not hesitate to immolate his sons for the salvation of Rome. Shall we shrink from the sacrifice of a tyrant? I am resolved to rid the Republic of such a traitor. If you will only authorize me to attempt a *coup d'état*, he shall speedily be no more.'

"To this intemperate address, I coolly replied, that the law alone possessed the right of shedding the blood of the criminal. You, I added, render yourself criminal by this avowed wish to anticipate the law.

"The officer, whose name I did not ascertain, did not shew himself inclined to yield to my remonstrance. He alleged that Barras was in treaty with the Bourbons, that he knew the fact on the best authority, and that at least it was necessary to thwart his schemes.

"I employed every argument to convince the young man of the atrocity of the proposition he had suggested. I thought I had succeeded, and congratulated myself on my victory. The officer left me. But, in a little time afterwards, he came again. He was ushered into the drawing-room, where he wrote a note in pencil, which he requested a servant to deliver to me. I desired that he might be shewn into my closet, and as soon as he beheld me he exclaimed:

"'Well, citizen, you would not believe me.

Every thing is arranged, and the troops have received orders to enter the constitutional circle. Hoche is now nothing. The command is transferred to Augereau, who has orders to arrest you. But this plot may yet be defeated. Barras must die, and then the party, bereft of its leader, will disperse like smoke. Give me your sanction, and you will speedily see the scene change.'

"As he spoke, I looked at him with a feeling of pity, and, when he had ended, I said: Citizen, in the conversation which I had with you just now, I regarded you as a man whose mind was disturbed by unfounded alarm; now, however, I must consider you a maniac. The plan you propose would render me odious in the eyes of all Europe. If you have reason to believe that one or more members of the Directory are guilty of treason, accuse them openly, face to face, and not behind their backs. Denounce them to the councils who will investigate any charges against them.

"I was still closetted with this fanatic, when my colleague, Barthélemy, was announced, and, at the same moment, one of my secretaries delivered to me a billet containing the following lines without any signature:—

"'Carnot, have a care of yourself. Your destruction is resolved on. When the light of day

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shall be succeeded by the shades of night, the work of your enemies will commence. A gun fired at one o'clock in the morning, is to be the signal for bloodshed. Assassins will enter your chamber; you will be murdered, and a new revolution will begin.' '

"This note, which as you may perceive was written in a strange affected style, amazed me. Every thing seemed to come upon me at once. I desired the young officer, whose name I never learned, not to attempt anything without acquainting me, and to call on me on the morning of the 18th. He shook his head, and said in a desponding tone: 'To-morrow, it will be too late!' He left me. Barthélemy seated himself, and thus addressed me:

"'I have just had a visit from Barras. He affirms that the minority of the Directory is contending against the majority, and that you and I are lost;—that our alliance excites displeasure. He told me, moreover, that the regard they entertain for me makes them anxious to save me, and that, to enable them to do so, it is requisite I should resign this very day. By offering your resignation,' added he, 'you will prove your innocence, and shield yourself from the impending storm.' My answer was such as ought to have been given by a man who would regard as dishonourable a resignation imposed

by circumstances. I said, moreover, that my colleagues might scrutinize my public life, and that they would find in it nothing reprehensible. Barras persisted in urging me to resign, which I firmly refused to do. He departed, giving me to understand that I should be allowed one or two weeks for reflexion. 'I have lost no time in coming to tell you this,' added Barthélemy, 'that you may be made aware of the perilous situation in which we both stand.'

"My dear colleague, replied I, as soon as he had ended, I have just received communications from people more candid than Barras, and from what they tell me, the danger which threatens us is much more imminent. Here, read this note which has just been delivered to me.

"I handed him the epistle, which he read a second and a third time.

"Surely, said I, you wish to learn it by heart.... Well! tell me what you think of it!

"'Heavens!' exclaimed Barthélemy, in a piteous tone of voice, 'what will become of us? ....To-morrow night, the blow is to be struck!'

"I assured him that I saw no ground for alarm; and I deeply reproach myself for the implicit confidence I reposed in the inviolability of the constitution. The Triumvirs, said I, (meaning the three Directors,) are as ill at ease as

we are. All these mysterious communications are only intended to work on our credulity.... These worthies will think twice before they sever the sacred compact which binds us all together. Barras is a rogue, but you and myself are honest men. All he wants is to scare us away, so that we may leave the field open to his manikins. Let us stand firm, keep ourselves clear of the royalists, and we may brave our enemies.

"I was mistrustful of my colleague. I knew that he was in some way involved in the plans of Pichegru, and I had doubts of his sincerity, though those doubts were unfounded. I, however, succeeded in inspiring him with courage; and, it being the time appointed for the general council of the Directory, we both proceeded thither. Our three opponents held themselves in reserve: not an angry word was uttered, and they heard us speak, if not with pleasure, at least with patience. The countenance of La Réveillère would have enabled me to guess that something extraordinary was in agitation: there was a sort of convulsive movement in his ferocious features, which a shrewd observer might have construed into the triumph of the traitor exulting over his fallen victims.

"The sitting rose, and we separated. About sunset, a multitude of low characters, such as

the officers of the army of Fleuriot, loungers at billiard tables and gambling houses, and here and there a few military officers, who were really imposed on, were collected in groups in the garden of the Luxembourg. No one was permitted to go out. I myself saw this raw Prætorian guard, worthy of its leaders; and I began to recover from my blindness. About eleven o'clock, a female, Mme. de Les.... who was intimate with Chenier, brought mé a letter from La Réveillière. It was addressed to *Monsieur* Chenier, and was in these terms:

" ' *Hold yourself in readiness to lend us your assistance to-night, which is the time appointed for the decisive stroke. If our friends second us, all will go well.*'

" Allent, my secretary, was with me at the moment when the veil was drawn from my eyes. My consternation gave him the first hint of what had occurred. At that moment, a loud knocking was heard at my door. It was General Cherin, who, knowing nothing of the plot, came to inform me that a crowd of suspicious persons were collected in the Luxembourg. He asked me for orders, for he had not been let into the secret. I informed him that, as I was no longer President, (my time had expired,) he must address himself to La Réveillière. He had been in quest of the latter, who had

fled in alarm from the Luxembourg, and had taken refuge in the house of one of his friends; but, at the moment, only his disappearance, and not his place of retreat, was ascertained. I saw that it was no time for hesitation, and, though divested of power, I directed the commandant to clear the Luxembourg. The mob, who had assembled there, immediately obeyed the order, though its legality was very questionable, and adjourned to another place of rendez-vous, where they were again routed after one in the morning.

" General Cherin had scarcely left me when Barthélemy arrived. He had been sitting quietly at his game of tric-trac, when some one came to announce to him the movements of the hirelings of Barras. He asked what was to be done.

" Escape, replied I, or you will be murdered. Those scoundrels will never forgive you.

" He was standing in my apartment confounded, and not knowing what course to take, when an aid-de-camp of Augereau entered. He had come, he said, merely to call on me.

" Citizen, said I, be more frank: say that you have come to reconnoitre me.

" He stammered and looked confused, and I dismissed him with the indignation he merited. As soon as he was gone, Barthélemy returned to the charge, and implored me to advise him.

"We have not even time to act, said I; how can we have time to talk?

"Barthélemy departed,

Victime obéissante,
Tendre au fer de Colchas une tête innocente.

"For my part, I retired to rest, without undressing. I lay down, not in my usual bed, but in one which was concealed behind a panel in my dining-room. There I remained for a little time, and then, arming myself with every precaution, I went out by a secret door, leading into one of the private gardens surrounding the Luxembourg. I carried with me two pistols. At that moment, the alarm guns were firing. I wandered about the streets for three hours, exposed to no little danger, before I could venture to enter the place of refuge which was prepared for me and where I was anxiously expected. Having slipped in, I found myself in safety, and then, *bon soir* to my enemies.

"On the signal being given from the battery of the Pont-Neuf, Barras immediately summoned General Cherin, who had received the supreme command of our guard. He gave him secret orders to seize my person, dead or alive; to break open my doors to get at me. Cherin hurried off to fulfil his mission, and, in proof of his zeal, resolved to employ a petard, if I did

not surrender at the first summons. Allent, hearing a noise at my door, went to ascertain what it was; a party of soldiers rushed upon him, and, holding their bayonets to his throat, obliged him to shew them my place of concealment. He conducted them to the secret bed behind the panel. *They found it warm*, as they said in their report; but the object of their search was gone.

"Allent smiled *in petto* at the disconsolate air of Cherin, who expected to be charged with want of zeal. He was not mistaken, for he was dismissed a few days afterwards. Rewbell, unable to controul his rage and disappointment, shook his clenched fist in Cherin's face, and Cherin took the affront quietly, for fear of worse.

"Barras was more successful. He had himself undertaken the honourable mission of arresting Barthélemy. He seized him in bed. Barthélemy, raising his eyes to Heaven, exclaimed: O *ma patrie!* Like a lamb dragged to the slaughter, he was taken to the Temple, and from thence transported to Sinamary.

"The infamous triumvirate used their victory, as you know, with unparalleled barbarity. I can never pardon the style of their first proclamation. It ran thus:

"'Citizens, a vast number of emigrants, consisting of the assassins of Lyons and the brigands

of La Vendée, drawn hither by royalist intrigues, and the tender interest which has been fearlessly and publicly extended to them, *have attacked* the posts which surrounded the Executive Directory; but the vigilance of the government and their chiefs of the armed force have defeated their criminal attempts.'

"In the second edition, the false words *have attacked,* were superseded by the words *were to have attacked;* and it was announced that any one attempting to recall the monarchy, or the constitution of the year I, or of Orleans, would be shot.

This last observation of Carnot, induced me to remark that the Duke of Orleans was dead at the time alluded to.

"'Yes,' said Prince Cambacérès, 'but he had left sons behind him. The elder, whom he had seen maintaining so favourable an attitude with the Moderates, previously to February 1793, was still labouring to gain a party for himself, and I saw that he was succeeding.'

"Among all the astonishing things one sees now, observed I, not the least extraordinary is to see the Duke of Orleans in France. The Bourbons are not very quick sighted; if they do not perceive the constant danger to which they are exposed by suffering, within two paces of the throne, a Prince who is qualified to ascend it.

"I was surprised at the coolness with which my remark was received. No person present appeared to notice it. There was a short pause, which David broke, by the following observation, which he made as naturally as if the course of the conversation had led to it—

" ' The Emperor, without, perhaps, being a passionate lover of the fine arts, knew their importance in a state. He was anxious that they should engross a great share of public attention. I went to pay my respects to him immediately after the 18th Brumaire. As soon as he saw me, he saluted me by the title of the French Apelles, and asked me what subject I was engaged on.'

" I replied, Leonidas at Thermopylæ. He shrugged his shoulders and said :

" ' Ah David, you are always painting the Greeks and Romans, and, what is still worse, the conquered !

" ' Yes, Citizen David, pursued he, the conquered. Is it conformable with the principles of reason that three hundred men should face three millions ? If they do so, they are not heroes but madmen, and fit to be sent to the Petites-Maisons. All resistance should be rational, and should be founded on a probability of success ; otherwise, whatever name may be given to it, it is pure extravagance, and ought not to be recorded

in pictures on account of the bad example that would be conveyed. A small number of men may cause the failure of a great movement, by an imprudent and obstinate defence. I advise you to make choice of some incident in our own history. Modern times are not wanting in good subjects.'

" I was somewhat astonished by these remarks, which were by no means in accordance with my predilection for the antique. I approached the First Consul and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by him alone:

" Perhaps a coronation might meet with approval.

" ' Not just yet,' replied Bonaparte, laughing. ' Ah! republican, there is a wide difference between that and Thermopylæ. However, do what you please; your pencil will confer celebrity on any subject you may handle. For every great historical picture you choose to paint, you shall be paid a hundred thousand francs.'

" Subsequently, he was proclaimed Emperor. The first time he saw me, after this change, he beckoned me to approach him. I obeyed.

" ' Have you any designs ready?' inquired he.

" I understood his hint, and, bowing, replied It is not designs that are wanting; but where is the ceremony to be fixed, and in what costume?'

" ' We will speak of this matter another time.'

" Would any one have imagined that, after this conversation, I should not have been appointed to execute the programme of the coronation? Yet, I was passed over, and the commission was given to Isabey. The details were all collected from the past, it is true: but they bore no trace of the glory of the Roman empire. The Emperor himself directed a great share of his attention to the regulation of the costumes and decorations. He arranged the escutcheon of the empire."

Here Count Fabre de l'Aude observed, that in his post of Procureur-General of the *Conseil du sceaux des titres* he had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some particulars not generally known, which he would relate to us.

" At first," continued the Count, " the First Consul was recommended to assume the title and functions of king. ' That will not do,' he replied, ' royalty was destroyed on the scaffold of Louis XVI, and it would be requisite to exhume it from the ruins in which it lies buried. The title of Emperor would be the thing that would enable me to leap over an interval of ten centuries. Then I should be, not the successor of Henry IV, or of Philip Augustus, but of Charlemagne, and thus linked with the Roman

empire. This would entitle me to the supremacy over other crowned heads, and to the Protectorate of Germany. With the title of Emperor, I might style myself supreme ruler of Italy. I should neither violate nor cause to be violated any oath: and every one would be satisfied.'

"Napoleon addressed these words to Count Regnault, who laughed, and said:—"I assure you I should not be very deeply vexed, if you should oblige me to commit perjury in such a case. We have taken so many oaths, that it would be no easy matter to find out which is the right one. If you wish for the imperial title, be it so: its novelty will please, and the nation will readily adopt it. The nation dislikes only the Committee of Public Safety and the directors. But, before you can take your rank among the sovereigns of Europe, you must have a coat of arms. Will you adopt your father's escutcheon, which is azure, a gold rake in pale, with three fleur-de-lis, two in chief, one in point?"

"'My dear Count,' replied Napoleon, 'you are quite mistaken. Where did you learn that that was the Bonaparte escutcheon? Whoever told you so, had not consulted the registers of the military school, where my brothers and I were educated, nor the archives of Saint Cyr,

where my sister Eliza was brought up. If they had, they would have known that our shield is gules with two bars of gold, accompanied in chief sinister and in point dexter by a star of gold. The shield supported by two Gothic letters B and P, and surmounted by a Count's coronet. Madame Permon, likewise, made me a present of the arms of her family, the Comneni. But I shall not take the one or the other. It is my wish to be in all things amalgamated with France. She is my adopted mother, and we will both bear the same shield.'

"Then," resumed Regnault, "you would make choice of the old Gallic cock; and he may hold in his claws a tri-coloured standard?"

"'The cock,' said Napoleon, 'in spite of his good qualities, is not a sufficiently dignified representative of a great nation. We must have an animal more imposing, more emblematic of power: an elephant for example, or a lion couchant on the map France, with one paw thrust forward to the boundary of the Rhine, and the device. *Gare à qui me cherche.*'

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Regnault, "but why should we determine limits, which the lion may show himself inclined to overstep."

"Napoleon approved of this hint, and began to think of something else. Regnault

suggested the fleur-de-lis. The mere utterance of the word produced an effect almost electrical.

"'Never!' exclaimed Napoleon; 'those ensigns of a proscribed family shall never again be seen among us. I am not the son of Louis XVI. I commence a new dynasty, or rather, I found an empire. Let us not revive old recollections, but adhere to our young institutions. My dynasty will not be that of Hugues Capet, —it will be my own, and will commence with myself. Names and things are the same: your fleurs-de-lis and white flags belong to the Bourbons; I will, therefore, retain the three colours with which they were driven away. We must recognize, by the difference of form and colour, the banner round which we are to rally, should the conflict commence again. You seem not to be aware of the influence of recollections on mankind; unfurl a white flag, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and one half of France will regard as inevitable the return of Louis XVIII, an event which no one now dreams of..... I am Emperor!..... I succeed Charlemagne and the Cæsars, and I must have their emblems. The empire and myself will, therefore, adopt an eagle with spread wings, adorned with a thunder-bolt. The eagle shall be of gold, on a field....What colour is considered noblest? gules, I think....Well, then, on a field of gules.

But, stay,—the Parisians might think that too red. It would furnish a subject for jests, and it would be said that my eagle, instead of hovering in the air, was swimming in blood.

"Would you have the mantle embroidered with eagles?"

"'No, that would have a bad effect. I would have gold stars, or rather gold bees. The latter would be a national emblem, for bees were found in the tomb of Chilperic. That insect is the symbol of industry. The stars will be for me, and the bees for the people. These, and the gold eagle, with the thunderbolt in his claws, on a field of azure, picturing the Heaven to which he is soaring:—these are more than sufficient. Then, for my livery, I shall have green. I will not have blue, lest that should revive the memory of the Bourbons. The tri-coloured flag will lead us to victory; and the French of the next generation will have nothing in common with their forefathers. The lily will be irrevocably abolished. Our national colours and emblems will all refer to me; and to our descendants I shall be the founder of all things.'

When Count Fabre had ceased speaking, we all with one accord expressed our admiration of the depth of Napoleon's perceptions.

"I recollect," said Prince Cambacérès,

" about the beginning of January 1804, having an interview with the First Consul on some public business. Having arranged the affair about which we met, I rose to take leave of him, but he detained me, saying, 'It is not late; stay and let us have a little conversation together. I wish very much, my dear colleague, to have your opinion respecting my present position. Foreign powers treat me well, it is true, but, having no confidence in the stability of our government, they hesitate to form any close alliance with me. The hereditary consulate staggers them. They think it strange that I should be the hereditary chief of the government, whilst, on the other hand, I am only the first magistrate of the republic. This is a stumbling block in the way of diplomatic relations. What is your opinion? is there no way of getting out of this difficulty?'

" I candidly confess, gentlemen," said Prince Cambacérès, addressing himself to us "that my imagination was every day wandering to a better order of things. The melancholy trial we had made of the republic, had sufficiently proved that that form of government was unfitted to a vast state; in which every citizen cannot keep watch over the universality of the citizens, and consequently can but imperfectly guard against the establishment of tyranny.

The prosperity which had now succeeded to terror, famine and depression, the re-establishment of commerce, the flourishing state of agriculture, the restoration of religion and the arts:—all convinced me of the advantage of a monarchy, especially with a chief like the First Consul. Thus I had accustomed myself to reflect on the subject, and, when Napoleon broached it, I frankly broke the ice. I stopped short, for I was walking up and down the room, and said—

"The only question is to ascertain whether the pear be ripe; if it be, make haste and gather it!"

"'Who can inform us of the fact?'

"The prefects and the electoral colleges. Let us venture a few hints, and see how they are taken. For my own part, I am convinced that there is in the mass of the nation, a complete re-action in favour of monarchy."

"'You are of opinion, then, that the restoration of monarchy would not be viewed unfavourably?'

"All right minded men wish for it."

"'But, my dear colleague, it surely would not do to be re-established in favour of the Bourbons?'

"Certainly not..As to me, I am quite ready to lend my co-operation in the great work."

"'You are wise. . I have reflected on this subject. . I would not accept the title of king. . I should wish to present myself to France and to Europe under a new title, more imposing and more elevated. I would not revive the royalty of Hugues Capet; I would re-establish the empire of Charlemagne. This would at once elevate the newly-created Cæsar above the kings of Europe, and would enable him, hereafter, to recover the privileges annexed to the western empire, and which Germany has wrested from France.'

"That is a grand idea."

"'Besides, we have, it is true, all vowed hatred to royalty; but we have taken no such oath against imperial sovereignty. The title of emperor will not be revolting to any republican conscience. I am firmly of opinion that, if they think of changing the present state of things, it is to an empire only that we must direct our views.'

"But," said I, "in adopting the forms of the Roman republic, (of which we already have the tribunes, the quæstors, and the prefects,) would you preserve, under the emperor, the two consuls, the one having charge of the finances, and the other of the general administration?"

"'No,' quickly answered Napoleon, 'the

title of Consul would natural
soon as the post ceases to be annual. Also
titles of prince arch-chancellor, and of prince arch-treasurer, would appropriately supersede them.'

" Then the arch-chancellorship is disposed of," said I, feeling confidant that the lion would set apart that share for me.

" Here our first conference ended. Others afterwards took place, which were attended by MM. Regnault, Fabre de l'Aude, Maret, de Fermont, Fourcroy, Fontanes, and Monge; Marshals Davoust, Perignon, Masséna, Moncey, Mortier, Ney, Bessières, and Bernadotte. This last was not very manageable. However, his brother-in-law, Joseph Bonaparte, by some adroit contrivance, succeeded in diverting him from his intention of giving a negative vote to the creation of the empire. Providence has rewarded him for this return to rational ideas, by elevating him to a throne, on which he reflects glory, and where he enjoys happiness.

" It appears to me that, heretofore, the general of the republic, the marshal of the empire, the Prince de Ponte-Corvo, the Prince Royal of Sweden, in fine, King Charles John Bernadotte, has not had justice rendered to him: his character and conduct have not been duly ap-

precipated. Almost all the judgments hitherto pronounced on that exalted personage have been dictated by passion. It is my intention to write a faithful history of his life in which it shall be my endeavour to paint him as he really is. In the course of time, France will be enabled to understand the merits of the King of Sweden, who is one of the most illustrious of her sons:—she will perceive, too, the advantage she enjoys, (after having lost Spain) in having in the north of Europe a monarch a native of her own territory, and whose posterity will ever bear in mind that their ancestor was the compatriot of Henry IV. The lives of Charles, John, and Prince Eugene, will soon employ my pen."

CHAPTER III.

Secret audience granted by His Majesty Louis XVIII to Cambacérès—Carnot's Memorial—Gloomy forebodings—How their fulfilment might be avoided—A comic scene with three serious characters — Freemasons and White Penitents—Anecdote of the Princess Borghese—Madame Mère—Story of a Vampire related by Fouché, when Minister of the Police—The Lady of the Forest, a Languedocian anecdote—Mysterious disappearances—Baron Pasquier, the Prefect of Police—Parisian thieves and swindlers—The diamond shoe-buckles—The pretended Russian Prince and the *parure* of diamonds—The snuff-box and the robber duped—Robespierre and the English—A proposed marriage between Robespierre and a Royal Princess—Robespierre's blue coat, and bouquet of tri-coloured flowers—A story related by Tallien—A second proposition for a marriage between Robespierre and a Princess—True cause of the death of the Duke of Orleans.

I CALLED on the Prince one evening early. He had dined alone: I found him in excellent spirits, and I told him so.

"You will not be surprised at that," said he, "when you hear what I am going to tell you.

You know how much I am attached to Paris; in short, that I cannot live any where else. Nevertheless, it was the wish of the government that I should quit France; this annoyed me exceedingly, and I resolved to have the point decided one way or other. I did not appeal to the Abbé de Montesquiou, (the minister of the interior) nor to M. de Talleyrand, (grand chamberlain and minister for foreign affairs) nor to M. de Blacas, (the minister of the King's household and his Majesty's favourite): I very cavalierly passed over them all, and addressed myself directly to Louis XVIII. The frank and decided tone of my letter pleased the King. I was informed that he would consent to receive me, but that it must be in the utmost privacy, and on condition that the opposition papers should say nothing on the subject. I pledged myself for the observance of this last condition, and this morning I saw the King."

"You saw him, Monseigneur?" I exclaimed. "And did he receive you graciously?"

"His Majesty was alone in his closet; and I was admitted by a stair-case appropriated to persons of the household, and with which I was very well acquainted in the Emperor's time. On entering the King's presence, I made my obeisance with the utmost possible respect, and His Majesty then said:

"'Duke de Cambacérès, I am very glad to see you. I know all that you have done for my faithful servants. I know, too, that your vote on the occasion of the fatal trial, was not for the sentence of death, and that it was your intention to elude it. I entertain a high opinion of your judgment; and I have reason to rejoice that Bonaparte did not listen to your prudent counsel. I am desirous of conferring on you some marks of my approval.'

"This kindness overwhelms me, Sire, I replied. Your Majesty is aware that during your exile I endeavoured to save you from more than one danger: at Warsaw, for example—

"'Yes, my cousin, but for your information, the assassin would have taken my life. There is one here who would fain take to himself the credit of the disclosure; but I know it is due to you. What is your wish?'

"To live in Paris, under the dominion of our excellent King."

"'I have resolved to banish no one; and I shall not certainly begin with you. I wish I were so situated as to have it in my power to call you to my council; but that is not possible, yet. Too many persons, too many prejudices, would oppose such a step. But I trust that time will subdue these hostile feelings. I shall bear in mind that Bonaparte, whose judgment

in such matters cannot be called in question, regarded you as the best head in the empire. I feel convinced that you would not have committed the error of which M. Carnot has been guilty.'

"Carnot had just then published his famous Memorial in which he justified the regicide.

"I expressed my disapproval of Carnot's ill-judged step; and I assured His Majesty that, with the exception of kneeling at the feet of Carnot, I had done everything in my power to dissuade him from giving his unfortunate Memorial to the world. I pointed out to him the pain which it would inflict on all the voters, many of whom were repentant, and that it would render them the objects of persecution. He disregarded my remonstrances. At least, said I, do not expose the Memorial for sale.

"'It was a most reprehensible proceeding,' said Louis XVIII. 'I was urged to punish him; but I bound my hands, and I am glad I did so. All the happiness of the restoration would have been blighted, had I been compelled to shed blood. Is it not almost inconceivable, Sir, that such an event should have taken place without any violent catastrophe?'

"I assure you, my dear Leon, said Prince Cambacérès, that I was extremely gratified at thus being brought to a subject which enabled

me without flattery to eulogize the King. Sire, said I, your return is a miracle, and your conduct a sublime example [illegible] wisdom. Your execution of the will of Louis XVI must ever secure to you the affection and veneration of the nation. May Your Majesty reign long, very long, to consolidate the edifice.'

"'You are satisfied with the charter?'

"It is a bridge thrown over an abyss—the only path by which the gulf may be passed in perfect safety. It will be the beacon and polar star of the French people.

"'It appears to me clear and well arranged.'

"It reserves to the throne all the power necessary for its preservation; and it leaves to the people all the liberty of which they stand in need. Your Majesty has triumphantly resolved a most difficult problem.

"'I conjure you, my dear Duke, to use your influence to prevail on the men of the revolution to rally round us. They will find it their interest to do so. Our intention is to follow the example of Bonaparte and to receive every one: to employ men who are capable of being useful, both in military and civil affairs. In the first instance, some acts of injustice have been committed; but, be assured, I will repair them. I bring with me peace and a prosperity hitherto unknown to France. I have witnessed in England the ad-

vantages of the protection accorded to trade. Union and oblivion are the sole objects of my desire. You are a man of judgment and tact, and you enjoy a high reputation abroad. It excites surprise that you are not in my council; I tell you again that you will have a place there, and soon. Reside in Paris, or travel: in short, go and come as you please. If, by chance, the spirit of intrigue should destroy your quiet, appeal to me.'

"With these words, the King dismissed me, and I returned home quite transported with my reception. Now, this circumstance must be known to very few, and I have made you one of those few, because I know you to be discreet and attached to me."

I expressed my acknowledgments for the confidence the Duke reposed in me; but I felt that I deserved it, by the sincere regard I cherished for him. I am gratified in having the opportunity of rendering him justice and recording his virtues. On that same day, I asked him what he thought of public affairs. He closed his eyes, compressed his lips, made a sort of grimace, which certainly did not improve his looks, and, after a minute's reflection, said:

"I should wish to predict nothing but prosperity, and yet I see the future overclouded by storms. The Emperor's stay in the Isle of

Elba will only be temporary. They are driving him to return to France. If he should come back, all that is done will be undone, and Europe will be convulsed for more than half a century. The King is a monarch of the rarest merit. If he do not fall a victim to some political tempest, he will die on the throne. But, after him, unwise counsellors will be listened to; women will resume their sway; frivolity will be considered one of the cardinal virtues among the higher ranks. The army and literary men, who form an order in the state, will be dissatisfied, and the whole edifice will totter to its foundation."

"And how is this catastrophe to be avoided, Monseigneur?"

"By following the tact of the Emperor. The change that has taken place should have been regarded merely as a question of persons, and not of principles. The Emperor was dead; we had only to cry *Vive le roi!*.... The King was precisely the same as the Emperor. Every thing was in its place, and every functionary at his post. Except that the chief of the state bore the title of King, we were still in the empire. The tri-coloured flag and the eagle were abolished, it is true, and fleurs de lis were substituted for bees. These were the only changes, and no official man was to be removed from his post,

except by death or voluntary resignation. Had this plan been strictly adhered to, all pretext for discontent and recrimination would have been removed. Custom had moulded us to obedience; we could dispense with the liberty of the press, and even with personal liberty. The severity of the conscription being mitigated by the establishment of peace, general happiness would have prevailed. But, instead of this, we are threatened with complete change, which has the effect of inspiring fear. All this will end badly. What do you propose to do?

"To keep myself aloof; to look on at passing events, and await their result."

"Do not become a member of any association."

"Monseigneur, I have resolved neither to become a free-mason nor a penitent; and, moreover, I am resolved to keep myself clear of that host of intriguers, who are divided into two sections: rogues and dupes."

"What!..You are a native of Montpellier, transplanted to Toulouse and Carcassone!..and is it possible that you have not put on either the blue gown or the black, the grey or the white?"

"My father-in-law, who is Prior of the white brotherhood of Carcassone, entered my name in the association; but that was not enough: it was necessary to have my person,

also, and that was not quite so easy. My father-in-law now found himself in a difficulty. He knew that a direct refusal was not to be thought of. Consequently, one day when I was busily engaged writing in my library, the door was opened, and the servant announced some gentlemen from the brotherhood of the White Penitents of Carcassone. I was confounded. I rose from my chair, and beheld all the dignitaries before me, except the prior, who, for good reasons, had entrenched himself behind the door. The spokesman of the party stepped forward and repeated the names of all my ancestors who had been *penitents*, and informed me that all my relations, now existing, were penitents also; after saying which, he wound up his speech by the flattering intimation that, at the express request of M. G——— and my father-in-law, I had been unanimously received a member of the brotherhood. This was a critical moment. To decline the honour, appeared next to impossible; and might perhaps have been attended, with danger. Fanaticism is not yet extinct in the south. I, therefore, bowed, profoundly, and said: Gentlemen I should feel highly honoured in being associated with you; but there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way. I am a jansenist, and, consequently, cannot become a white penitent. The solemn tone in which I uttered this announcement carried conviction

to the minds of the worthy citizens, who, though very good men of business, were profoundly ignorant, (and Heaven grant they may continue so) of the propositions of the Bishop of Ypres, and of the formidable dispute to which the Bull *Unigenitus* had given rise. What is a jansenist? thought they....Doubtless a member of some brotherhood, cherishing feelings of rivalry and jealousy towards *the Whites*.

"A few half whispered remarks were interchanged, and then one of the deputation said:

"'Oh then! if Monsieur is a jansenist, he of course cannot join us....But your name.. you can surely let us have your name?'

"I trust gentlemen, replied I, that you are too well aware of the duties of a jansenist to make such a proposition seriously.

"Exclamations of regret were renewed; and I, being tolerably well practised in the art of getting rid of tiresome visitors, provoked a retreat: I followed the party through the suite of drawing-rooms and down the staircase, and, being closely pressed under the entrance vestibule, they were completely routed. There I abandoned the pursuit of the enemy, who, however, rallied for the purpose of calling the venerable prior, my father-in-law, to account for the mistake into which he had led them, whilst I returned to my library, and prepared myself for a family storm."

"Then you are a jansenist?" said Prince Cambacérès, who had been not a little amused at my story.

"Ah, Monseigneur! Heaven forbid! In religion, as well as in politics, I am for unity. I approve and condemn those things, which are approved and condemned by the Church. I admire the learning of Port-Royal, but I fear the institution tends to republicanism."

"During the revolution, we saw dozens of jansenists under the jacobin flags."

"Alas! we did, Monseigneur. Submission to authority is a doctrine which enables a man to sleep soundly; and he is not a bit the worse for it."

"The awkward dilemma in which your father-in-law placed you, though with very good intention, reminds me of an incident, somewhat similar, which occurred to myself."

"Pray tell it me, Prince, said I; it will be a valuable contribution to those notes which you and some of your friends have so kindly enabled me to collect."

"You shall have it most willingly. In the anecdotes with which I have furnished you, there are many piquant traits which I should be very sorry to lose. I may not be inclined to insert them in my Memoirs, and, if I do not, commit them to paper they will be lost. I therefore consign them to you, with permission

to make what use of them you please. And now for my story.

"The Emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard and a lady alighted from it. Ah Misericorde! I exclaimed, it is her Imperial Highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte). I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house....who, but the Emperor himself. He rang at a back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was I think accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre!.... It was Scylla and Carybdis! I might perhaps have feigned not to recognise the Emperor, but, with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and, leaving the Princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the Emperor.

"'Prince,' said he, as soon as I was in his presence, 'I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Shew me into an adjoining

room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for any thing.... Go to her quickly....She will never forgive you for keeping her waiting.'

"I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The Princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humour, being exhausted, I said :—

"Madam, if your Imperial Highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honour, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But, as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned, from my servants, that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"'His sister, Sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!'

"Is it possible, Madam, that, enjoying as you do, the favour of His Imperial Majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"

"'His favour! What a mockery! Does he show his favour by degrading me?'

"No, Madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an Imperial Princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman Prince!

"'A brilliant marriage, truly!....An illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a Queen, my sister-in-law a Queen, and then Josephine's daughter a Queen, or on the point of becoming one: and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife!....Eliza, too, will be crowned by and bye; whilst I am nothing.... Hear me, Prince Cambacérès.... Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him, that if he does not raise me to the dignity of Queen, I have a terrible ven geance in reserve for him.'

"But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict."

"'My affection!..I hate him....he is a monster.'

"Hush! Princess! I exclaimed with some alarm. Know that in France walls have ears."

"'I care not....I defy his police....and I would tell him all I have said to his face.... I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand.'

"I became more and more alarmed, and I

was about to reply, when the Emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door, and presented himself to the astonished Princess.

"'Maniac!' he exclaimed you shall not go to England, but to Charenton.'

"'Ah! so you have followed me,' she said. 'Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambacérès to intercede for me.... Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown.... I don't care where it is .... Make me Queen of Portugal,—or Denmark, what you will.... I would even reign in Switzerland or Corfu.... no matter where.... but a crown I must have.... Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one?.... Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!'

"With these words, she burst into a flood of tears.... The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication, and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman; but, at that moment, she appeared to me more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the Emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and, when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him and burst into tears, he advanced to her, and said affectionately:—

"'My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. . . . Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman.'

"'Let me have a divorce, then.'

"'Heaven forbid!'

"'I will be a Queen, or I will go to London.'

"'You shall go to Vincennes.'

"'I defy you! . . I will strangle myself as I enter.'

"I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat; but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then, in a voice faultering with emotion, he exclaimed:

"'So much the better, Madam! You will rid me of a termagant, whom I find more difficult to govern than all Europe together! . . . . I see that you are only to be ruled by a rod of iron. I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mère, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch-Chancellor shall deliver to you from me.'

"'Then will you make me a Queen? . . —I must be crowned.'

"'Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late King our father.'

"I had never before known the Emperor to

have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have first been describing, this good-humoured touch of satire, had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings. She hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

"'Let her come in,' said the Emperor.

"I rang,—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The Emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then turning to me, he added:

"'Let us retire to your cabinet.'

"I am at Your Majesty's disposal, replied I; but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the Princess.

"'Well, well! only be quick!'

"He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the Princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait on the Emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

"Well, Prince!' said he, as soon as I entered, 'this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which tyrant, as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me; I followed her, and, as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuileries. She drove across the bridges; I suspected she was coming to you,—I entered by your back door and you know the rest....A crown for a Borghese!.... Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army!....The Borghesi are of pure blood royal, I knew; but kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made Governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and, moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and reset her diamonds....A million francs!....What a sum! ....How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah Prince! What a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who

never knew father, mother, brother, and, above all, sisters!'

"The Emperor explained to me his intentions and returned to the Tuileries. I proceeded to the residence of Madame Mère. That venerable and dignified matron was depreciated only by those who did not know her. I who knew her well, am enabled to say that there never was a better mother or a more estimable woman. The last time I saw her, which was during the events which terminated in the fall of her son, she said to me:

"'Whatever may be the issue of all this, I shall not complain, provided Napoleon retires without any compromise of honour. To fall is nothing when we fall nobly; but death is a thousand times preferable to any mean concession.' As she uttered these words, she raised her fine classical head, and looked like the bust of Agrippina.

"She had heard of the misunderstanding between the Emperor and the Princess. Whenever any of her children rebelled against Napoleon, she always reproved them, saying: 'My husband transmitted his power to Napoleon. You must all obey him, for he is your father.' On this principle, she had already remonstrated with her beautiful and refractory daughter, Pauline. Madame Mère received me with all the

courtly ceremony which her lady of honour, the Countess de Fontanges, knew so well how to maintain. I was received by the *ci-devant* Duke de Brissac, then a Count, a senator, and Madame Letitia's gentlemen in waiting."

"'I have spoken to the Princess,' said Madame Letitia, as soon as I was ushered into her presence, 'and she is convinced of her mistake.' I repeated the Emperor's words. When Madame Borghese heard them, she frowned most superbly, and, foreseeing, that some warm words would probably ensue between the mother and daughter, I beat a retreat, and hurried back to the Tuileries to inform the Emperor that I had obeyed his orders.

"'Is she grateful?' he inquired. I told him candidly how his message had been received.

"'Ah!' said the Emperor, 'she will not easily give up her point. I well know her resolute disposition. She has set her heart on a crown; but she shall never have one.'"

There was always some curious anecdote to be gathered from the conversation of Prince Cambacérès. In one of my evening visits to him, he related the following story:

"One day when the Emperor had detained me longer than usual, the Minister of the Police (the Duke of Otranto) sent to request an immediate audience.

" ' What can he want,' said the Emperor. ' Stay, Prince Cambacérès, I like to have a witness when he is with me.' (The Emperor was then beginning to be distrustful of him.) Fouché entered, and began to converse about some general topics relating to the police, and then he proceeded as follows :

" ' A very singular circumstance has taken place at the Hotel Pepin, Rue Saint-Eloi. About twelve days ago, a man named Rafin took up his abode there ; owing to some suspicious circumstances which were communicated to the police, he has been made the object of special *surveillance*. He is well dressed, and good looking, except that there is a certain expression of fierceness in his countenance. In the day time, he visits several families in Paris, and, in the evening, he leaves his hotel at eleven o'clock precisely ; sometimes he goes on foot, at other times in a fiacre ; but he always proceeds to the same place, namely, the burial ground of Père-Lachaise, and, as soon as he arrives there, my agents lose sight of him. At four o'clock in the morning, he is again seen in the vicinity of the burial ground. He then resumes his way to the Hotel Pepin, and gets there before day light. These circumstances regularly recurring night after night, excited the astonishment of my people. Rafin is distinctly kept in

view, and is dogged step by step from the moment of his leaving the hotel, until he arrives near Père-Lachaise. There he is always lost sight of. A party of police agents have been stationed in the interior of the burial place; but nothing has been discovered.'

"'Duke of Otranto,' exclaimed the Emperor, 'this is a strange phantasmagorical story....Do you suspect that Rafin is a vampire?'

"'That would be a rarity in France, Sire, in the nineteenth century.'

"'What do you think he is, then?'

"'I cannot guess.'

"'Will you have him arrested?'

"'He has committed no offence, and therefore I hesitated.'

"'You are right. It is sufficiently painful to be compelled to fill our state prisons with maniacs, who take pleasure in running headlong to their own ruin. I do not approve of preventive measures. They are always tyrannical. With such a system, where can one stop....But this is a very mysterious gentleman. Have his papers been examined during his absence?'

"'Yes, Sire, and nothing suspicious has been found.'

"'Is his passport correct?'

"'The description of his person is not precisely accurate. There is even some appearance

of erasure and alteration of the writing in some parts. We know not what to make of this man;—but we shall keep a vigilant eye upon him.'

"I was much surprised at this curious disclosure," continued Prince Cambacérès, "and some time afterwards, when Fouché happened to call on me, I thought of Rafin, and I inquired whether the mystery had ever been cleared up.

"'Prince,' said he, 'I could almost be tempted to believe that we are not in the nineteenth century; but in the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh or even earlier....There are some extraordinary impositions practised in this world.'

"What have you discovered?

"'I will tell you. My brigade being not a little mortified by the way in which Rafin constantly eluded their vigilance, determined to take a decisive step: and, accordingly, one night they arrested him when within a few yards of Père Lachaise. At one blow he knocked down two of the police officers, who alleged that they had not been struck by a man's arm but by a bar of iron. The others surrounded and arrested Rafin. He was perfectly calm, and he showed by the light of one of the street lamps, the papers which he carried about with him; these papers consisted of a map of Paris, a passport, a certificate of his birth, and, in short, every thing

that was requisite to entitle him to the privilege of nocturnal perambulation in our good city. As it was wished to take him by surprise, the police agents affected to be satisfied. He gave them an *à boire* in payment of the cudgelling he had inflicted, and all separated amicably. Some of the police officers, however, turned and followed Rafin, and, after watching him for some distance, they lost sight of him, as usual.

" 'At four o'clock one of the men, who were still on the watch, gave a signal to his comrades that he saw Rafin, and all hastened to his assistance. In order to put him off his guard, a peace officer was procured, and he arrested all the persons who happened to be passing by, (three or four in number) and Rafin among the rest. They were all searched. In Rafin's pockets were found the same papers, which he produced a short time before, and nothing to which suspicion could attach. The men who searched Rafin, declared that they were nearly suffocated by the horrible odour which issued from every part of his body.

" 'Two days elapsed; and Rafin continued to go out every day. Among the persons he visited, there was a young girl who followed the business of a milliner. Inquiries were made about her, and it was ascertained, that though she had previously been a fresh, healthy, lively girl, she had, since Rafin had known her, become pale

and sickly. At another of his visiting places, a widow who had been remarkably stout and ruddy, suddenly became pale and emaciated. On the third day, a young man about four and twenty called at the Hotel Pepin. He inquired for Rafin, and being informed, by the porter, that he was out, he appeared much vexed. He sat down and waited for him, and, in about an hour, Rafin returned home. The young man, as soon as he perceived him, sprang upon him and seized him by the collar. The prodigious strength of the nocturnal adventurer was overpowered by the fury of his assailant, who called him an assassin and a monster. Feeling himself unable to maintain the struggle, and that his strength was failing him, he drew his knife from his pocket, and stabbed Rafin in the side. It was distinctly seen that he gave him only one stab ; four witnesses, who were present, bore testimony to this fact.

" ' Rafin groaned, relinquished his hold of his adversary, and fell dead. The young man fled, leaving his knife in Rafin's body. No one pursued him, owing to the consternation which the incident excited. A surgeon was sent for. Rafin was undressed, and it was discovered that he had six bleeding wounds, two in the throat, two in the right side, one in the abdomen, and one in the thigh. All present were confounded. Their testimony concurred unanimously. The young man seized Rafin, and, after a struggle with him, drew

out his knife. He gave him only one stab, and left the knife sticking in the wound. But, instead of one wound, there were six; and, on examination, the knife was found to correspond with only one of the wounds,—that in the side; the rest appeared to have been inflicted by poignards, swords, stilettos, or some other sharp weapon, in no way corresponding with the knife, which the surgeon extracted from the body of Rafin, and examined in the presence of the witnesses.

" ' His apartments were searched, but nothing was found except his clothes, and the papers I have already mentioned: neither money nor property of any description. The passports described him as a citizen of Strasburgh, but, beyond this, there was no clue to discovery. The local authorities could furnish no information, owing to the removal of the registers of Strasburgh during the revolution. Search was made for the young man who had stabbed Rafin. He was speedily found. The account he gave was as follows:—He was paying his addresses to a young female, when Rafin became his rival, and was preferred to him. The girl soon fell into ill health. She complained of frightful nightmares, and affirmed that her blood was nightly sucked by a being of hideous appearance, but who nevertheless bore a resemblance to Rafin. She made this disclosure to the sister of her first lover, who became alarmed at the circumstance. The young man had that morning seen

the object of his affection breathe her last; and his feelings being powerfully excited, he flew to challenge Rafin. The latter seized him by the throat, and, finding himself nearly choaked, he drew out his knife, not with the design of killing him, but of merely disengaging himself from his grasp.

"'The affair was laid before me,' pursued Fouché. 'I was, of course, much astonished, and was puzzling myself to unravel the mystery, when another incident occurred more extraordinary than all the rest. The body of Rafin was deposited in an apartment on the ground floor of the Hotel Pepin, and was to be interred early on the following morning. At the hour appointed for proceeding to the burial-place, what was the astonishment of the persons employed to convey the corpse, to discover on entering the room, that it was gone!—New rumours were afloat. It was by some suspected that body-snatchers had obtained entrance to the room. Active investigations were set on foot; but no discovery was made. About six weeks elapsed; and you may easily conceive the horror of the porter of the Hotel Pepin, and of the whole neighbourhood, when one day Rafin presented himself and coolly asked for the key of his apartment to procure his clothes. An alarm was raised; he was secured, and questioned; and he made the following statement—

"'Some young medical students stole his body

for the purpose of dissection. When about to commence their operation, the supposed corpse manifested some signs of life. They applied the proper remedies, and finally succeeded in restoring existence. But, as they had been guilty of the offence of abstracting the body, he (Rafin) had taken an oath not to betray them, and he added, that he would submit to every possible torture rather than be ungrateful to those who had rescued him from the grave. All this was plausible and possible enough; and the story was believed by every one, except myself.

" ' I gave orders to have Rafin arrested, and he was placed in confinement. I paid him a visit. He was strongly bound, and, in spite of his cries, supplications and resistance, I resolutely plunged into his flesh a surgical instrument which, without producing any injury, would cause an effusion of blood. When he perceived my object, he became furiously irritated, and made inconceivable efforts to attack me. He threatened me with his future revenge; but, heedless of his violence, I thrust the instrument into him. No sooner did the first drop of blood appear, than the six old wounds opened afresh. All efforts to stop the bleeding proved fruitless—and Rafin died.

" "Eleven persons,' continued Fouché, 'were present at the scene I have just described.' Our amazement was inconceivable. We are in the nineteenth century, and we beheld before us a vam-

pire, a blood-sucker. I had expressly summoned MM. Cuvier, Fourcroy, Cadet and Portal. They witnessed the fact, and they were astounded !.... I must acknowledge, however, that they afterwards declared themselves inclined to regard the affair as a police trick,.... a new mode of getting rid of a dangerous individual. They professed their faith in poison, but not in witchcraft, and the silence they have observed, must be attributed less to their promise of secrecy than to the result of a scene, of which they would fain not have been spectators. As to myself, I have sifted the matter deeply, and I am perplexed to the last degree. I cannot admit the reality of vampires; yet it is certain that I witnessed the facts I have stated. The corpse was rolled in a great number of cloth wrappers, and put into an iron coffin, the head, hands and feet being previously cut off. The whole was then buried. At the expiration of a year, I ordered the coffin to be taken out of the grave. The different parts were all found in an advanced stage of decomposition, but none were wanting; and Rafin has not returned a second time to demand the key of his apartment. I may add, that the widow whom I have already mentioned, as one of the females to whom Rafin professed to be paying his addresses, died a few days after him, almost wasted to a skeleton.'

"This story," pursued Prince Cambacérès, "Fouché himself related to me. I listened to it

with as much faith as I should be inclined to attach to any other wild, incredible tale. It happened that on the evening of the day on which Fouché had related the romance, I was visited by MM. Cuvier, Fourcroy and Portal. I was tempted to allude to the story of the Vampire, and I asked their opinion of the case. These gentlemen, as the Duke of Otranto had informed me, persisted in regarding Rafin's mysterious death as one of the thousand artifices to which the police were then accustomed to resort, in cases of difficulty. Nevertheless, they all acknowledged that the mere effect of the incision of the lancet, *appeared* (I underline the word, on account of the emphasis with which it was pronounced) to cause the re-opening of the six other wounds previously closed. As to the other circumstances of the case, they would vouch for none, and conjured me not to be the means of promulgating reports which would be offensive to them. Two of these distinguished men are dead, and, as the others have passed through a revolution, I imagine it matters but little whether or not their names are mentioned in connexion with this mystification."

I could clearly perceive that Prince Cambacérès himself was by no means inclined to place reliance in the sincerity of the Duke of Otranto, and that he looked upon the presumed Vampire, as something different from a being subsisting on human blood.

Such extraordinary disappearances are, however, less rare than is generally supposed. I recollect having heard Baron Caffarelli, the Prefect of Calvados, relate the following story:

"About the close of the reign of Louis XV, there lived in the little town of Revel, situated at the foot of the Black Mountain an ancient family named Garriggia, well known in Toulouse. At the time I allude to (1760), the family consisted of three persons: the father, the uncle who was a Knight of Malta, and the only son, a young gentleman of the most promising qualities, who held the rank of Captain at the age of twenty-two, and who had every prospect of making rapid advancement in the army. This young man's name was Eugene. His father and uncle were exceedingly attached to him, especially the latter; and, anxious to see an heir to the family, he was endeavouring to select a suitable wife for his nephew, from among the noble families of the neighbourhood.

"But Eugene had not yet bestowed a thought on marriage, and, during the intervals in which his military duties did not engross his time, he devoted himself exclusively to the pleasures of the chase. The ladies, with whom his handsome person and elegant manners, joined to his advantages of birth and fortune, rendered him an especial favourite, were astonished at his indifference. The secret was, that his heart was already engaged. On one of his hunting excursions in the forest of Caillhavel,

he espied a neat little cottage situated on the bank of a rivulet. Being overpowered by the effects of thirst and fatigue, he was induced to knock at the door. It was opened by a young female of surpassing beauty. Her dress was simple, even more so than that of the village girls of the neighbourhood ; but her language and manners were, on the other hand, refined and elegant, and far above her apparent station. She immediately spread a table, and placed before her guest, a true huntsman's repast, consisting of milk, brown bread, chestnuts and eggs. As she declined receiving any remuneration, Captain Garriggia returned a few days afterwards and presented to her a little trinket which he had purchased at Revel. The acquaintance having been thus commenced, Eugene frequently went to hunt in the forest of Cailhavel.

" One evening, his uncle (the Knight as he used to be styled) said to him: 'Well Eugene, you must get married.'

" 'I will think about it, uncle.'

" 'I have already thought about it for you.'

" 'Are you going to select a wife for me ?'

" 'I have already found one.'

" 'Found a wife for me !'

" 'Yes, for whom else should I seek one ?'

" 'But a wife should please her husband.'

" 'Certainly.'

" 'Will the lady you have chosen, please me ?'

" ' You must be very hard to please if she does not. She is one of the Rigaud family.'

" ' That is very well, but still—'

" ' She is seventeen, very handsome and very accomplished.'

" ' My dear uncle, I am not inclined to marry.'

" ' My dear nephew, I say you *shall* marry the lady I have fixed upon.'

" Whereupon, an argument arose, and Eugene acquainted the Knight with his passion for the beauty of the forest.

" ' But you can never think of marrying her!' exclaimed the uncle.

" ' Indeed I do,' replied Eugene.

" ' No.'

" ' Yes.'

" Another dispute ensued in which the father maintained a share. The young man resolutely adhered to his project.

" Inquiries were set on foot respecting the lady of the forest. No one knew anything of her. She seemed to have fallen from the clouds. She had neither rank, name, nor fortune. A fine marriage for Eugene Garriggia! The Knight repaired to the cottage in the forest of Cailhavel and explained to its fair occupant the obstacles which stood in the way of her projected marriage.

" ' Love will smooth away all obstacles,' she replied.

" ' But certain qualifications are requisite for forming an alliance with a noble family.'

" ' Who informed you that I am not of noble birth ?'

" ' Where are your proofs ?'

" ' I will produce them only to Eugene.'

" The Knight returned home, not much satisfied at the result of his errand. An angry discussion arose between Eugene and his uncle. The former reproached the latter for his tyranny and said: 'You will repent of this when I am no more.'

" Having uttered these words, he retired to his chamber and closed the door. The apartment was on the first floor, and had only one door, which communicated with the drawing-room. About an hour after Eugene had withdrawn, dinner was announced. The family assembled at table. Eugene did not appear. His father went to the door of his room, and called him, but received no answer. He opened the door, entered, and perceiving that his son was not in the room, he advanced mechanically to the window. I say mechanically, because he knew it to be fastened up with iron rails. He looked under the bed, in the closets, and in a cabinet which stood in one corner of the room, and which was in the form of a feudal tower. He then went down stairs and acquainted his brother with the mysterious disappearance of his son.

" ' But,' said the Knight, ' neither you nor I quitted the drawing-room, and he could not have left his room without passing through it.'

" The utmost consternation prevailed. The servants and neighbours assembled; the house was searched from the garret to the cellar. The wells and ponds were dragged: there was no river in the neighbourhood. The Knight, accompanied by some friends, proceeded to the forest of Cailhavel; the cottage was abandoned, and the female who inhabited it, had likewise disappeared.

" From that day, all trace of Captain Garriggia was lost. No tidings of him were ever after obtained; and his mysterious disappearance could never be explained in any way consistently with the principles of reason. At the time of the Revolution, some collateral relations were preparing to establish legal proof of the disappearance of the direct heir of the illustrious family of Garriggia."

The extraordinary disappearance of an Englishman, near Hamburgh, excited a good deal of attention at the time of its occurrence. This gentleman was travelling in company with a friend. The horses were harnessed and the postillion had mounted, when the Englishman observed to his companion, that he would be with him in a few moments. He was seen to proceed to the distance of about eight paces from the spot where the post-chaise stood, and he turned the angle of a wall

which was four feet high at most. From that moment, the Englishman became invisible, and every effort to discover him proved ineffectual. Some days after he had disappeared, his waistcoat was found hanging on a bush, and it was proved, beyond a doubt, that it must have been placed there only a few hours before it was found, several persons having carefully searched the spot within that interval.

There are on record many extraordinary stories of the same kind. A curious collection might be formed of all the anecdotes which have come to the knowledge of the Police Ministers and their agents. We were conversing on this subject one evening at the Arch-Chancellor's; it was during the Empire, and M. Pasquier was Prefect of Police at the time. M. Pasquier observed that, besides street beggars and other vagabonds, there were in Paris thirty thousand individuals, male and female, who rose every morning, without knowing how they were to live out the day. Among the number, he classed the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who speculated on public credulity in a thousand various ways, and always successfully: employing artifices with which they duped persons, apparently not less cunning than themselves. But there is a set of avaricious people who are easily duped: the allurements of gain blind them and lull their suspicions.

M. Pasquier related the two following anec-

dotes:—the one occurred previously to our political troubles, the other more recently.

"A rich but niggardly old banker had a pair of shoe-buckles worth a thousand louis. He frequently paid an economical visit to the pit of the opera, and, having selected a snug corner, he would seat himself with his back against the wall, to enjoy the master pieces of Gluck and Sacchini. One evening, during the performance of *Œdipe à Colonne*, an elegantly dressed young man seated himself next to the banker, and entered into conversation with him. He suddenly stooped down, rested his foot on the seat before him, took the gold buckles from his shoes, and, having rolled them in a piece of paper, put them into his pocket. Observing that these movements excited some manifestation of surprise on the part of his neighbour, he said:

"'You are no doubt astonished to see me take out my buckles, Sir, but you would do the same if you were forced to wear gold ones, in consequence of having been robbed as I have, of a pair of diamond buckles, worth six thousand livres.'

"'How Sir! robbed do you say, of a pair of diamond buckles..Where?'

"'Here, Sir, at the opera. Whilst all my senses were entranced by the strains of Gluck's celestial music, some theives came and seated themselves near me for the purpose of concealing one of their

companions, who stooped down and putting his hand under the seat, dexterously unfastened my buckles. Did you ever hear of such an artfully contrived theft?'

"'Bless me, Sir, you alarm me,..your buckles were worth six thousand livres. I would not give this pair, which I am wearing, for twenty-four thousand livres. You may therefore easily imagine that I should be very sorry to lose them. I had better take your precaution, and then I shall feel easy.'

"The worthy banker removed his splendid buckles from their place of safety, wrapped them in his handkerchief, and deposited them in his pocket. In ten minutes after, they again shifted their places, and the banker's new acquaintance, whose companions were in possession of the booty, politely wished him a good evening. The rage and mortification of the unfortunate dupe may be easily conceived. He never again set eyes on his diamond buckles; and his only compensation, for the loss of them, was a dearly bought lesson of experience."

The other anecdote related by M. Pasquier, is as follows.

"A jeweller of Paris one day saw a splendid equipage drive up to his door, and a tall important looking gentleman alighted from it. He wanted a lady's set of diamond ornaments, a complete wedding *parure*. The price was fixed at two hundred thousand francs. Several designs were

shewn to him. He made choice of one, said he could grant but little time for executing the order, and insisted on leaving with the jeweller a deposit of four thousand francs in *billets de banque*. He also selected a ring, worth a hundred and twenty francs, and ordered it to be sent home next day: and five days after the whole set of diamonds was to be completed. Accordingly, on the following day, a confidential messenger from the jeweller's repaired to the Hotel D—— in the Rue de la Paix, and inquired for Prince Gargarin. He was shewn into an apartment on the first story. Five or six lackeys were in the antichamber. The prince took the ring, paid for it, and gave a present of ten francs to the messenger, who joyfully returned home, and congratulated his master on having so wealthy and liberal a customer.

"The jeweller, with the utmost punctuality, carried home the diamonds on the day appointed. The prince was in his study, sitting before his cylindrical secretaire which was open. The jeweller handed the casket to him, and his highness minutely inspected the jewels; suddenly one of the valets entered the room and announced "Prince Dolgorouki"—

"'Ah! my brother-in-law, exclaimed his highness. 'I do not wish him to see the present which I destine for his sister. Request him to stay in the drawing room, and I will come to him immediately.' He touched the table, the cylinder

moved and the secretaire closed; the diamonds were within it; but on the table there lay an open box filled with leather bags; and numerous rouleaux of louis were huddled together in confusion. The jeweller had observed all this treasure on his first arrival: but his attention was particularly attracted by a large Russia leather portfolio, well lined with *billets de banque,* the edges of which were visible.

" His highness left the room, saying he would return very shortly. The jeweller begged he would not hurry himself. About twenty minutes elapsed, and a sort of vague apprehension began to assail the jeweller. At length, the door opened. Oh! here is his highness thought he. But no, it was the master of the hotel, who, stepping up to the jeweller, said :—

" Are you waiting for anybody, Sir?"

" ' I am waiting for the return of Prince Gargarin, to whom I have just sold a set of diamonds for two hundred thousand francs... Are you his secretary ?'

" I am his dupe, and so I presume you are!"

" ' What do you mean? His dupe! impossible! The jewels are shut up in that secretaire. Besides, look at all this money.'

" He seized one of the leather bags, and, opening it, discovered, to his horror, that it was filled with nails : the rouleaux contained nothing, and the port-

folio, scraps of waste paper. . However, the jeweller consoled himself— the diamonds were still safe. A locksmith was sent for; the secretaire was opened, and oh horror! it was empty. It stood on one side of the room, against a wall in which a hole had been made, and, there being a corresponding hole in the back of the secretaire, the jewels had, with perfect ease been conveyed into the adjoining apartment.

"The despair of the unfortunate jeweller may be easily conceived. The master of the hotel, too, who had let his apartments to the pretended Prince Gargarin, had been extensively swindled. The servants all belonged to the hotel, with the exception of the *valet de chambre*, who was the companion and confederate of the prince.

"It was ascertained that they had decamped in a coach from the door of the hotel. Every exertion was made to trace them out, but several years elapsed before they were discovered.

"The jeweller, who was nearly ruined by this robbery, removed to another quarter of Paris, and established himself under a new name. One day a messenger called on him from M. T——— a gentleman holding an official situation who was very ill and wished to purchase some rings. The poor jeweller had naturally become suspicious ever since his fatal adventure with Prince Gargarin; and, instead of sending his shopman, he took the rings himself. He was shewn into a bed chamber

which was only partially lighted: owing to the situation of the windows, the room was all in shade, except that part where the bed stood. What was the surprise of the jeweller when he discovered in the invalid M. T———,the swindler who had some years previously defrauded him in the assumed character of the Russian Prince Gargarin! For a few moments, he was struck dumb with amazement. However, he recovered himself, and, deeming it prudent not to betray the discovery he had made, he displayed his rings; several were selected, and their price amounted to about six thousand francs.

" 'It is a large sum of money for a poor ruined man,' said M. T———. 'I have not ready cash sufficient to settle the whole amount, and I shall feel obliged if you will take in payment this curious old snuff box, which is of great value.'

" He asked for his dressing case, and, opening it, took out an octagon-shaped china snuff box, ornamented with ten miniatures by Clinchsteil, set in gold and rubies. It was perfectly unique, and of inestimable value. On beholding it, the jeweller well nigh betrayed himself. The snuff-box which M. T——— presented to him, was one which had been stolen from him a few days before the robbery of his diamonds. The box was too remarkable to admit of the possibility of mistake. Besides, it had a secret spring by means of which all the minia-

tures could be taken out of their settings, and on the reverses were painted similar subjects, but treated in the style of indelicacy peculiar to the age of Louis XV. This circumstance was important in proof of his claim to the possession of the box. When M. T——— asked him to set a value on it, he said without hesitation :—

" ' I consider it worth more than fifty thousand francs.'

" ' Fifty thousand francs !' exclaimed M. T——— ' I thought it valuable. . but this far exceeds my estimation of it.'

" ' Sir,' resumed the jeweller, ' I will not retract what I have said. I am an expert dealer, and to me it may possibly be worth far more than the sum I have fixed. I will make this proposition to you ; you shall take the rings you have selected, and you shall put the box under an envelope stating it to be my property ; and, if it does not bring more than fifty thousand francs, you shall have my rings for nothing.'

" M. T——— was completely blinded by this deep laid scheme. He was a good connoisseur of objects of *virtu*, and he was not a little gratified to find his box so much overvalued, and to be enabled to obtain the rings without opening his purse. The most exaggerated valuation of the snuff-box would scarcely have exceeded seven or eight thousand francs. He sent for two of his neighbours,

one of whom was a notary, and the matter was arranged conformably with the jeweller's proposition. This being done, the invalid said:—

"'Who will fix the price of the box?'

"'You, Sir,' coolly replied the jeweller.

"'Me? you are jesting.'

"'I assure you, Sir, I am quite serious..I would willingly lay a good wager that you will value the box at five hundred thousand francs.'

"M. T——— directed at the two witnesses a look which seemed to say, the man is mad; but the jeweller added:—

"'You will value it at that price, I am certain you will. But first of all I have to acquaint you with a circumstance connected with this box, which will enable you to perceive its real value.'

"M. T——— full of curiosity and anxiety, consented to hear the jeweller's communication in private. The two neighbours, taking the box with them, adjourned to the drawing room and M. T— and the jeweller being left alone, the latter said:—

"'Sir, it is now about sixteen years ago since that snuff-box was stolen from me, and a short time after you robbed me of fifty thousand crowns worth of diamonds, under the assumed name of Prince Gargarin. I have now discovered you. My evidence relative to the robbery is on record. You have declared the snuff-box to be yours, and I can prove having purchased it at a public sale. I know a secret which will place the truth of my

assertion beyond a doubt. Now, Sir, tell me whether you are inclined to defend yourself in the criminal suit which I intend forthwith to institute against you.'

"Every word uttered by the jeweller fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of M. T———. Overwhelmed with the consciousness of his guilt, his imagination pictured all the horrors of imprisonment, trial, sentence, and the scaffold. He reflected, and the jeweller said :—

" 'Sir, I give you five minutes to form your determination.'

" At the expiration of that interval, M. T——— in a faltering voice directed the jeweller to open a drawer in which he would find *billets de banque* for three hundred thousand francs, and he signed a bond for two hundred thousand francs, payable at his banker's that same day. This being done, the jeweller called in the witnesses.

" ' Gentlemen,' said he, ' I have at length convinced M. T——— of the real value of the snuff-box. You see the price at which he has purchased it back from me.'

" ' I have given five hundred thousand francs,' said M. T———.

" ' Here is your box!' said the jeweller, restoring it, and I will let you have the rings into the bargain.'

" The notary who was no less amazed than the other witness, said :—

" ' There is some mystery in all this.'

" ' Probably there is,' replied the jeweller, ' M. T——— may explain it if he pleases; for my part, I promise him eternal secrecy.'

" With these words, he took his departure, leaving the witnesses bewildered in a maze of conjectures. M. T——— though immensely rich, (he was said to possess upwards of three millions) never recovered from the mortification attendant on this unexpected discovery. The jeweller faithfully adhered to his promise of secrecy; but the subtle machinery of the police unravelled the mystery."

The following story was related to Prince Cambacérès by an old friend of Robespierre. I am bound, by a promise, not to disclose his name, but the anecdote will not, for that reason, lose any of its interest.

" About eleven o'clock on the 1st of June 1794, I was surprised at receiving a visit from Robespierre. The lateness of the hour, added to something mysterious in his manner, naturally led me to suppose that he had something very important to communicate.

" ' This is a late visit,' said he ' but I assure you that during the day I have not a moment at my disposal. Public business scarcely leaves me time to breathe. It must be allowed, that a man is very disinterested who devotes himself so perseveringly to the welfare of others.'

" I could easily perceive that there was something hidden under these words. They seemed to indicate the intention of opening a path which the Dictator had heretofore closed against me. I appeared not to understand him, and made a vague reply, for the purpose of compelling him, if he had any secret design, to explain it clearly. After pacing up and down the room two or three times, and confining his conversation to commonplace topics, he suddenly stopped and folded his arms; then, turning and looking me full in the face, he said:—

" 'I have something to tell you that will surprise you. England has proposed peace to me.'

" To you!" I exclaimed in a tone of astonishment which I could not repress. " Do you mean to you, or to the Republic?"

" 'To me first, and to the Republic next,' said he. 'The English cabinet gives me credit for possessing great influence, and hopes that I will grant advantageous conditions, which I do not intend. However, we may hear what is proposed without pledging one's self to anything.'

" Certainly," said I. " But how do you know that any such project is in contemplation?"

"'Mr. Edward Serton has been instructed to see me, and to confer with me on the subject of an arrangement.'

" What have you decided on?"

" 'Nothing, I have not yet seen the envoy. I

have merely been informed that he is to arrive in Paris to-night, and I have given orders that he shall be conducted to your house, if you please.'

"Here? to my house?..Consider, such a proceeding will compromise me."

"'Am not I here?..What have you to fear when I direct the affair? Do not make yourself uneasy. Rest assured that I will release you from all difficulty.'

"But why all this mystery? Cannot the English envoy put up at an hotel?"

"'No, I must see him before my colleagues of the Committee of Public Safety. He comes in the first instance to me. Afterwards, he may consult with them.'

"Then it would appear that you mistrust them?"

"'They are my bitterest enemies. My influence mortifies them, and the traitors are plotting against me. Yes, all of them, the austere Carnot, Barrère, the Anacreon of the scaffold, the ferocious Billaud-Varennes, the learned Freron, the impetuous Tallien,..all my colleagues, whether in the committees or in the convention, hate me. They make me the scape-goat of all their iniquities. They would have it believed that I am the only advocate of the guillotine; whereas, the wretches themselves are wading in blood to their very ears. The fact is, I abhor them. It is my wish to arrange matters so that the republic will be

settled on a broad and secure foundation. I wish to restore order, and to enable the machinery of government to proceed regularly. But how can this be effected, amidst so many conflicting opinions, with so many ill-disposed fanatics?..Do you understand me?'

" I begin" said I, " to read your thoughts..you mean to say, that you are playing a game which you are not sure of winning."

" ' Perhaps I am; however, it is still worth a risk... But we are wandering from the subject about which I came to speak to you. To-night.. or between one or two in the morning, Mr. Serton will be here. You must receive him in such a way as to lead your servants to suppose that he is a relation of yours. He speaks French without any foreign accent; for I requested that some one might be sent who would not give rise to suspicion. As soon as he arrives, he will retire to rest; to-morrow morning, he will rise late and will feign indisposition as a pretext for not going out. I will be here in the evening: it is not necessary that you should be present at our interview; but do not let it be supposed that you have withdrawn purposely. We must be careful not to awaken suspicion. Be cautious. I should not have made choice of you, had I not felt assured that I could place implicit confidence in you.'

" With this flattering compliment, he left me, and I must confess in no very agreeable state of

mind. I did not know whether I had any reason to congratulate myself, on being admitted into this important secret. It was evident that Robespierre had some sinister design in treating with Mr. Serton without the knowledge of his comrades. Could he intend to imitate Monck? That was impossible. Such strokes could be attempted only at the head of an army, and the examples of Lafayette and Dumouriez were not very encouraging. Did he contemplate a sort of usurpation to perpetuate his power? That was most probable. In that case, he would be conspiring against the Republic, whilst I should be his confidant, and the accomplice of his ambition. This was not a very pleasant prospect; but was there now any possibility of retracting? Decidedly not... I was now in the power of the monster, and he would send me without hesitation to the guillotine, on the least suspicion of my treachery. Accordingly, having duly weighed all circumstances, I came to the resolution of resigning myself to this new peril.

"I informed my servants of the expected arrival of my newly-acquired relation; and such preparations as time would permit, were made for his reception. About one o'clock, a knock was heard at the door, and the porter admitted Mr. Edward Serton and his valet. I received my guest in the best manner I could; but of course avoided any allusion to the object of his journey.

" We embraced, and entered into conversation, as if we had passed the early part of our lives together. To shorten the farce, I conducted *my cousin* to the chamber which had been prepared for him: and, having wished him good night, I retired to bed. However, I did not enjoy much sleep: for my mind was too much disturbed by uneasy thoughts; neither did I pass the following day more tranquilly. I apprehended a thousand occurrences which might prove fatal to my liberty, and even to my life. I stayed at home nearly all day: and I saw nothing of my guest; his breakfast and dinner being served in his chamber by his valet.

" At nine in the evening, Robespierre called. He requested me to introduce him to my relation, which I did, and immediately withdrew. At midnight, Robespierre went away, without seeing me before his departure, and I immediately retired to bed, where the anxiety I had suffered, during the previous night, made me fall into a profound sleep. I rose late on the following morning, and my servant delivered to me a note from *my cousin*, who, on taking leave of me, thanked me for my hospitality, and informed me that I should find in one of the drawers of a secretaire in his chamber a little token of remembrance from *his father, my uncle.* This token proved to be a watch, set round with diamonds, and worth about ten thousand francs. I was mortified that my English guest should value, at so high a price, the asylum I had afforded him

for the space of four and twenty hours. His abrupt departure, too, surprised me.

" In the evening, Robespierre sent to imform me that he wished me to meet him in the gardens of the Tuileries. I joined him there. He ordered his coachman to drive along the Boulevards as far as the Place de la Bastille. I mentioned to Robespierre the strange conduct of our English visitor, and added that I could not help feeling hurt at it.

" ' Pooh ! you are a novice,' replied he. ' Is it not right to get all we can from the enemies of France ? Besides, presents are indispensable in diplomatic negociators. You may, if you please, send back the watch to *your uncle* George III ; but, I would not advise you to do so. Such a step may be attended by unpleasant consequences.'

" I understood his hint, and took it as a warning ; but, having found an opportunity of disposing of the watch, I distributed its value among the hospitals of the capital. Robespierre then began to converse on another subject :

" ' Really,' said he, ' the English must be mad... They have made me such extravagant propositions, that their cabinet must either be crazy, or must suppose me to be devoid of reason. The proposition that has been made to me is so flattering that it is almost incredible.'

" I presume, then, that you doubt its sincerity ?"

" ' By no means ! The fact is, they have proposed, as a first condition, that I should recall the Bourbons, ... that I should acknowledge as King the boy Louis XVII, and that I should be Regent.'

" Strange enough ! And what would they gain by their King Louis XVII ?"

" ' Not much ! He is no favourite with them. They have not much confidence in him, which leads me to suspect he has more merit than is usually attributed to him. The English cabinet will not acknowledge him in his regency. You know that Austria refused to give him the title of King as long as Marie-Antoinette lived. Only imagine me Regent, under the pretended supremacy of a puppet, and in the face of the Jacobins and aristocrats ? I should not retain the post for a single day.'

" How could they presume to make such a proposition ?.. What security did they offer you ? for certainly you required some."

" ' Oh ! as to that, handsome offers were not wanting. They proposed to attach me to the young King by such ties as would render his defence a family duty on my part.'

" Infamous !" I exclaimed, roused by an irrepressible feeling of indignation. " Do they not know that the thing is impossible ?"

" ' Not physically,' replied Robespierre, in a tone of marked dissatisfaction.

" Perhaps not physically," I rejoined, " but cer-

tainly morally. You would never consent to such a thing ?"

" 'You have not,' said he, 'a very brilliant imagination. You are not disposed to build castles in the air.'

" Rather say, castles in the regions below.... castles in Pandemonium....Robespierre, hear me! Be assured that a wall of iron separates you.... You understand ?"

" 'I do !....And the devil take that horde of villains who have made me appear to be a participator in their crimes, though I am really innocent....But, I view the matter as you do.... The impossibility staggers me !....It is a Gordian knot....Yet, it would have been a most desirable arrangement.'

" Without appearing to observe this last remark, I said :

" And is this all that was proposed to you ?"

" 'When they found that I refused, on the ground of the irrevocable hatred which I had vowed to Royalty, the envoy declared himself authorised to propose a hereditary Presidency, with the same marriage....This I also rejected. Mr. Serton then suggested something more practicable: viz. twenty years of elective Presidency. This appeared to be honourable and unobjectionable. One might preside temporarily without usurping absolute power. A period of twenty years is not quite three times the duration of the Presidency of

the American government. It would afford the opportunity of effecting a great deal of good.'

"' Did you come to any decision ?"

"' 'Not yet....Such matters cannot be settled hastily. They must be considered and examined, under every point of view....I probably appear to you very powerful at this moment ; and so I am....My power hangs on public opinion,—on a delusion of terror, on a revolutionary fanaticism which will support me as long as I advance from one extravagance to another. But, I want private supports. I scarcely know a man on whom I can confidently rely. I stand alone. My strength is in myself. It depends on no one.'

"' Not on Fleuriot ?"

"' 'He !....a fool !....a drunkard !'

"' Saint-Just, then ?"

"' 'A senseless libertine !'

"' Well, then, your brother ?"

"' 'Oh ! he is a timid creature, and devoid of judgment and everything, except merely our internal affairs....I do not hold a military commission. The want of that trammels all my efforts. A man can never effect a revolution unless he commands bayonets. The instinct of the people is decidedly for liberty. The military are infected with despotism. Those generals will devour us all sooner or later. Look at the Roman Empire. For two or three Emperors elected by the Senate, you may count a hundred imposed by the army.'

" Then, I presume, you know not what course to adopt."

" 'I am embarrassed.'

" And, in sending back the English envoy, you have broken with the London Cabinet."

" 'I may answer both yes and no. I am urged to make an attempt. It is difficult. I am afraid of compromising myself. All eyes are fixed upon me. My actions are watched and my gestures interpreted. It is most painful to endure this inquisition. Yet, I will make an effort to strike a great blow. I will shew myself to the public in such a way as to command attention. I am well aware, that if I do not show myself, I shall never be able to do anything that will tend to restore to France her repose and happiness.'

" He next asked me, whether I thought the royalists would be inclined to accommodate themselves to a reasonable government.

" I am of opinion," replied I, " that they will take whatever is offered to them. In the absence of a King, you will see them rally round any one who grasps authority with a firm hand."

" Robespierre broke off the conversation, and ordered the coachman to the Rue Saint-Honoré. We soon separated. After I had taken leave of him, I could not help reflecting, with horror, on the marriage which had been proposed. To unite the daughter of the immolated victims to their exe-

cutioner! The very thought made my blood curdle!

"On the 18th of June, was celebrated the festival in honour of the Supreme Being. On the previous day, Robespierre sent me a note, requesting that I would attend the ceremony. David, the painter, had designed all the decorations. The festival was held in the garden of the Tuileries. In front of the façade, on an elevated socle, stood the figure of Fanaticism, crowned with the papal tiara, and holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a poignard. Face to face with this figure stood Atheism, which was represented by a blind female, occupied in tearing the book of the law. A mass of combustible matter surrounded the group. Near it was a car of vast magnitude filled with singers and musicians, parading the gardens and chaunting hymns, the poetry of which was in the style of Chenier.

"An immense crowd thronged the approaches to the amphitheatre, where the members of the Convention were to take their places. They arrived, headed by Robespierre, who wore a blue coat, with a bouquet of tri-coloured flowers. It was remarked that his colleagues did not follow him closely, but at some distance, apparently acknowledging him as sovereign. When I observed this circumstance, I doubted not that Robespierre had prepared everything for striking

the grand blow ; that he would avail himself of that opportunity to proclaim a full amnesty, and annihilate the reign of terror ; and that the people would, in return, raise him to the highest rank in the state.

" But, I was mistaken. Robespierre had the ambition to do all this ; but not the genius. He delivered a poor speech, which he closed by a most atrocious phrase. This being ended, he applied a match to a train of gunpowder, and the figures of Fanaticism and Atheism were immediately blown up. They were to have been succeeded by the statue of eternal Wisdom, but, owing to some blunder of the mechanists, this statue was blown up along with the other two. This circumstance was regarded as a bad omen, and it gave rise to a good deal of remark.

" Two days after this, Robespierre called on me.

" ' Well,' said he, ' you see I kept my word, and that I know how to show myself ! What did you think of the manner in which I presided at the festival ? Did I not put myself forward most conspicuously ? The members of the Convention seemed to be merely my escort.'

" I should rather say that they acted the part of your body guard. But, seriously, I expected something more of you."

" ' What did you expect ?'

" A solemn protestation against past crimes :

a speech which would have held out the consolation of a happier future."

" ' You are very wise, truly ! But I can tell you that, had I done as you suggest, I should have been assassinated on the spot. I could read in the looks of the multitude what I had to expect. Therefore, I made my oration somewhat different from what I intended.'

" I understand. You were afraid ; and your own fear caused you to inspire us with fear. This is not the way to succeed."

" ' I am aware it is not. But what can I do ? I tell you once more, I stand alone ; and who knows whether the English are deluding me ? Perhaps their only object is to urge me to an act of imprudence which would compromise me. My destruction would, doubtless, be gratifying to them.'

" Therefore, your new plans are——"

" ' To take revenge on the traitors !' he exclaimed in a voice of fury ; ' To annihilate them all. They surround, they besiege me....I behold them during the day,—I dream of them during the night. What daggers are pointed against me ! ....what doses of poison prepared !...,Do you know I begin to suspect my most intimate associates. That girl Duplay, for example ;....I fear she has been bribed. My life [illegible] might——'

" Here he stopped short.

" Your position is not an enviable one," said I.

" ' No, indeed !' he replied. ' May Satan avenge me on him who first drew me into the path which I am now treading ! However, I have returned him ill for ill. But for him.... but for him—'

" He said no more. I regarded him as a man marked by the finger of God. I never saw him again ;—the 9th Thermidor speedily followed.

* * * * *

When I returned to Prince Cambacérès, the above historical fragment, of which, by his permission, I kept a copy, he made the following observations :—

" There is no fact in our fatal history, more positively certain, than the allurement held out to Robespierre of his marriage with an august and unfortunate Princess, who was totally ignorant of the infamous traffic in which her name was involved. Robespierre went so far as to visit the illustrious captive in her prison. He represented himself as a municipal officer, and assumed the pretence of making an official visit. He declared himself quite enchanted with the Princess, though he had not presumed to speak to her, so completely was he overawed by the dignity of her looks and manners. But, she was not the only Princess of the blood-royal of France whom Robespierre contemplated the possibility of marrying.

I will relate to you a story which I heard from the mouth of Tallien himself, who, I have no doubt, would repeat it to you, unless he might think it dangerous to do so, in the present position of affairs. The story is this:

"Robespierre, at the very outset, even on the first creation of the Constituent Assembly, directed his attention to the Duke of Orleans, and sought to make him King. But, in proportion as the revolution was consolidated, the Duke lost the advantages of his position. He had not the energy requisite for seizing the chances which presented themselves, and turning them to the best account. He, therefore, was thrust back and lost in the crowd, whilst Robespierre daily gained ground in the public opinion. The consequence was what was naturally to be expected; namely: the importance of the Duke declined, and he was no longer regarded as the leader of a party.

"The King's trial did a great deal of injury to the Duke; whilst, on the contrary, Robespierre gained, at that time, a vast accession of popularity, which he shared with Marat. To make the Prince a King, a president, or a chief of any kind, in France, was a thing no longer thought of. Nevertheless, many continued attached to him, and, as it was possible that his name might yet be serviceable, his co-operation was not to be despised. It was even probable that the Robespierrists, if

united with the Orleanists, would acquire the greater ascendancy, inasmuch as all the distinguished generals of that period were inclined to side with the Duke.

"After shrewdly considering the circumstances which I have explained, Robespierre conceived his plan. A constitution was to be given to France, and two presidents were to be established; one for the war department or for foreign affairs, the other for the civil or home department. The first of these two posts, was to be assigned to the man who should be chosen by the majority of the people; and the second, to be filled by Robespierre. But, with the view of consolidating this arrangement, and of blending the interests of these two chiefs imposed on the Republic, Robespierre, by virtue of a pretension equally insane and arrogant, demanded as a pledge, the hand of the Princess, the sister of the Duke of Chartres. This was his *ultimatum.*

"This proposition was broached by Couthon. The Duke of Orleans required a few days to reflect upon it. He immediately dispatched a confidential person to his eldest son with the circumstance. There is every reason to believe that the Duke de Chartres returned a negative answer.

"Dumouriez, who was of course consulted, had also formed his plan, which this proposition was calculated to thwart. He hoped to conduct his aid-de-camp to the throne of Louis XVI by

another path. On the day appointed, the Duke of Orleans sent for Couthon, and told him, with affected chagrin, that his daughter's inclinations were opposed to the marriage, and that, moreover, it would be dangerous to think of it before the execution of the plan in which he was so deeply interested. The Prince concluded by observing, that the constitution must first be proposed, then accepted, and that every thing else would become easy.

"This was a refusal; and Robespierre was furiously offended. However, as he saw that his fortune was secure, if connected with that of the Orleans branch of royalty, he made a new effort. He knew that I was on a footing of intimacy with the Prince, and he sent for me. He alleged that the Prince himself had been the first to express a wish for the alliance; and he commissioned me to point out to him the advantageous results of a consent, and the danger of a refusal. I was to commence with promises, and to end with threats.

"I acquitted myself of this unpleasant errand; though not to the satisfaction of Robespierre. The Duke of Orleans did not take much pains to conceal from me his unconquerable repugnance to his proposed son-in-law. On this occasion, he behaved as became a Prince of the blood. He turned a deaf ear to all considerations, advantageous or otherwise, which I submitted to him. When I informed Robespierre of the result

of my mission, he became furiously enraged, and vowed to avenge the affront by the destruction of all the royal family—an object to which he thenceforth devoted himself. It is known how he constrained Dumouriez to raise the mask, and how he forced the Duke de Chartres to seek refuge in the ranks of the enemy, whilst measures were taken at home to arrest his father.

"After the Duke of Orleans was conducted to Marseilles, Robespierre signified to him that his fate might yet be arrested if he would retract his refusal to the proposed marriage. The Prince's reply was again in the negative. Then, the vengeance of Robespierre knew no bounds, and he resolved to hurry the death of the man whom he wished to make his father-in-law. When the Duke of Orleans was conducted to Paris to undergo the sentence of execution, I was commissioned to convey to him a final proposal; and I solemnly protest, before God and man, that if, at the moment when the *charrette* which conveyed him to the scaffold halted on the Place du Palais-Royal, the Prince had manifested any inclination to yield his consent, the execution would not have taken place. The fact is, that every arrangement had been made for a temporary insurrection, to afford the means of saving him. This was the cause of the mysterious delay of nearly an hour, in the advancement of the fatal *charrette*. But his Royal Highness, who manifested so much firm-

ness throughout his trial, gave no sign of acquiescence, and Robespierre suffered him to mount the scaffold.

"Such," pursued Cambacérès, "is the story which I have heard related by Tallien. I believe it to be strictly true, with the exception, perhaps, of that which relates to the scheme for rescuing the Prince. That would have exposed Robespierre to great peril; and he was too much of a poltroon to hazard his safety so far."

To the above observations of Prince Cambacérès, I may add, that a few days after he had related the story to me, I spoke of it to Tallien. The latter positively declared it to be true, and his declaration was made in the presence of witnesses.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duke of Otranto—Police disclosures—A lady of quality in the pay of the police—Snare laid to entrap the Polignacs—A gang of thieves betrayed—Love and Police—A mysterious billet—Fouché's rendez-vous—The discreet porter—Discovery of murders committed by the Countess Polvère—Poison and somnambulism—The double lady, an optical phenomenon—The General and the Pilgrim—The brigands and the crucifix—Singular vision of Louis-Sebastian Mercier—Apparition seen by Napoleon and Josephine.

I met the Duke of Otranto only twice or thrice during my visits to Prince Cambacérès in 1814. He was gay, and satirical, and he ridiculed, with unsparing severity the conduct of the public men of the time. But, on this latter subject, all his friends expressed themselves with equal freedom. I was frequently astonished to hear these men of the Empire relate, without reserve, the secret and even dangerous anecdotes of the era they had just closed. I should have expected they would have been more guarded.

One might almost have imagined the restoration had been separated by the lapse of a century from the Empire and the Republic, and that all the actors and witnesses of their anecdotes were no more; whilst, on the contrary, they were all living and on terms of intimacy with them.

The Duke of Otranto, however, who did not consider his career at an end, was somewhat more reserved than the others: but even he related many facts which, had I been in his place, I should have kept to myself. Among this number is the following. I give it in Fouché's own words, merely suppressing the names, which the narrator did not think it necessary to conceal.

"In the exercise of my official duties, I gave audiences of various kinds: I had even several places out of my hotel, where I received those timid persons, who were alarmed at the name of the police, though they had no objection to accept its pay. At these places, I often had interviews with persons, male and female, of different ages and conditions. Some came on foot, others in their carriages; some disguised, and others in their own characters. On one occasion, when I was at my little political establishment, in the Rue Saint-Louis, then called the Rue de Turenne, a lady was announced.

"A young and pretty female presented herself. I received her with all possible politeness. She gave me her name; and I then recollected that I

knew something,—I may say a good deal—of her. Her mother, (or as she was styled her aunt) a lady of quality, had been a pensioner of mine since a very remote period. She had been well known in the government offices since the time of M. de M....., but at that period she performed other functions besides supplying information to the police.

"Her pretty niece, now deputed to me, commenced by narrating her history. Young as she was, she had suffered numerous misfortunes, for you know that all the spies of our police, are the most unfortunate set of people in the world: in short, the young lady had her sorrows, and her wants, and no fortune. Her aunt had assured her that I would treat her with all the kindness of a father; and, in return, she promised that I should know all her secrets, and be made acquainted with all her friends. She received numerous visitors, among whom were imprudent young men, and elderly gentlemen, wanting in reserve. She mentioned to me five or six houses of the old and new régimes, into which I had never yet been able to introduce one of my agents; and to which she promised to open for me a channel of access.

"Our bargain was speedily concluded:—five hundred francs per month, and a thousand francs at the expiration of a certain number of years, when my young beauty should have acquired sufficient credit and experience.

" Her first enterprise was directed against M.M. de Polignac. She found means to introduce herself into the *maison de santé* in which they were confined. However, she was not very successful. The two captives received her coolly, and endeavoured to get rid of her ; but she was not easily discouraged : she continued to hover about them, and made such a parade of royalism, that she managed to get possession of an important letter, which supplied me with some valuable information. This letter described a journey in the south, undertaken by a royalist emissary, who named the leaders of the party, their respective capabilities, their position in society, characters, etc. It was quite a treasure.

" At one of our monthly interviews, my fair emissary thus addressed me :—

" ' Monseigneur, my zeal in your service carries me so far that, for the sake of obliging you, I sometimes condescend to mingle in very bad company: I have now made a valuable discovery.'

" What is it ?"

" ' A gang of thieves are ravaging, by their depredations, Paris and its environs. If you wish to know their ringleaders and their haunts, here is a note which will help you to find them out.'

" I took the paper which she presented to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise, I found that it contained a quantity of information, such as could

only have been obtained by the foulest treachery. My rule was never to question my agents, or, as they were called, my *mouches*. I received their disclosures, and that was all. To torment them by wishing to know everything, is only the way to lead them into falsehood. They will not always name their informants; I never deviated from my rule. When I had some particular reason for knowing every circumstance, then I erected counter-batteries, which I did on the occasion to which I am now referring.

"I was anxious to know the devices by which my sylph had been enabled to make these discoveries. I sent for the officer who had the *surveillance* of the thieves of Paris, and I stated the case to him. Five days afterwards, I learned that, among the numerous lovers of my lady *mouche*, was one of the most celebrated of our Parisian thieves. This fellow spent one half of his life in the jails, and the other half in the most splendid hotels: he was quite a hero in the annals of crime, endowed with address, courage, and talent; but so utterly depraved that I could never prevail on myself to employ him.

"This man, however, being outwitted in some of his dishonest operations by another rogue of his acquaintance, avenged himself by denouncing to me his rival and his comrades. It is gratifying to see wolves reciprocally devouring each other; and I availed myself of the information received from

F.... until I should have the opportunity of seizing him in his turn.

"About this time, there arrived in Paris a handsome young man of three and twenty years of age, the son of an *émigré* of rank. This young gentleman was known by the assumed name of M. Le Noble. The ostensible object of his visit to Paris was to obtain for his family, who were still absent, the restoration of some unsold estates:—but, in fact, he was a secret agent of Louis XVIII, who had intrusted him with an important mission.

"His evil star led him to visit a certain Viscountess, of whom I shall say nothing, as it would be difficult to say any thing bad enough. Her house was the resort of a great deal of gay company, among whom were jumbled together honest men and swindlers, ladies of respectability, and females of doubtful reputation: in short, all that mixed society which abounds in every great city, and which persons, who are not very cautious or very fastidious, may easily fall into.

"At the parties of this Viscountess, M. Le Noble met my fair *mouche*, and was soon captivated by her attractions. She, at the very first introduction, suspected that he was something better than he seemed to be. She plied him with declarations of the most enthusiastic royalism. Love is credulous: and Le Noble's passion formed no exception to the rule. He was confiding, and let fall some

hints respecting the real object of his visit to Paris. This disclosure came like a ray of light upon his innamorata. After a regular series of sighs and glances, letters were interchanged. These were, in their turn, followed by assignations. The intimacy at length attracted notice, and incurred the well-feigned displeasure of the lady's aunt.

"One morning, whilst the rain was pouring in torrents, Le Noble was surprised to hear a knock at the door of his apartment; but, how much greater was his surprise, when, on opening the door, he beheld the *mouche* breathless with agitation, and almost dissolved in tears!—Exclamations and questions rapidly succeeded each other.

"'How!....Is it possible?....Can it be you?'

"'It is....I am lost....undone!....And I know no one to whom I can fly for protection but you.'

"'What means this?....What has happened?'

"'Alas! my aunt has broken open my desk and discovered your letters....I feared to encounter her anger....and I have fled from home!'

"'Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle! what is to be done? You know I have not deceived you. From the first moment of our acquaintance, I told you, candidly, that I was not my own master—that I should compromise the interests of august in-

dividuals were I to attach myself to France by a marriage which, under other circumstances, would constitute my utmost happiness, and concentrate all my affections.'

" 'I know it, dear Le Noble, the fault is all my own; and I will not require you to do any thing which may compromise your honour. I only conjure you to call on the Commander de Châteauneuf, who is my aunt's particular friend; ask him to go to her and appease her anger. From thence, I should wish you to go to the Vicomtesse, and implore her to receive me, in case my aunt should prove inexorable. You can stay with the Vicomtesse until you hear the result of the Commander's intercession, and then you can all three come here and tell me my fate.'

" Poor Le Noble, distracted between love and despair, and generously reproaching himself for all the mischief, flew to execute the orders of the distressed damsel. You all know the Commander de Châteauneuf. To make himself of importance, is the grand object of his existence; and he was very anxious to do anything to serve me. I had sent one of my agents to give him a hint of the part he was to play. He entered into a long conversation with Le Noble on the subject of his unfortunate attachment; expressed regret, evinced indecision, and, at length, took up his hat and went out. He accompanied Le Noble as far as the house of the Vicomtesse, where he left him,

and proceeded on his embassy to the young lady's aunt.

" Le Noble, though seated in conversation with the Vicomtesse, counted the moments of the Commander's absence. The clock struck twelve. The lady endeavoured to amuse her visitor ; but, his heart and his thoughts were at home. Half past twelve arrived, and the Commander appeared. The aunt was appeased. She had listened to reason ; and now all that remained was, to announce the grateful tidings to the lovely niece. The Vicomtesse retired to get her hat and shawl. This occasioned some little additional delay, and, at two o'clock, Le Noble returned to his lodgings, distressed to think of the anxiety which his fair visitor must have suffered during his absence.

" Little did he suspect, that he had no sooner left his house, than a host of searchers, locksmiths, cabinet makers, decypherers of handwriting, etc. had been admitted to his apartments: that his desk, his drawers, even the bed, the curtains and every article of furniture had undergone a rigorous examination. Full powers, credentials, diplomatic notes, and directions indicating where other important papers were to be found, all fell into the hands of my agents, either in copies or extracts ; and it was known where to find the originals, if necessary.

" It was to accomplish this object, that the

scheme had been devised for getting Le Noble out of the way. By this means, we avoided the odium which would have attended a forcible seizure of the papers; and nothing occurred to excite the least attention or curiosity on the part of the other inmates of the hotel. My agents, who had taken the precaution of stationing in the street numerous scouts, departed at least half an hour before Le Noble returned. He found the young lady, as he had left her, bathed in tears; but the assurance of her aunt's forgiveness consoled her, and she departed, with many protestations of eternal fidelity. Next day, the police paid a formal visit to Le Noble. He was arrested. The evidence of his guilt was undeniable. He was tried on the two-fold charge of being a spy, and of being engaged in a plot for assassinating the Emperor. He was found guilty of both crimes, condemned and executed."

On hearing this terrible *dénouement*, we all uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Surely, gentlemen," said the Duke of Otranto, "it is a very false kind of sympathy which urges you to feel a deeper interest for the assassin, than for his victim. The young man whose story I have just narrated, was a Ravaillac, an Ankerstroem, and he well deserved his fate."

"Yet," observed I, "the means employed to obtain his conviction were base and treacherous."

"How! would you rather see the crime perpetrated, than take measures to prevent it by revealing the design of the criminal."

"But, Monseigneur, your pretty *mouche* was a downright monster."

"Oh! as to her, I am quite willing to consign her to your tender mercy. She is now a furious royalist. She goes to the Tuileries, has interviews with Count de Blacas, cajoles the Duke de Richelieu and denounces me .... But I see," pursued the ex-minister, "that my story has saddened you. I will tell you another, which though, perhaps, not more cheering, is certainly more extraordinary.

"One day, I received a letter from a lady..the perfume and the manner in which it was folded, assured me that it was a lady's letter. The writer implored me not, indeed, to go in person, (that was a thing not to be expected,) but to send some trustworthy person, who possessed my entire confidence. An affair of the utmost importance was to be communicated to me, but the writer distinctly added that it was nothing of a political nature.

"I confess that this note excited my curiosity; and, though at the risk of compromising the gravity of my official character, I felt inclined to enter upon the adventure, especially as a very trustworthy and confidential person was required. I determined to go, and in such a garb as would

preclude the chance of my being recognised:—I have oftener than once disguised myself so as to defy the recognition of even my intimate acquaintance.

"The place of *rendez-vous* was a house in the humble Rue de la Montagne-Saint-Genevieve. I dressed myself in a violet-coloured coat, a dark blue velvet waistcoat, small clothes of black kerseymere, and black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, a three-cornered cocked hat, and a *frisure à l'ancien régime*. I stepped into a fiacre, from which I alighted at the top of the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor, and, having cautiously posted my vedettes, I hurried on to the place of my destination. The house had a *porte-cochère*, a small court-yard, a vestibule and a large staircase. It was evidently the old residence of a person of opulence....probably a member of the *ancienne robe*....indeed, the signature of the letter, was a name which had been associated with the parliament of Paris.'

"I inquired for Madame de Polvere.

"'The young lady, or the dowager?' said the servant.

"This question embarrassed me, and I hesitated for a moment; but, immediately recollecting the little perfumed billet, I answered promptly and confidently—the young lady.

"'Step up stairs to the first floor, and knock at the great door facing the staircase.'

"And where does the dowager reside?" inquired I, anxious to gain all the information I could.

"'On the ground floor, in the apartments looking to the garden; that is to say, when she is in Paris, but she is now at her country seat.'

"Oh!....yes... it is....near...."

"'Near Beauvais....perhaps you have been at the château, Sir?'

"No. ..but I know the place well. I maintained this colloquy with an old man, who looked as if he united in himself the three-fold dignities of porter, butler and gardener. "And how is monsieur?" said I pursuing my interrogatories.

"'Do you mean the Baron, or monsieur his father?'

"Oh both!.....both!"

"'The Count is with madame at....and the young Baron has not yet returned from his journey.'

"And are all the rest well?"

"'Alas, Sir! we lost, about six months ago, the old demoiselle Desrivières, the Count's sister, a most pious lady, who was so very good herself, that she was scandalized at our wickedness, and was always telling us that we were doomed to eternal punishment. It was a great relief to all the house, when it pleased Heaven to take her....As to the Commander, he enjoys a green old age, at eighty. Monsieur Jules, the Baron's brother, is

with the army, and their sister, Madame de Melmire, is separated from her husband.'

" Bah ! is it possible !"

" ' Bless me, Sir, don't you know it....From the way in which you questioned me, I supposed you were quite intimate with the family.'

" I have just returned from India."

" ' *Sainte Vierge !* that is a great way off.... Well, monsieur, then, since you don't know it I will tell you, that the Countess has done a great deal of mischief... the young couple have quarrelled and parted....One morning, Madame de Melmire came down stairs with her cheek swollen and her mouth bleeding....a *soufflet !*' The rest of the secret was whispered in my ear.

" Perfectly satisfied with the information I had gleaned, I wished the discreet porter good morning, and made my way to the door to which I had been directed. The staircase was hung with portraits of parliamentary presidents; and the antichamber was graced with a few dusty portraits of some of the venerable ancestors of the family. A young and blooming *soubrette* inquired my name. I gave her some name or other, no matter what, and added that I had brought an answer to the letter written by the Baroness to the lady on the Quai Malaquais.

" Five minutes afterwards, I was ushered into the drawing-room, the furniture of which seemed to take its date from the year 1750. In this old-

fashioned apartment, I beheld a beautiful female, about five and twenty years of age; graceful, simple, modest and timid. As I advanced to make my bow to her, I observed that she was agitated and trembling.

" Madam," said I presenting her note, " I am sent by his excellency the minister of...."

" A supplicating look closed my mouth, and I stopped short.

" ' Sir,' said the lady, ' nothing but the most urgent reasons could have induced me....how much I am obliged to his excellency....I will endeavour to prove my gratitude....Indeed I am very unfortunate !'

" Madam, I enjoy the full confidence of the minister. He will decide according to my report. As far as I can judge at present, it is likely to be favourable.

" ' I feel the importance of the step I have taken. Perhaps, after all, I have taken it too precipitately....but I confess I had not sufficient heroism to brave the commission of another crime.'

" A crime !"

" ' Alas, Sir, your surprise overwhelms me.... I shall never have courage to proceed.'

" Compose yourself, Madam, I entreat and tell me all. It is your duty....and, after what I have heard, it is my duty to urge you to make a full and candid disclosure."

" ' I will do so,' replied the lady raising her pale

face....' but it must be on condition that what I am about to communicate shall be enveloped in profound secrecy.... will you promise this?'

"I pledged myself to receive the disclosure on the condition of secrecy. In cases of emergency, I often found it indispensable to make these promises, in order to stimulate confidence. In so doing, I conceived that I was promoting the ends of justice. The integrity of a police minister must be general, and not particular. He is justifiable in breaking his promise to an individual for the sake of the public good. I never should have hesitated to have made a promise of secrecy, for the sake of obtaining a disclosure of an intended robbery or murder; but, I should not have considered myself bound to keep my promise to the robber or the murderer, to the prejudice of his victim: that would have been a strange perversion of the point of honour. Guided, therefore, by what I conceived to be the just principle of my duty, I gave the lady my promise of secrecy.

"'I am satisfied,' said the Baroness de Polvere. 'Now you shall hear the story which I have to reveal....My husband is the representative of an ancient and noble family, several members of which have, at various times, discharged high judicial functions. The distinction which the family has long enjoyed has imbued my mother-in-law with so high an idea of importance, that the fear of seeing it without an heir, has thrice urged

her to the commission of a horrible crime. This lady is not our countrywoman. She is a native of the Greek islands, where her husband married her during one of his voyages: he was an officer in the navy, having thrown aside the judicial robe of his ancestors, to fight the battles of his country. My mother-in-law, as I have already observed, has conceived such an extravagant veneration for the house of Polvere, that its perpetuity is the sole object which engrosses her thoughts. She has two sons, of whom my husband is the elder. The younger, who is a captain of artillery, was married five years ago. His wife, at the expiration of the fourth year of her marriage, died and you shall hear in what way.

" ' My husband, before he attained his majority, married his first cousin, to whom he was ardently attached. Four years elapsed. Their union was still unblessed by progeny; and the unfortunate lady suddenly died. The Baron de Polvere, whilst still overwhelmed with affliction, suffered himself to be dragged to the altar a second time, in compliance with his mother's urgent entreaties. His second wife, my intimate friend, was a beautiful and amiable woman. She also proved childless, and, like the first wife, died suddenly about four years after her marriage. Nearly at the same time, I lost my husband. He left me with two lovely children, a boy and girl who are now the sole sources of my happiness.

" ' Some time after I had become a widow, the

Countess proposed a union between me and her son. To me she urged her proposition with unremitting perseverance, and dwelt with unbounded eulogy on the many amiable qualities of the Baron. Our mutual bereavements led to a mutual sympathy, and we gradually became persuaded that life would be more agreeable if passed in one another's society. We were married about four years ago, and the two little angels, the fruit of my first marriage, are still my only children.

" ' My mother-in-law's affection for me rapidly chilled, in proportion as she relinquished her hope of my presenting an heir to the family. Her ill-humour not only rendered me miserable, but was intolerable to every one of the family. She has caused a separation between her younger son and his wife, and, by representing that my brother-in-law was shewing improper attentions to me, she has raised a barrier of dissension between her two sons. But even this conduct, odious as it is, is innocent in comparison with the crimes of which she is guilty.

" ' When she quitted Greece, to come to France, she brought with her, a female servant, or rather a slave, who was present at her birth. This woman, whose name is Panchiera, and who is no less malignant and ill-tempered than her mistress, fell ill about six months ago. Her disorder was of so infectious a nature that no one could approach her without danger. Every one fled from her, even the Countess, whose imprudence in thus

abandoning her can only be accounted for by the apparent certainty of Panchiera's approaching end.

" ' I alone,' continued the lady, blushing to tell of her own goodness, ' I alone obeyed the precept set down in the Holy Gospel. I discharged, day and night, at the bed-side of the miserable invalid, the duties which religion imposes on us. The gratitude she manifested for my attentions, roused the jealousy of her imperious mistress, who vented upon her all the bitterness of her displeasure. Panchiera became convalescent, to the surprise of every one, even of the doctors who were prescribing for her ; and the circumstance was attributed wholly to my attentions. However, after the lapse of a day or two, an unaccountable change took place. Panchiera's disorder manifested the most fatal symptoms ;— her death was pronounced to be inevitable.

" ' Worn out with watching, and assured that all further attendance on the patient must be unavailing, I retired to bed. It happened to be my mother-in-law's *fête* day, and she went to hear mass at Saint-Etienne-du-Mont. On leaving home, she gave strict orders that no one should enter the chamber of Panchiera, whom she supposed to be in the agonies of death. But no sooner had the Countess crossed the threshold of the door, than Panchiera sent to me Pauline, (the girl who shewed you in just now) to entreat that I would go to her immediately, as the pre-

servation of my life depended on her speaking to me before she breathed her last.

" ' Pauline, in breathless haste, delivered to me the message, and I immediately rose and hurried to the chamber of the dying woman. The Greek then related to me some extraordinary particulars which I will briefly communicate to you.

" ' My mother-in-law, who has been from her childhood acquainted with the secret of preparing deadly poison, has availed herself of this art to terminate the existence of two of her son's wives, who had proved childless. I too am to pay the forfeit of my life if, in the course of the present year, I do not present my husband with an heir. Panchiera wound up this horrible disclosure by adding that, in spite of her gratitude for my attentions. she could never have determined to warn me of my danger, but that her mistress, fearing her indiscretion, had administered to her a poisonous draught, of the effects of which, she was then dying.

" ' I die' said the Greek, ' not of my disorder, but by her malice. This is the recompence of my faithful services. Alas ! mutual crimes are never a security between two criminals.'

" ' The wretched woman furnished me with abundance of information in corroboration of her statement. She described to me the seals which closed the bottles containing the fatal powders and liquors, and she, moreover, gave me the receipt of an

infallible antidote against poison. She then bade me farewell, and entreated that I would leave her, lest I should excite the suspicion of my mother-in-law. I returned to my own apartment, and I had not finished my prayers, when the Countess returned from mass. She immediately flew to the chamber of the old Greek. She found her in the agonies of death, with the rattles in her throat. A confessor was sent for; but, before he arrived, the soul of Panchiera had fled from its mortal abode, and was arraigned at that tribunal at which we must all sooner or later render our account.

" 'My mother-in-law was but little grieved at a loss which she might have been expected to feel deeply. Every one in the house was astonished at her indifference, except Pauline and myself. A week elapsed, and, at the expiration of that time, I had sufficiently recovered my self-command to brave the scrutinizing gaze of the Countess. Nevertheless, I feared her, and was constantly in dread of some attempt on my life. As a first precaution, I thought it advisable to feign pregnancy, and, at the same time, I sent a note to one of the first apothecaries in Paris, requesting him to make up the antidote of which I furnished the receipt.

" 'One morning, about a fortnight ago, the Countess came to my chamber. I observed that she was pale and agitated. She had in her hand a

little box, carefully wrapped up in a piece of green paper....You see, Sir, I am acquainting you with the most minute particulars.'

"You are right, Madam, replied I, for my curiosity was highly excited by her story, which every moment became more and more interesting. By this sort of precision, long and fruitless legal details are frequently avoided. But pray proceed.

"'Well Sir,' resumed the Baroness, 'as soon as I observed the form of the box, and the peculiar way in which the envelope was put round it, I was seized with alarm and inquietude. But I summoned sufficient presence of mind to repress my feelings, and I waited calmly to hear what my mother-in-law wished to say to me.

"'My dear child,' she said, in the kindest tone of voice she could assume, 'I am almost disposed to be angry with you. Is it possible that the respect you owe me, the reciprocal affection existing between us, the title of daughter which I felt such happiness in conferring on you—have not rendered you proof against the insinuations of that creature, Panchiera. That vile woman cherished a guilty attachment for my poor husband, for the space of forty years. She was the cause of great unhappiness to me, and she practised upon me a thousand odious deceptions. You knew nothing of this; but, nevertheless, you have been much too credulous. Why not have disclosed the whole to me immediately? My candid

explanation would have banished all distrust from your mind.'

" I listened with profound attention. Every word which fell from my mother-in-law, served to guide me in the course I was to pursue. I could not but wonder at the artful scheme she had planned for her defence ; plausibly accusing Panchiera, whom she suspected of having accused her ; and then the well-feigned kindness of her manner was calculated to banish every doubt of her sincerity. At length, she paused, and I saw that a prompt reply would be more satisfactory than silence.

" Really, Madam," said I, with a forced smile, " your imagination appears to have taken a strange flight. I know nothing of any secrets that may have existed between Panchiera and you....I know no——"

" ' Stay, child, you may spare yourself a violation of truth. This box, which was brought here by an apothecary's lad, was delivered to me by mistake, under the supposition that I was the person who had ordered it. It contains an infallible antidote against the effects of poison. The secret of compounding it was heretofore known in France to two persons only. One is now no more. God rest her soul, deeply as she has injured me ! The other person is myself. The secret is now divulged to the world.'

" And where is the harm, Madam, if the disclosure be beneficial to mankind ?"

" ' It was a family treasure. In the event of any reverse of fortune, this secret would have been a sure source of wealth to us. I certainly have reason to complain of being thus robbed of that which was my rightful property.'

" Could I have imagined ——?

" ' You ought to have reposed confidence in your second mother ; instead of which, you have given credit to odious allegations and calumnies.'

" I retained my presence of mind, and cautiously concealed my secret. In vain did my mother-in-law try every stratagem to put me off my guard. I continued mute. The Countess complained bitterly, and, finding that she could extort nothing from me, she went in quest of my waiting maid, Pauline. The poor girl, being taken by surprise, and closely pressed by the artful interrogatories of the Countess, confessed that Panchiera, shortly before her death, had requested to see me, and that I had had an interview with her ; but that she (Pauline) knew nothing of what had passed between us.

" Thus, by a mixture of truth and falsehood, Pauline mitigated the sort of moral torture under which my mother-in-law was suffering, whilst, at the same time, it did not diminish her anxiety. Pauline came to me afterwards to beg pardon

for her imprudence. I was very sorry for what she had said; and I felt it the more necessary to hold myself on the defensive.

"My husband, his brother, their father and their uncle are all absent in the country. About six days ago, my mother-in-law paid me a visit. She had not spoken to me since the scene of which I have just related to you the particulars, except perhaps when we were seated at our meals, and just for the sake of keeping up appearances to the servants. On entering my apartment, she said to me:

"'My dear daughter, is it possible that you can still believe me to be guilty of the crime of murder?'

"I declared that such a supposition was the most distant from my mind.

"'Come, come,' said she, 'confess the truth ....I know all. Pauline evinces the candour which you ought to observe; whilst you maintain that silence which would be justifiable only in her.'

"Piqued by this comparison, I said: Madam, you have laboured so hard to excite suspicion, that I presume Pauline conceived she was obliging you.

"'Confess all you know; then perhaps——'

"What?

"'You do not know me. I am not like you, a frivolous Frenchwoman. The perpetuation of my family is the object dearest to my heart.

There is nothing which I would not sacrifice to it....We may arrange this matter....A childless marriage may be dissolved.'

" Ah, Madam! I exclaimed, what a confession has escaped you!

" ' And you, also, it would appear have been thrown off your guard; for, since you attach this double meaning to my words, I can easily guess to what you wish to make them apply.'

" I saw my mistake, and remained silent. My mother-in-law left me. She was evidently much irritated. That same evening, I went to pay a visit to a lady of my acquaintance. I returned home about midnight. Pauline sat up for me in the porter's room. She was preparing to light me up stairs when, on passing my mother-in-law's apartment, which was on the ground floor, we saw the door opened. To our infinite astonishment, my mother-in-law came out of the room in her night dress, and holding a lighted candle in her hand. She advanced towards us, and I became alarmed, expecting some violent scene. But what was our amazement to see her glide past us gently and ascend the staircase?

" Is she walking in her sleep? I mentally ejaculated. She is, ...there can be no doubt of it. Where can she be going? We followed her. She ascended to the first story, and, without stopping, proceeded to the story above. There is then a wider stair case leading to the attics,

which she ascended, we still following her. She passed through the corridor communicating with the chamber of the deceased Panchiera. She had the key of this room, which we had not previously perceived. Having unlocked the door, she entered, and advanced to the further end of the room, where we saw her draw aside the tapestry. Behind the tapestry there was a panel, which opened like a door, forming a sort of closet, and we saw within it several bottles and earthern vases containing liquids. My mother-in-law took one of the bottles in her hand, examined it closely, holding it between her and the candle, and, with a malignant smile, she said :

" ' She will not survive this !"

" ' She then closed the panel and drew the tapestry together. We stepped softly into a corner of the corridor. Having carefully locked the door, she proceeded down stairs with a firm step. I followed her as far as my own apartment, into which I flew to conceal myself. I was almost bewildered at what I had witnessed. Pauline remained with me all night. This morning, my mother-in-law has departed for her country seat. She set off early without seeing me ; but she left a kind and urgent invitation for me to follow her. Ah ! by so doing, I should consign myself to a certain and horrible death.

" ' This affair almost deprives me of reason. I

know not what course to pursue. I cannot prevail on myself to compromise my husband's family; and yet I know not by what other means I can secure my own safety. In this dilemma, I thought of appealing to the aid of our Minister of Police. The time is approaching when I must either join my mother-in-law, or come to an open rupture with her, by explaining the grounds of my refusal. I, therefore, determined to address myself to the Duke of Otranto, and I wrote that letter, which you have brought with you.'

"You may easily conceive, gentlemen," pursued Fouché, "that I listened with deep interest to this extraordinary statement. The lady, whose name I have not mentioned, (that by which I have designated her, being fictitious,) related the story in so artless and simple a manner, that every word bore the impress of truth. I endeavoured to console her, and to banish her alarm by the assurance that the Duke of Otranto would do every thing requisite to ensure her safety. I subjected the waiting maid to a rigid examination; and the result was, that every word of her evidence confirmed the statement of her mistress. I made a visit to the chamber which had been occupied by the deceased Greek servant, and I examined the tapestry and the panel. The latter opened by a secret spring, which, however, was easily discovered, and I then saw the bottles and jars filled with the deleterious substances. Having

explored as far as I thought requisite, I took my leave of the lady, promising that in less than eight and forty hours, the affair should be settled.

"I went straight to the Emperor, and related the whole to him.

"'Let that wicked old woman be immediately arrested and brought to trial,' said he.

"Sire, that would bring disgrace on an honourable family.

"'Would you leave such atrocious crimes unpunished?'

"Certainly not; but this is a case in which one of the measures of the old régime might be revived with good effect. Let the old Countess be imprisoned for life. I unfolded the plan to Napoleon, and he approved it. Next day, the criminal was conveyed to a state prison, on a charge of conspiracy. Her husband and her children came to me to intercede in her behalf. I told them the truth, and produced my evidence. They said no more; proof is an orator which no power can resist. The Countess was not deceived as to the cause of her arrest, and, shortly after her imprisonment, she procured a dose of poison, and died blaspheming Providence. I congratulated myself on having averted the scandal of this affair, whilst at the same time justice was satisfied."

We all expressed our amazement at this strange story; and even ventured to manifest some doubt

of the possibility of such an atrocious character as the Countess.

"I could relate," said the Duke of Otranto, "a hundred incidents no less extraordinary, which have come within my knowledge. What would you think of a beautiful young female appearing double?"

"Double, Monseigneur! double in character you mean?"

"No, double in body!....Two beings precisely similar, were seen at the same time in different parts of her father's house, and in other places. The fact rests on the evidence of thirty individuals of unquestionable veracity, whose signatures are affixed to the inexplicable *procès-verbal* of the case. The Emperor, after holding a long conference with Corvisart on the subject, desired that the phenomenon should be enveloped in the utmost possible secrecy. He presented, from his own privy purse, a sum of money to the young lady, accompanied by the request that she would retire to an obscure convent. In that convent, she died on the 1st of January, 1813. The optical illusion of which she was the subject, existed for more than ten years."

At this, we all laughed, declaring that the Duke was taxing our credulity too far.

"Well," resumed Fouché, "perhaps you will be less sceptical respecting the adventures of

robbers. I will relate to you a history which, at least, has the merit of novelty, for I have never yet communicated it to any one.

"At the period to which my story refers, the Reign of Terror was just at its close. About midway between Berry and Sologne, there was an old château, the owners of which had suffered severely in the revolution. Having saved, from the wreck, scarcely anything but their lives, they were endeavouring, by economical retirement, to recover from the difficulties in which they had been involved, by the ravages committed upon their property. The château was consequently visited by little company, and it never was the scene of those entertainments which too often serve only to allure a crowd of greedy parasites. On the other hand, hospitality was liberally dispensed to a few chosen friends; the family table was plentifully supplied; and, what was wanting in ceremony, was made up in abundance.

"One evening, on the approach of winter, a noise was heard at the outer gate of the castle. It was a general of the Republic, accompanied by his two aides-de-camp. He had been appointed to a command at Châteauroux, and night had overtaken him in the dreary plains of Sologne. He requested to be provided with a supper and a night's lodging.

"'Shew them in,' said the master of the château, 'they shall be made welcome.'

"The three travellers alighted: their horses were led to the stable, and they were ushered to the salon. Their manners and conversation denoted them to be persons of very low breeding; but this was not thought very extraordinary, considering the want of refinement which characterized Rossignol, Rousin, Santerre, Henriot and other officers of high rank in the revolutionary party. The mother of the master of the château, a venerable and pious matron, far advanced in years, conceived such a strong prejudice against them, that she immediately retired to her oratory, and fervently prayed that Heaven would not forsake a family which had always been distinguished for religious devotion and attachment to the King.

"Prayer," pursued Fouché, "administers ease to certain minds. The lady returned to the drawing-room, more calm, and with a less degree of aversion towards the new guests. She scrutinized their slovenly dress, their ferocious countenances; and, when she heard their conversation, which was perfectly in harmony with their appearance, she thought it prudent to consign to their use the best chambers in the manor, lest they should imagine they were not treated with all the respect that was due to them. The visitors withdrew, and they had no sooner left the room, than all the family agreed that their looks alone would afford evidence sufficient for hanging them.

"The family in the château consisted of the

grandmother, the father, the mother, a son about eighteen, two daughters, the one fourteen, and the other sixteen, an aunt, two maid-servants, and two lackeys :—in all, eleven individuals ; but they were ill-armed, and incapable of any effectual resistance.

" The officers were informed that supper was ready. They came and seated themselves at table. They maintained an arrogant tone of conversation, and were evidently seeking to pick a quarrel. The prudence of the father checked the impetuosity of the son, who, on one occasion, well nigh suffered his irritation to get the better of him. . . . During supper, a ringing was heard at the gate. The general and his aides-de-camp smiled, and exchanged significant looks, which were observed by some of the family. The master of the house ordered that no one should be admitted.

" ' Very likely,' observed the general, ' it may be two orderly officers, who I expect will be sent with a message to me. Possibly, they may have found out where we are.'

" To this, no answer could be made ; but the suspicion of the family was aroused. The two men servants were sent to open the gate. They ushered in, not the two orderly officers who were expected, but a man of tall stature and dignified deportment, and whose countenance expressed a singular degree of mildness and benevolence. He was apparently about forty years of age, and his costume was that worn by the pilgrims of Saint-Jacques :

he had the rocket and the staff, the gourds, the cockle shells, and the large oil skin hat; in short, nothing was wanting. As soon as he entered the threshold of the room door, he stopped short, crossed himself, and said in a firm and grave tone of voice :—

" ' The grace of God be with you, and preserve you from the nocturnal ambush of the wicked!'

" The solemnity of these words, and the singularity of a garb, which, at that time, could not be worn in France without considerable risk and peril, amazed the inmates of the chateau. The good old lady, delighted at the pious salutation, cordially welcomed the pilgrim, whilst the officers sneered at him, called him an impostor and a hypocrite, and said : ' Remember the habit does not make the monk.'

" ' True,' replied the pilgrim, ' nor does the uniform make the officer.'

" At these words, the aides-de-camp rose angrily and were about to strike the pilgrim; but the others held them back, and he thus continued :

" ' Surely, gentlemen, it would be better if you would employ yourselves in scouring the country of the brigands who infest it, than for two of you to attack a poor wandering sinner. He who threatens with the sword, will perish by the sword. Heaven is weary of crimes that are committed, and will speedily take vengeance on the offenders.'

" The remarkable expression, with which he

uttered these words, whilst it imparted confidence to the inhabitants of the château, seemed to intimidate the officers. The General said, in a more subdued tone than he had hitherto maintained :

" ' My friend, that term gentleman, which you make use of, and which is so obnoxious to us, together with those emblems of superstition in which you have arrayed yourself....all augur ill. To-morrow it is very probable you may be called upon to account for your conduct before the municipality of this district.'

" ' It is certain,' said the pilgrim, ' that to-morrow you will have to answer for yourself.'

" ' Villain !' exclaimed the General. ' I will run you my sword through your body !'

" The family succeeded in appeasing this angry ebullition, and supper proceeded. The pilgrim eat only a crust of bread and a dried fig, and quenched his thirst with a glass of water. His conversation, which was serious and full of the most sublime sentiments, overawed the officers. They observed a gloomy silence, and retired when they saw the family preparing for prayers. They proceeded to their chamber, swearing, singing and jesting.

" The pilgrim uttered the pious exhortation to heaven. His improvised prayer was sublime. All the family expressed their admiration and gratitude, and the son obliged the holy man to accept his bed, instead of that which had been prepared for him in the servants' room.

" The inhabitants of the château were all sou asleep, when, about one o'clock in the morning, the grandmother was awakened by the glare of a brilliant light, which dazzled her. She looked around, and, on recovering from her surprise, she beheld, standing at the foot of her bed, the pilgrim, who by signs directed her to rise, dress herself and follow him. The good old lady, feeling herself, as she afterwards declared, urged by a supernatural power, immediately obeyed. At the same moment, and in the same manner, the pilgrim awoke the son of the master of the château, and conducted him to the corridor, where he was met by his grandmother. For a moment, the pilgrim appeared to them to assume a twofold form, but the effect was so instantaneous that they were unable to give any accurate account of it. The stranger, then, without uttering a word, conducted them to the chamber where the officers were reposing. He touched the door lightly with his staff; it flew open ; he entered, and the old lady and her grandson followed him. On the tables and chairs were lying rope ladders, poignards, pistols, keys, files, iron bars, and other things commonly used by robbers. The three pretended officers appeared to be in a profound sleep.

" They will sleep till to-morrow," said the pilgrim, " thanks to Heaven and to the piety of this excellent family."

" Having uttered these words, he vanished..the

light fled with him.... the lady and her grandson found themselves enveloped in darkness, and in their respective apartments, instead of being, as they supposed, in the chamber allotted to their guests. The impression left on their minds was so vivid that they could not imagine it to be the mere effect of a dream. Being unable to fall asleep again, they were the first to rise in the morning. When they met, they related to each other their supposed dream or vision, and were mutually struck with the coincidence. The galloping of horses was heard approaching the gate of the château. A party of gendarmerie were in pursuit of three leaders of a formidable troop of brigands. A description of their persons was sent to the young gentleman, and, on perusing it, he observed that it precisely corresponded with that of the three individuals who, on the previous evening, had solicited his father's hospitality. Having stated this circumstance, and mentioned the name which the pretended General assumed, the gendarmes felt assured that they were the men of whom they were in pursuit. Besides, the gendarmes had ascertained that, during the night, the château had been surrounded by a party of robbers, apparently watching for a signal, which was not given.

"The gendarmes proceeded straight to the chamber occupied by the suspicious visitors. They

found the door open, though, on the preceding evening, it was known to have been bolted, and the old lady and her grandson, to their great horror, beheld the rope ladder, pistols, and every thing just as it had been pictured in their dream. The three banditti being roused from a lethargic sleep, offered no resistance. They confessed all, and declared themselves unable to account for the heavy sleep which had overpowered them and prevented them from carrying their plan into execution.

"The family, surprised at not seeing the pilgrim, proceeded to his chamber....He was gone, and no trace of him was ever discovered. On the bed, on which he had evidently not reposed, was found an ivory crucifix of vast size and exquisite workmanship."

"Ah Monseigneur!" we all exclaimed, when the Duke of Otranto had ended this strange story, "it is one of the results of the restoration that old convent chronicles are regaining credit."

"Gentlemen," replied Fouché coolly, "I have had submitted to my perusal, the confession of the three robbers, the evidence of the whole family corroborated by the attestations of the gendarmerie, and of the local and departmental authorities. It is certainly more easy to deny than to believe; but, if we are to withhold credit from facts supported on good evidence, it may as

well be alleged that Tarquin drove Publicola from Rome, and that Cæsar killed Brutus in the Capitol."

Observing that the Duke of Otranto was piqued, we made no further show of our incredulity. There are acts of apparent concession which politeness imperatively demands.

Prince Cambacérès seeing our dilemma, said,— "People are inclined to regard as mere fiction all that does not appear in accordance with the natural order of things; and yet I wager there is not one of us here present, who cannot relate some extraordinary fact, partaking of the marvellous, which has come within his observation."

"That is not my case, I assure you, Monseigneur," observed I: "I have never yet witnessed any occurrence which all the world would not admit to be possible. Nevertheless, I will vouch on my honour for the veracity of the person from whom I heard a very marvellous story, which with your permission, I will relate.

"In 1807 I was on terms of intimacy with an individual who enjoyed a considerable share of literary reputation in France, and whose fame is not unknown, even in foreign countries. I allude to Louis Sebastian Mercier. He was a very eccentric man, singular in every thing, *a hater* (for I must be a neologist like himself in attempting to pourtray his character)—he was a hater of Racine, Homer, Boileau, and Newton. His ideas were full of

originality, and his conversation was exceedingly entertaining.

"Mercier had been a member of the National Convention, but he had not, like many others, withdrawn, leaving his honor behind him. One day, I was in company with him in the green room of the Comédie Française. There were present, besides myself, M. de Cailhava, an enthusiastic admirer of Molière, and Pellettier-Volmerange, the author of some successful melodramas. We were all engaged in animated conversation, and Mercier said:—

"'Gentlemen, I am the person who can give you the latest news of Louis XVI.'

"You, Mercier," we exclaimed, "were you so fortunate as to obtain permission to see him in the Temple?"

"'I have had the pain of seeing him face to face, as I now see you; and that since his death.'

"Since the King's death?"

"'Yes.'

"Impossible."

"'To you it probably appears so; for you doubt all things, save such as are witnessed by your own eyes: but, nevertheless,' pursued he solemnly, 'I saw Louis XVI revisit this world after his death.'

"Where? and at what time?" we inquired.

"'On the night of the 21st of January 1794, I

was hurrying through the streets to call on a sick friend, when, as I was crossing the boulevard, I beheld an immense multitude of people thronging towards an object which apparently excited curiosity. It was a carriage, surrounded by guards, together with several pieces of artillery and cannoniers with their matches ready lighted. In the carriage there was seated a man, whom I immediately recognized to be Louis XVI. Having approached near to me, the carriage stopped, and the King beckoned me to advance, I did so, and he said to me:—

" 'You did not vote for my death. For that you may be thankful for the sake of your own peace of mind. I was sacrificed; and France will dearly pay for shedding the blood, which I should not regret, had it been spilt for her happiness and glory. Most of my assassins will die on the scaffold, or in exile: all will be victims to soul torturing remorse. The government will pass from the hands of one set of tyrants to those of another, until, at length, my family will re-ascend the throne, and close the abyss of revolutions.'

" Louis XVI, having uttered these words, drew his head within the carriage, which then drove on, leaving me astounded and transfixed to the spot. Gradually, the crowd dispersed, and, having recovered from the stupor into which this incident had thrown me, I proceeded onward to my friend's house."

" Or rather," said I to Mercier, awoke."

" ' I was not asleep' he replied. ' The circumstance occurred when I was as perfectly awake as I am at this moment. I swear this on the faith of an honest man, and I never yet swore falsely.'

" This story, gentlemen," added I, " I declare on my honor I heard from the lips of Mercier ; and I heard it not only once, but several times. On one occasion, I remember it made a particular impression on me. It was when I breakfasted with him at the Ecu de France, Rue d'Enfer, in company with the Abbé d'Allez, two ladies, the Chevalier Cubières, and Count d'Escherny."

" Well," said Prince Cambacérès, " I have heard the Emperor relate a circumstance of a very similar nature, which, he affirmed, occurred within his own observation. It was this :—One night, during the height of summer, the heat was excessive, and Napoleon and Josephine were seated in conversation at an open window of the Tuileries. It was late—near midnight. Suddenly, they were startled by the appearance of a red light which illumined the horizon. The imperial couple beheld in the reflection of this red light, a multitude of persons assembled in the parterres of the gardens. They were seized with consternation, and were about to give an alarm ; but the extraordinary silence of the multitude awed and astonished them,

and no one ventured to approach the palace. In the midst of the crowd, a scaffold was raised, covered with red cloth. An executioner and two of his assistants mounted it: they were followed by the person who was about to suffer, and who had his hands tied behind him. The crowd hissed and hooted him; but he ascended with a firm step, and turned to address the populace. What was the amazement of the Emperor and Empress on beholding his features, to recognize those of Napoleon!.... Josephine shrieked, and fainted, and, in a moment, the vision vanished. Both the Emperor and Empress concurred precisely in every particular in describing what they had seen, and each related to me the story separately. They were not asleep, and certainly you will not accuse Napoleon of want of firmness."

This anecdote naturally surprised us; and the serious and emphatic manner in which the Prince related it, prevented us from expressing any doubts of its reality. We took it as it was offered to us, and at its conclusion I said to the Prince:—

"Monseigneur, may I venture to ask whether you have ever been witness to any thing apparently supernatural?"

"As yet, I cannot say that I have," replied he. "But wait a little, and, if Heaven should

spare me till another year, then ask me the question."

I did so, and the Prince granted me his confidence. What he communicated to me, the reader shall learn at the proper time and place.

CHAPTER V.

The Marquis de Maniban—Remarks on the old French Magistracy—Emoluments and duties of a Parliament Counsellor—The Doyen's mule, a Toulousian anecdote—Opinions respecting the guilt of the Calas family—Victims sacrificed by the Jacobins to revenge Calas—Napoleon's intention of restoring the old Parliaments—His conversation with Cambacérès on that subject—Remarks of the Duke d'Augoulême relative to the old Parliaments—Scheme for a gallant intrigue at the Court of the Tuileries—Base speculations on Napoleon's gallantry—Beautiful reply of the Emperor to a petition of the Empress Josephine—Military anecdotes—Secret mission to England in 1811—Plan for inducing the Bourbons to renounce their claim to the throne of France—Prince Talleyrand's loss of memory—Madame de N....—Unpublished letter of Fouché—Madame de N....'s visit to Hartwell—Her letter to Prince Cambacérès—The Count de La Châtre—The Duke of Orleans—The Count de Blacas—Description of His Majesty Louis XVIII—Père Elysée—The Duchess d'Angoulême—Her charitable disposition—The Duke de Berry—His morganatic marriage—His two daughters—Napoleon's reception of the Royal message—A celebrated remark of Napoleon—Explanation of the occasion on which it was made.

One evening, when Prince Cambacérès had a small party of friends, the Marquis de Mani-

ban was present. The Marquis had formerly been a President in the Parliament of Toulouse. He was a man of good family and was distinguished for his intellectual acquirements. The conversation turned on the subject of the old magistracy, its preponderance, the respect in which it was held, and its influence in the scale of the government.

Some one present asked what had been gained by the abolition of the sale of offices.

"Nothing," replied the Prince, "except that intriguing ignorance is enabled the more easily to supersede learning. The venality, as it is termed, was a wise and prudent system. An office was a good inheritance which might be transmitted from father to son, and it was guarded by a heavy pecuniary security. The result of the system was, that a young man from his boyhood devoted himself to the study of our laws and parliamentary forms. Impressed with the dignified station which his father filled in society, he was naturally anxious to maintain it in his own person. He consequently became grave and erudite. He was proof against pecuniary corruption, for he possessed rank, fortune, and supremacy. Such families were the glory of a province; their names were maintained with pride; and they were a nucleus, round which a most respectable body could always be assembled. How great is the difference now! The Magistrate issues from the shop or manu-

factory. He has an eager thirst for money, is determined to amass a great fortune, and is not very nice as to the means of obtaining it. He finds himself an insulated being in the midst of his family, no one member of which stimulates him by example. In our old parliamentary families, on the contrary, the grandfather, father, sons-in-law, uncles, nephews and cousins all wore the robe; their whole lives were devoted to the courts. They might of themselves have formed a tribunal, or at least a chamber. What a fund of information they possessed, and what a power of applying it to practical use! If an observation was omitted by one, it was sure to be made by another. If a case had passed through the lower courts, and came to be judged in the last instance by the grand Chamber of the Parliaments of Paris or Toulouse, the decision was as much respected as if it had emanated from heaven. The judgment of those magistrates was so unquestionable, that it was appealed to from all parts of Europe. These extraordinary men rose at four in the morning, and put on their robes of office which they wore until they retired to rest at night. Before seven o'clock, they were assembled in court, where they dispatched an immense quantity of business. From dinner time till evening, they held conferences, (this was called *sabatine*) and, by way of *recreation*, they examined the law cases on which they had to

make reports. This austere and solemn existence, together with the restraint imposed by the magisterial costume, formed a sort of priesthood, whose laborious duties, though not rewarded by large emoluments, were amply paid in honour and consideration. Compare these *venal* magistrates with those of the present day, whose appointments are gratuitous, and let us see where is the balance of utility and respectability."

" Every counsellor in the Parliament of Toulouse," observed the Marquis de Maniban, " purchased his post in the reigns of Louis XIII, and Louis XIV. The amount paid was between seventy and eighty thousand francs. In Paris, the sum was more considerable ; it amounted to fifty thousand crowns. In the reign of Louis XVI, it was requisite to give for these same offices, in the provinces, as much as thirty, forty, or fifty thousand crowns of effective security. The interest was two and a half per cent per annum. What tradesman would strike such a bargain ? The salaries of counsellors amounted in our court, to about one hundred and twenty livres per month——"

" There is another circumstance worthy of remark," said I, begging the President's pardon for the interruption, " M. de Malcor, who was the colleague of the Marquis and of my father, has assured me that these *five louis*, which the magistrate was to receive as the reward of de-

voting his whole life to his duties, were scarcely in any instance paid. So much for the expenses which the Parliaments entailed on France."

"A very laborious counsellor," resumed the Marquis de Maniban, "might, thanks to the stipends allotted to the subalterns, realize an income of about eighteen hundred or two thousand livres per annum. But, to enable him to do this, two conditions were indispensable; the first was that his occupation should be colossal; and the second, that other magistrates should be less active; for, if all had been equally anxious to augment their scanty pittance, the two thousand crowns must have dwindled down to one thousand or twelve hundred at most. This sum was not derived from the state, but emanated from the pleaders. The Doyen of the Parliament of Toulouse alone enjoyed a considerable emolument derived from the letting of houses and shops, situated within the precincts of the court. These habitations were much in request, because, the persons occupying them enjoyed certain privileges; for example, they might carry on any trade or business without being subject to visits of inspection from the officers of government or the local authorities.

"You see, gentlemen, how slender was the pecuniary advantage attendant on these functions. I doubt much whether the Procureur-General of the Parliament of Paris obtained in money the interest of the eighteen thousand livres, which were

paid to Fouquet for the purchase of the post. The appointment of what was termed a president *à mortier*, cost from five to six hundred thousand livres; the purchase money was from two hundred; and seventy thousand livres. But then a chief president was looked upon as a demi-god. Even a president *à mortier* was greater than a prince. The counsellors enjoyed a degree of importance of which it would now be difficult to form an idea. Whenever any of them sojourned in a parish, the local authorities proceeded to pay their respects to them, and delivered to them an address, accompanied by a present of wine and fruit. A privileged place was reserved for them wherever they went.

" M. de Cambolas, the head of an old Parliamentary family of Toulouse, which had long been distinguished for learning, integrity and freedom from party spirit, resided about as far from our Palais de Justice, as the Porte Saint-Denis is distant from the Carrousel. M. de Cambolas who, being the senior president of the Parliament, was called the *Doyen*, proceeded regularly every morning at six o'clock to the Palais de Justice, mounted on his mule, which was a fine animal of the limoisin breed. This important personage, before whom the inhabitants of Toulouse bowed their heads and trembled, trotted to and from his house to the Palais, unaccompanied by a valet or attendant of any kind. The respect inspired by *Monsieur*

le Doyen was not unmingled with fear, for he was a severe judge, inflexible to vice, and merciless to the infringers of the law. On arriving at the inner gate of the Palais, M. de Cambolas was met by the usher, who placed a stool for him to step on and helped him to alight. The mule then, at the signal of a gentle tap of the usher's wand, turned round, and set off at a trot to the stable adjoining his master's hotel, where his provender was in readiness for him. At precisely ten minutes before twelve, the mule again started from his resting place, and trotted back alone to the Palais, in the court-yard of which he never failed to arrive, just as the clock struck twelve. The venerable Doyen then bestrided his faithful *limoisin* and returned home: to the mule the business of the day was then over; though only half ended to his worthy master.

"This routine had been kept up for the space of thirty years uninterrupted by any accident. The mule passed and repassed every day twice with the Doyen and twice without him, and with such undeviating punctuality with regard to time, that clocks and watches were regulated by his appearance and many a rendez-vous was fixed with the following formula: —'Rely on me: I will be as punctual as the mule of M. de Cambolas.' The mule was known to all the inhabitants of Toulouse young and old. He shared no small portion of the veneration which was rendered to his master;

and none of the boys of Toulouse, though certainly not less mischievous than those of Paris, would have ventured to tease or annoy the privileged mule. It happened that there was a Dutchman whose evil star led him to Toulouse. He was a cutler by trade, and he came in quest of employment, which, being a good workman, he easily obtained. He was a quarrelsome, disorderly fellow, always getting into broils, and he committed some offence for which he incurred punishment. The genius of mischief prompted him to seek revenge for this punishment, not, indeed, on the venerable Doyen, but on his scarcely less revered mule.

" One day, within a few minutes of noon, the faithful animal was trotting along the Rue de Canteliers on his way to the Palais de Justice to fetch his master home, when his legs got entangled in a cord, which had been purposely placed in the way. The mule became frightened, but he succeeded in extricating himself from the trap that had been set for him, and, turning out of his direct course, ran through several narrow lanes. The people in the street who witnessed this occurrence, and trembled for its consequences, ran after the mule, and, having succeeded in overtaking him, conducted him in triumph to the residence of M. de Cambolas.

" The clock struck twelve, and the worthy Doyen rose from his seat, and prepared to leave the

Palais de Justice; but who can picture his surprise, when, on reaching the gate, he discovered that the mule was not in attendance, and that there was no servant or messenger from his house to explain the mysterious circumstance! Could any one have stolen the animal?....Impossible! ...To steal the mule of the Doyen of Toulouse, was about as likely as that any thief in Rome should attempt to lay sacrilegious hands on the Pope's tiara. The whole Palais was a scene of consternation. The young counsellors, (prompted by veneration for their respected colleague,) the clerks, ushers, serjeants, registrars, tip-staves, all were hurrying to and fro and making inquiries. No tidings of the mule! M. de Bertier, one of the presidents, offered M. Cambolas a seat in his carriage and drove him home, where the Doyen's anxiety was relieved by the discovery that the mule had arrived before him.

"The court took cognizance of this affair. It was judged in a solemn audience, and the Dutchman was declared to have committed a crime of very serious magnitude. By attacking the Doyen's mule, he was guilty of insulting the whole sovereign court of the parliament. He must, it was alleged, have committed this offence, for the purpose of bringing ridicule upon the august magisterial body. He was, consequently, sentenced to be imprisoned, whipped,

branded, and sent to the galleys for five years. He, however, escaped; arrangements having been made to enable him to do so, for our ancestors were equally humane and severe. But, the prisoner was nevertheless condemned in contumacy, and executed in effigy for the sake of example. The example was certainly effectual for years afterwards: mothers were heard to say to their refractory children by way of reprimand:

" ' You rogue, you deserve to be punished like the Dutchman.' "

This anecdote, which was told with infinitely more point and humour than I can throw into it, amused us exceedingly. Some one of the company observed, that the sentence of the parliament was ridiculously severe: but others admired the union of rigour and mercy displayed in the sentence. The person on whom the example was made, was a foreigner, and his punishment was, in reality, only banishment from Toulouse. His offence was, it is true, unimportant, and ludicrous, rather than serious, but its punishment was calculated to add to the respect due to the sovereign magistracy. Any act, detrimental to that respect, partook of the nature of sacrilege. But then, on the other hand, by what fatigue, toil, and unremitting service did the judges purchase this respect! They were like slaves, bound to perpetual labour on the soil; it was but just that

the chains which they wove, for the interest of all, should be doubly gilded.

Allusion was made to other judgments pronounced by the parliament of Toulouse, and some of the company disapproved the sentence on the family of Calas.

"Softly, gentlemen," said the Marquis de Maniban, "softly, if you please....Do you admit the proposition that fanaticism exists, that it pervades all mankind? ...then, coming to the application, do you mean to advance that catholics alone are capable of murdering their children? This, I am sorry to say, would be lamentably unjust, and yet, such is the inference you would deduce. All religious creeds, all political opinions have their enthusiasts, who shrink not from the commission of murder. Take, for example, the Jews who massacred those who worshipped other gods than theirs....the pagans, who, after the preaching of the gospel, wished to drown the christians in blood. Look at the assassination of the Duke de Guise, by a protestant....the numberless cruelties inflicted by the Mussulmans on the Greeks... and the attempt to poison Mahomet! Would you attribute all these crimes to catholics? Admit, then, the possibility of a father, not a catholic, sacrificing his son to his faith, and do not heap all these black crimes on the followers of the religion in which you were

born, which some of you profess, and to which you will all, one day or other, return."

This vigorous philippic roused the philosophers of the company.

"What!" they exclaimed, "do you mean to affirm that the family of Calas murdered their son, their brother, and brother-in-law?"

"Yes, gentlemen," replied the Marquis, "that is my opinion, and it is supported by the sentence of two tribunals, one of which is the Chambre de Tournelle, of the parliament of Toulouse: this is saying not a little. However, we do not pretend to infallibility; we may be wrong; but, to convince us of our mistake, you must prove, by evidence as clear as daylight, that every parricide, every fillicide has been committed by catholics, and, that no other religion whatsoever, presents any example of such a crime. Do you hope to obliterate the remembrance of Brutus, of Manlius Tarquatus, of Timolean, of Cresus, of Atræus, of Sapor, and hundreds of other fathers, who have murdered their sons, and sons who have murdered their fathers, without the pale of christianity? Calvin had Servet roasted at a slow fire for debating questions of speculative theology: do you imagine that he would have spared his own blood? Do not, then, allege that the protestants are free from religious hatred, and, above all, fanaticism! I am well aware that the descendants of the Calas would be indignant if they heard me argue thus:

that would be very natural. Let them try to refute me; it is their duty to do so. My grandfather maintained the innocence of the family, as may be seen in the writings of Voltaire; but his wife, whose judgment was not less sound than his, was of the opposite opinion. People may differ on a historical point; especially, when good evidence may be adduced in support of both sides of a great question.

"However, the partizans of Calas have fully avenged him. The grandson of the *Capitoul*, David d'Escalonne, (who was chief judge on the trial of Calas,) was executed at Toulouse, in 1794: there was no shadow of ground for the condemnation of the young and unfortunate Tristan d'Escalonne, except revenge for the condemnation of Calas. Madame de Cambon was sacrificed for the same motive, as were likewise two or three other members of the family. The Calvinists of Toulouse shewed themselves implacable. Who has forgotten the revolutionary fanaticism of the minister, Jullien, who was chosen a member of the National Convention, where he voted for the death of the King without appeal or postponement? Let us not be told of the tolerance of the Calvinists: there is as much fanaticism among them as among the catholics."

The discussion threatened to become warm; and Prince Cambacérès brought it to a conclusion by observing:

"I have been accused of being a parliamentarian; I do not deny the charge: I am so, for I exercise my reason. But Napoleon was even more favourable to the old parliaments than I. In 1812, when the Emperor was about to depart for the campaign of Russia, I was engaged with him in arranging some judicial appointments. He was consulting private notes, and he grew impatient, for he did not meet with any description which precisely corresponded with the persons he wished; for he was desirous of being very select in his choice. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"'Do you know that you have made me take a very wrong step?'

"I, Sire! When?"

"'Bah! these imperial courts .... they are mere half measures .... mere trickery, tending to no good end. I want something better. Here! cast your eye over these notes;—even those which have been furnished by men of the revolution. You will see that, in all cases, the members of the old parliaments, or the descendants, are ranked among the most respectable men in the provinces. Do you know, Monsieur Archi.... (he frequently used this abbreviation when addressing me familiarly,) do you know that to have resisted a revolution such as ours, there must have existed, in these families, virtues and talents of the highest order? I do not allude to fortune—by no means ....I know there are many rogues worth a

hundred thousand francs per annum, who have neither honesty nor consistency. These families must have possessed something better than wealth.—hereditary honour! Yes, that raised the man to a level with the office; now, on the contrary, the office must be made suitable to the man who is to fill it. The consequence is, a miserably incompetent set of magistrates and other public functionaries. Monsieur, in 1811, it would have been wise to have restored the old parliaments.'

"Well, Sire, did I not propose that measure?"

"'Oh!... yes.... certainly you proposed it; I gave a negative answer, and there the matter ended. But, if you thought the measure a good one, you should have pointed out to me its beneficial results, and have pressed its adoption: I then should have yielded, for I have no prejudice; I am anxious only for the good of the country. When I am convinced that a thing is bad, I give it up. I can have no interest in wishing to deceive myself. The great advantage, which a nation derives from a king, is that a king is the father of his people, and the owner of the soil. It is natural to be attached to one's children and one's property; we desire that the former should love us, and that the latter should be productive. To be productive, it must be well cultivated, and the sovereign is a fool, who does not seek to accomplish that object by every means in his power.'

"I admired the lofty views of Napoleon. He soared like an eagle over the point under consideration.

"The restoration of the parliaments, said I, is a question of the utmost importance. It is connected, too, with several other questions of a difficult nature, for example: hereditary succession, venality, etc. But, Sire, I added, you are all-powerful, and, were I in your place, I would attempt the great enterprise. It would impart irresistible stability to your institutions."

"'But,' replied he, 'the old parliaments were perpetually in rebellion against the royal authority. They made representations, and refused to register edicts. By restoring them, we should plunge ourselves into all the dissensions of the old régime, to avert which, I have condemned the Legislative Body to silence. I will never suffer any public assembly to impede the measures of government.'

"Sire, observed I, every thing, however good, has its bad side. Certainly, the resistance of the parliaments, sometimes perplexed the government; but, observe, Sire, that these embarrassments occurred only in fiscal cases. It is true, they opposed *lettres de cachet*, which nobody in France approved, except those who signed them. With these exceptions, when did the parliaments meddle in the affairs of government? Did they ever dictate a cabinet for the King? No, Sire,

be assured that their independent resistance, gave to the throne more power than they took from it. This resistance was passive and not hostile; it was, perhaps, a little troublesome, but never injurious.

" ' Monsieur, every assembly which opposes the sovereign, wins the favour of the people. The one gains in power all that the other loses. We live in an age in which the opposition of public assemblies is dangerous. Every thing that has risen from the revolution must command absolute respect. Order can be maintained only on that condition.'

" Your Majesty," said I, " forgets with what facility those parliaments, so dear to the people on account of their resistance, fell, and how their defenders forsook them. The monarch is the only real source of power. The power of public bodies and assemblies is fictitious. The jealousy which they inspire will always deprive them of their power at the sovereign's will."

" ' *This is a subject to be considered.* (When the Emperor used this phrase, it meant that he concurred in the opinion of the person with whom he had been arguing.) The hereditary succession,' he continued, ' has great weight with me. Hereditary parliamentary families would be interested in upholding my house. The more ancient, the greater would be their influence. An alliance between them and me would operate greatly to my advantage. It

would be necessary to diminish the number of the Cours Royales, in the south especially: Bourdeaux, Toulouse, Aix, Grenoble, Lyons, Besançon, Douai, Paris, Strasbourg, Nancy, Amiens or Troyes, Poitiers, Orleans or Bourges; these would suffice for all France. There must be fifty counsellors at least, and a hundred at most; and twelve or twenty-four auditors. The security must be from sixty to a hundred thousand francs; from one hundred and twenty thousand to two hundred thousand for presidents *à mortier;* the same sum for the imperial procureur-général; for advocates-general, and counsellors, the sum should be fixed, in proportion to their local importance. The chief president should not be required to give any security:—the post would, consequently, be disposable. The sovereign should have the power of changing the first president at pleasure. Nevertheless, I am fully aware of the necessity of independence in the members of the court; without it, they could command no consideration. See how our lawyers are regarded now: they are said to be my valets; but this is a mistake. As to salaries, they should be considerable, or null:—that is a question to be discussed. Would it be right to make fortune indispensable? Should we not accept merit, though allied with poverty? These questions need create no embarrassment. Wealth is ever anxious to acquire respect. Rich men will always be eager to marry their daughters to poor nobles, or men of respectability invested with

high functions. Besides, if a man of distinguished talent be poor, it is the duty of his sovereign to enrich him. The members of these Parliaments should wear a dignified costume, a general decoration, and they should gain advancing rank, in proportion to their merit or years of service, and this without soliciting persons near the throne. The magistracy should be a *cul-de-sac*, from which the magistrates should never be suffered to withdraw themselves. It should, above all, be raised beyond the reach of seduction, even on the part of the government. In short, the magistracy ought to form a sort of priesthood, which would never suffer any of its members to dissent from the worship of a jealous god."

When the Arch-Chancellor repeated these words of Napoleon, we could not refrain from expressing our admiration of his ideas, which appeared to us at once profound and exalted. Prince Cambacérès smiled, and thus concluded:

"Yes, gentlemen, such is the man, who, for some months past, his stupid enemies have been assailing with abuse, and describing as devoid of virtue, perspicuity or genius. His superior talents gave him immense power over all who came in contact with him. He was always peculiarly happy in making a reply. He entered upon every question with a fund of new ideas and views. There was as marked a difference as between night and day, in the sittings of the Council of State,

during his absence, and when he presided at the deliberations. His presence seemed to impart additional energy to our mental powers. The Emperor concluded his conversation with me on the subject of the Parliaments, by informing me that he was about to depart for the army, that the war would probably last two years, and that on his return I was to present to him a plan of law, containing clauses calculated to keep the new magistracy in subjection. He suggested that their duties ought to include the superintendence of the laws relating to provisions and public health; so that the government, being relieved from these duties, would not be the object of reproach in times of scarcity. 'Besides,' said he, 'I have observed that the people always respect those whose business it is to superintend cleanliness, tranquillity, and the plentiful supply of provisions in towns and cities. This branch of the duties of the old Parliaments tended to increase the influence and the respect in which they were held.'

"This, gentlemen, was another admirable proof of the Emperor's perspicacity. The accuracy of his judgment cannot be doubted. Every thing relating to food, to the safety and cleanliness of the streets, to measures of police, to the price of meat, bread, and other necessaries of life, fixes public attention; and those whose business it is to superintend those regulations rank high in popular respect. Fate

ordained that Napoleon should not eternally consolidate France. Our country was destined to continue in a state of revolution, as the disasters of the two last years have sufficiently proved. We shall now have no Parliaments. The Bourbons will not re-establish them. They are not wise enough to perceive that the security and stability of the throne depend on their revival."

This last observation of His Serene Highness brought to my recollection a circumstance which I related to the company as follows:—

"In April last," said I, "when the Duke d'Angoulême returned to France, he thus addressed M. de Boyer, the *grand vicaire* of the diocese of Alby:—

"'You and your friends are favourable to the old Parliaments; but we are not. You would advocate the establishment of provincial states, which do not meet our approval. The Parliaments and the States were turbulent bodies, the former in particular. They instigated the revolution: Bonaparte did not restore them; and he had a keen perception of what would be best for himself. We shall follow his example. The King my uncle (Louis XVIII) never approved the Parliaments. He opposed their restoration in 1814. There is no reason to believe that he will change his opinion.'*

* Louis XVIII, however, did change his opinion; and before

" You see, gentlemen," resumed Prince Cambacérès, " this anecdote proves the correctness of my prediction. The Emperor, it is true, did not restore the old magistracy ; but he repented that error, and he intended to repair it. It is my anxious wish to justify the character of Napoleon in every way. What false and scandalous stories have been got up respecting him and certain actresses! Not one of them is true, with the exception of one rather dramatic adventure, which occurred at the house of Mlle. Georges. There is, however, one of Napoleon's gallant adventures, for the reality of which I can vouch.

" Josephine had just been divorced, and the Austrian Arch-Duchess had been chosen her successor, when one of the imperial chamberlains, whom I will not mention by name, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. The young lady was pretty, and, though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity, she was in reality as artful as Circe. She made her appearance at the Tuileries, at Saint-Cloud, at Fontainebleau, at the theatres, and joined the imperial hunting parties ; in short, she went wherever she could hope to throw herself in the way of the Emperor. On these occasions, she could see no

his death he signified his wish to restore the Parliaments. But he could not venture to take that step. The revolutionary party held him in terror. The Bourbons have made innumerable sacrifices to that party ; but they have been ill rewarded.

object but Napoleon; she sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, whilst, at the same time, she was always placed where she must necessarily attract his notice. At other times, the lady would stand gazing and sighing before the portraits of His Majesty.

"Her family, or at least some members of it, assumed the appearance of being displeased at her conduct. The imperial chamberlain complained to his friends of his daughter-in-law's unfortunate passion, and the young lady's mother-in-law took up the matter in the interest of her son. As to the husband himself, he evinced the most philosophic indifference. At length, the affair became the subject of court gossip; the Princesses of the blood manifested their disapproval of the lady's conduct. But, after all, how could it be made a subject of complaint that a lady loved the Emperor? Who could be so uncourtierlike as to blame her? At first, the affair was merely a subject for joking and quizzing; but when at length the Emperor seemed really to direct attention to the lady, she and her family were overwhelmed with homage and respect.

"One day, I attended a sitting of the Council of State at which the Emperor presided. At the close of the sitting, I went to receive his commands, and, having taken leave of him, I stepped into my carriage and drove homeward. I had not got further than about the middle of the Rue du

Bac, when I was overtaken by one of the imp[illegible] pages, who informed me that His Majesty w[illegible] to speak with me immediately. Of course, I [illegible]dered my coachman to turn and proceed to [illegible] Tuileries. As I drove along, I puzzled myse[illegible] trying to guess what I could be wanted for. [illegible] found the Emperor closeted with the minister of the police; then I was more mystified than before; I thought that some formidable conspiracy had been discovered; that some grand *coup d'état* was to be attempted. Nothing of the kind. The Emperor left the Duke de Rovigo, and, conducting me to the recess of one of the windows, he said:

"'Madame de ——— is rendering herself quite intolerable to me; and the conduct of her relations is still more odious. Her father-in-law is a scoundrel, her husband a mean spirited blockhead, and her mother is a vile intriguing woman, by whose art, however, I am not to be duped. As to Madame de ——— herself, her conduct has disgusted me. The abandoned female who unreservedly puts her virtue up to sale, is preferable to the hypocrite, who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. Now, what I want you to do is to call on my chamberlain, who is your friend (I disclaimed the honour, and the Emperor laughed), and tell him that I dispense with his service for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court

for six years ; and make known to the affectionate married couple, that to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's excellent qualities, I give them leave to spend six months in Naples, six months in Vienna, and six months in any other part of Germany.'

" I fulfilled my mission. A great outcry was raised in certain quarters against the tyranny of the despot, and deep sympathy was expressed for an interesting family, who, it was alleged, were ill rewarded for their devoted loyalty. On another occasion of a similar kind, I saw the Emperor in a most violent rage. A lieutenant-colonel had sent him a letter, soliciting promotion, and adding that, should he obtain it, he had two daughters who would be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of their good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father....The *good Emperor* was furiously indignant, and he said to me : ' I don't know what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment.'

" He made some inquiries respecting this officer, and he learned that he had been a *septembriseur* and a friend of Robespierre and Fleuriot ; and that, moreover, he had attained the age which would qualify him for retirement. The Emperor, therefore, immediately granted him his retiring pension. He extended his generosity to the two daughters, who were amiable young females, and

totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. The Emperor settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris and retiring to their native city. This fact reflects the highest credit on Napoleon. His estimable qualities are not sufficiently known. The sovereigns of Europe were bent on his destruction; but they will live to deplore his downfal. With him fell the key stone of the monarchical arch. The present race of kings have not power to stem the revolutionary torrent; which sooner or later will certainly sweep them from the face of the earth.

"In Napoleon's disposition, severity and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended together. M. de L——, a gentleman of about thirty, married a young lady of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage arranged by the lady's friends, who dragged her to the altar, without consulting her feelings. She cherished no affection for her husband; he became jealous of her, and, though unable to fix upon her the slightest proof of criminality, he murdered her. He was brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned. He petitioned for pardon, and his friends appealed to the Empress Josephine and to me, imploring us to intercede in his behalf. We did so, and the following was Napoleon's answer.

"'Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of fortune for a vile purpose of bribing the

affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love, but of vanity. He has committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honour—for his wife had not injured it. No, he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. . . . He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to think themselves elevated above the reach of the law: they imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has committed a crime for which there is no extenuating circumstance. He must suffer the punishment to which he has been justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence, and art. 324 of the Penal Code, would place in jeopardy the life of every married woman. Inasmuch as the law positively protects the outraged husband, so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion, which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process.'

"Josephine was urgent in her intercession for M. de L——, in consequence of the interest she felt for some of his friends.

"'This,' she said, addressing the Emperor, 'is the first favour I have asked of you since you have been Emperor. Surely you will grant it.'

"'I refuse it.'

" ' Why ?'

" The Emperor stated his reasons in the way I have just related ; and then he added :

" ' When it is known that your persuasion could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose.'

" He was inexorable.

" Certainly," pursued Cambacérès, " no one will accuse Napoleon of being an indulger in the pleasures of the table. At the Tuileries, his breakfast was laid on a little *guéridon* of mahogany inlaid with mother o'pearl, on which a napkin was spread by way of a table-cloth. His morning meal consisted of eggs, and a haricot salad, after which, he would eat a bit of parmesan cheese and two olives. He took a little of his favourite wine, chambertin, very much diluted with water ; and he crowned the whole by a cup of coffee. He took no liquor, but sometimes, though very rarely, he took a glass of wine. He usually despatched his breakfast in seven or eight minutes. When he eat longer than twenty minutes, at dinner, he considered it quite an *orgie*.

" He was simple in all his tastes. In dress, he never displayed any trace of vanity. Many of his generals, however, followed the example of Murat, King of Naples, and paid the most studied attention to dress and personal decoration. One of those most distinguished in this way, was

the brave and handsome General Count d'Orsenne, who was a hero on the field of battle, and a type of elegance at court and in society.

"Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the Emperor on a reconnoitring excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a *vivandière*, or suttler-woman, at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Napoleon, or any of his escort. She gave the Emperor a glass of spring water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment.

"'There, my good woman,' said Napoleon, pointing to Count d'Orsenne, 'there is the Emperor, ask him for the money. He pays for us all.'

"The *vivandière* blushed, and looked embarrassed; then, turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said:

"'He! pooh nonsense! Do you think I am fool enough to believe that. The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, Sir, look much more like him yourself.'

"The Emperor was much amused at this remark, and he gave the woman a double louis."

Count Daru, who was one of the party on the evening when Prince Cambacérès related the above anecdote, said:

"Your amusing story, Monseigneur, reminds

me of another also relating to one of those camp-following nymphs, called *vivandières.* You know how carefully the Emperor preserved his incognito when he was with the army. It was well that he did so; for he frequently ventured into places where, had he been known, he would have incurred the greatest risks. During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, wrapped in his celebrated grey great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a *vivandière.* She was weeping and was leading, by the hand, a little boy, about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road side, and said:

" ' What is the matter with you, my dear?'

" The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by her grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

" ' My mother is crying, Sir, because my father has beat her.'

" ' Where is your father?'

" ' Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage.'

" The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest *the Cap-*

tain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions occurred to his mind, and he said:

"'*Malpeste!* your husband has been beating you; you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent! May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?'

"'Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one.... He is jealous....terribly jealous; and, when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence.'

"'But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy, he may inflict on you some severe injury ...perhaps kill you.'

"'And, even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him; for I am sure he would not do it wilfully. He loves me too well for that.'

"'And, if I guess rightly, you love him.'

"'That is very natural, Captain; he is my lawful husband and the father of my dear boy!'

"So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, of marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"'Well,' said he, again turning to the woman,

whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not chose that he should beat you....I am....I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to His Majesty.... Tell me your husband's name !'

" ' If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell it you ; for I know he would be punished.'

" ' Silly woman ! All I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve.'

" ' That would make me very happy, Captain ; but, though he ill treats, me I will not get him punished.'

" The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

" When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him:

" ' Well, gentlemen ! what do you think of that affectionate creature ? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband.'

" In the course of a few minutes, the baggage, of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52nd. Napoleon despatched one of the officers, who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

" ' Have you a *vivandière* in your company ?'

" ' Yes, Sire,' replied the Captain.

" ' Has she a child ?'

" ' Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of.'

" ' Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?'

" ' I was not aware of the circumstance, till some time after its occurrence. I have reprimanded the man.'

" ' Is he generally well conducted ?'

" ' He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable.'

" ' Does he know me by sight ?'

" ' I cannot say, Sire. . . . but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not.'

" ' Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and, if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division.'

" On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone :

" ' What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife ? She is a young and pretty woman ; and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier.'

" ' Bah, General ! if women are to be believed,

they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades.'

" ' Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking....you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins; but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose His Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?'

" ' Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor: Sire, look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'

" Napoleon laughed, and said: ' My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor.'

" The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

" ' Oh, Sire! that quite alters the case. Since your Majesty commands, I of course obey.'

" ' That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her.

She braved my displeasure, rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and, when you arrive at Munich, apply to the *Grand Maréchal du Palais*, and he shall present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a suttler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and, at some future time he shall be provided for. But, mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you.'

"'Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness.'

"Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, has a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he has once seen. On one of his marches, he met and recognised the *vivandière* and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying:

"'Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made me?'

"The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"'Oh, Sire! Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women.'

"'Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives.'

" A few pieces of gold were presented with these words ; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of *vive l'Empereur !* uttered amidst tears and sobs by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion."

I am a faithful historian, and I am bound to state that this anecdote, which was related in a very interesting way by Count Daru, deeply moved the feelings of all who heard it. In truth, had we not been restrained by fear of the police, I think we should have followed the example of the grenadier's comrades, and have shouted *vive l'Empereur !* But, in 1814, it would not have been very prudent to have yielded to such an ebullition of enthusiasm. Armies led by such a man as Napoleon, could not fail to be victorious. Their triumphs were always certain, until they were required to achieve impossibilities. Even then, they did not shrink from the bold attempt; and on fifty fields of battle these sublime words have been verified : *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas.*

The noble traits in Napoleon's character, are an inexhaustible theme :—to record them would be a never-ending chapter. His vigour of intellect, too, was truly great. There seemed no object which did not come within the range of his perception. He was most anxious to rally round himself the different parties by which France was divided. I heard Prince Cambacérès relate, " that one summer's evening, when he was

walking with the Emperor in the gardens of Fontainebleau, Napoleon suddenly stopped, and, gazing attentively at the château, said:

" ' I am not surprised, Prince Cambacérès, that the members of the house of Bourbon should regret the past.... So many fine palaces, and the government of such a country! I pity them. Their mourning must now be eternal. My dynasty is now firmly rooted. *Unto us a son is born!*' The use of this scriptural expression, struck me as remarkable.

" ' My brothers,' continued Napoleon, ' are reigning in other kingdoms, (this was in 1811.) I am allied by blood to Austria. To dethrone me, is impossible; therefore, farewell to the Bourbons. Why can they not see the fact as it really is? Why do they still cling to the broken fragments of a crown which can never again be repaired? This irritates me; and my anger is to be feared as I have already shown them. The lesson has not availed.' This was clearly an allusion to the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

" The Emperor," continued Prince Cambacérès, " resumed his walk, and I accompanied him in silence. After we had proceeded a little distance, he said:

" ' If I were in the situation of *those people*, I would submit to my fate: and, instead of constantly turning my thoughts to the past, I would endeavour to improve my present condition.

There are two islands in which they might establish themselves without difficulty; I allude to Cyprus and Candia: one or the other, or even both. I and the other powers of Europe might enter into an arrangement with the Ottoman Porte. I would even undertake the expense of establishing them in the outset. I would send troops, if required, and maintain an army there for a considerable time. In short,' here he lowered his voice, I cannot tell why, 'I would give a hundred, or a hundred and fifty millions by way of indemnity, on condition of an alliance between the two families—a marriage between the Duke de Berri and my niece, Zenaïde, but without the crown of Spain, which shall be subject to the Salic law.* What do you think of this plan of settling all differences?'

"The ball being thus thrown at me, I could not do otherwise than take it up. I was not a little astonished at what I had heard, and I replied:

"Sire, this is a most serious and important question. It is certain that all reasonable hope ought to be extinct in the hearts of the Bourbons. But still it is scarcely to be expected that those

* The Princess Zenaïde was the eldest daughter of the King of Spain, (Joseph Bonaparte.) Her hand was solicited by Ferdinand VII, but Napoleon would not consent to the marriage. The Princess married her cousin, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Mussignano, a son of Prince Lucien.

who have once been seated on the throne of France, should willingly forego all thought of returning to that illustrious station. Besides, do not their friends constantly nurse them in the hope of a restoration?

"'Their friends are fools, blockheads, base flatterers! Such conduct deserves the severest punishment. Nurse them in the hope of a restoration!' exclaimed Napoleon, striking his foot on the ground. 'How can the Bourbons return to France? By taking my life. What then? my son, my brothers, my generals, my functionaries, the purchasers of national property, the jacobins and the regicides would still be here. They know that the Bourbons would wage implacable war against them; that they would pursue them to extermination. Besides, Austria will not prefer distant relatives to the daughter of her own Emperor. My cause is now hers .... If they spare my life, how many years must elapse before they will dare attempt to invade France, and, above all, to dictate laws to us? Can you answer that question, Prince?'

"I shook my head negatively. Alas! in 1811 who could have foreseen the disasters of 1812, of 1813, and the inconceivable catastrophe of the present year? Certainly no one. I saw and thought as the Emperor did. I forgot the seeming distance which, in 1789, separated Louis XVI from that scaffold which he mounted four years after-

wards. The decrees of Providence are far beyond the calculations of human foresight!

"Napoleon, still absorbed in his idea, thus continued:

"'Well, since you agree with me in thinking that to dethrone me and my son would be an impossibility, endeavour to seek out a clever man, unconnected with any party..one who can manage a negociation ably. Direct him to go to England and to see the Count de Lille, whom they style Louis XVIII. He is a man of sense, and will see the matter in its right point of view, more readily than the rest of the family. If I could gain him over to my project, it might soon be accomplished. You will be cautious not to allow any hint of this to reach the Cabinet of London. It would throw obstacles in the way. Its interest is to prevent me getting rid of embarrassing, though not dangerous, enemies. This is a delicate and important mission, and it shall make a Prince of him who executes it well and faithfully....Yes, I will make him a Prince. But he who undertakes it must possess address, eloquence, courage, and, above all, perseverance.'

"The Emperor then proceeded to trace out the course to be pursued. He had previously reflected on the subject; but he did not see the invincible obstacle; that which must necessarily overthrow the whole plan, and render it impossible that either the exiled Bourbons or those of Sicily

would ever consent to his proposition. The islands which he offered were almost depopulated. Their only inhabitants were Mussulmans or schismatic Greeks, but no Roman Catholics. The sovereign who accepted such a crown, must have reigned in a desert, or have had barbarians for his subjects. Besides, neither England nor Turkey would ever consent to the establishment of the proposed new state, especially if France supplied it with an army.

" These considerations induced me to say to the Emperor—

" Why will your Majesty not offer Naples, or Tuscany, the Ionian Islands with Ragusa, or even Venice ?

" ' No, no,' he replied resolutely, ' all those places are too near France. A sea is not a sufficient barrier. I should be at ease if they were in China ; but, in the places you have mentioned, a journey of a day or two would bring them here. That must not be.'

" I remained silent, and here our conversation ended. When I was alone, I began to consider where I should find a man capable of undertaking the difficult mission which the Emperor had traced out. The result was, that I fixed upon a woman. You smile, gentlemen ; but there was reason to believe that a female minister would be the best. The lady was introduced to me by the Duke de Rovigo, who assured me she was trust-worthy, whilst, at the same, he extolled her talents and

address, and added that she had been intimately connected with the old court. The Duke further observed, that such an agent would be easily disavowed in case of necessity ; and that she was altogether calculated to manage the business better than even a skilful diplomatist.

" The Duke de Rovigo accordingly introduced me to Madame de N——, who appeared to me to be very well qualified for the mission, and we arranged the plan to be pursued. She spoke of the Court of Hartwell, as if perfectly well acquainted with it, and appeared quite confident of the success of her undertaking. I, however, was not so sanguine. Anxious to learn some further particulars respecting Madame de N——, I addressed myself to M. de Talleyrand, and asked him whether he had ever known her.

" ' I might possibly have had some slight acquaintance with her,' said he, ' but I cannot remember. Some years ago, I was a man of gallantry ; but I have grown old and steady, now.'

" I don't doubt it. But, Prince, I wish to know whether you can give me any information respecting this Madame N—— ?

" ' You have no idea,' he replied, ' how much my memory fails me.'

" I could plainly perceive that some artful design was concealed under this pretended loss of memory. I asked Prince Talleyrand no more questions on the subject of Madame N——, but

the bare mention of her name had let him into some idea of the intrigue. The consequence was, that a hint of it was by some means or other conveyed to Louis XVIII; for, when my ambassadress presented herself at Hartwell, she found that her arrival was expected.

"In pursuance of my inquiries respecting Madame de N——, I wrote to the Duke of Otranto. He immediately answered me by the following letter:

"'The lady you mention was one of my pensioners, together with Mesdames H——, V——, Vi——, F——, L—— B—— and several others. She is not wanting in talent and judgment. The degree of confidence to be reposed in her depends entirely on the reward she is to receive. If she can gain anything by deceiving you, she will not hesitate to do so. I should think it likely she will pursue her old course, which made me quarrel with her. My successor, who is a very simple man, has suffered himself to be cajoled by her. She makes him admire the stars at noonday; take care that she shews them to you only in the darkness of night.'

"This description of Madame de N—— amused me; but, at the same time, it created in my mind doubt and suspicion. I called on the lady, and informed her of what the Duke of Otranto had said of her. She laughed.

" ' Fouché,' she observed, ' never forgives any one who outwits him. He thinks he is entitled to reserve to himself the monopoly of cunning. He laid a snare to entrap me, and I made him fall into it. *Inde iræ.*'

" You understand latin, Madam ?" said I.

" ' Yes, Monseigneur, I also speak English, German and Italian. You may trust to me, and I can render myself very useful to you.'

" Not knowing any one better suited to the purpose, I closed my arrangements with Madam N——. Talleyrand, as I have already mentioned, had given notice of her intended arrival. By some indirect and underhand means, he kept up a regular correspondence with the English cabinet. On reaching Hartwell, therefore, the lady did not meet with the reception she expected. It was at first proposed to send her away without letting her see the *Pretender*, if I may use the term then generally applied in France to Louis XVIII. But his most christian Majesty expressed a wish to see Madame N——. She wrote me a letter after her arrival in England, which I will read to you. The Prince went to his *secrétaire* and procured the letter, which he read as follows :*

* In 1819, Prince Cambacérès gave me the autograph copy of this letter, of which I retained possession until, by the events of July and August 1830, I was deprived of my autographs and pictures.

" Monseigneur,

" It is not without difficulty that I have succeeded in fulfilling the intentions of Your Serene Highness. No sooner had I set foot in the classic land of liberty, than I was assailed, on the one hand by spies, and on the other by the agents of a meddling and despotic police. The latter threatened to place me under the operation of the alien act. But I remonstrated; I addressed a letter to the Count de Lille,* acquainting him with the motives which had brought me to England. He then expressed an earnest desire to see me, and, in compliance with his wish, I was invited to Hartwell. During my stay in London, I had already seen the amiable and noble minded Count de la Châtre. I cannot speak too highly of him. He assured me that England would never come to an agreement with the present government of France. He loves his country, and regrets his separation from it. I assured him, that the obstacles which opposed his return to it might be easily removed. He replied that, being a royalist in heart, he had worshipped misfortune as a sort of religion, of which the King was the God, and that consequently he should consider himself guilty

* We had agreed that Madame N——— should address Louis XVIII by the title of Count de Lille. This arrangement enabled us to maintain negotiation on a footing of incognito, and smoothed the difficulties which vanity or the feeling of importance might have created.

of apostacy were he to return. I could not but admire these generous and honourable sentiments.

" The Count de la Châtre spoke in terms of veneration of the Duchess d'Angoulême, whom he described as a most noble minded and generous woman. He said very little of the Duke d'Angoulême. I was aware that the Duke de Berry had contracted a left handed marriage, the only fruits of which were two daughters. Thus, then, the elder branch of the *old* Royal House, *tombe en quenouille*, according to the terms of the salic law; and, therefore, all future pretensions must be at an end. The marriage of Madame Royale being without issue, there are persons here who would advise the Count de Lille and his brother the Count d'Artois to marry again. These are unwise counsellors.

" I inquired what the Duke of Orleans had been doing since his expedition to Cadiz. I am informed that he is endeavouring to make his fortune at Palermo. It appears to be his intention to settle there. His family, since the time of the Regent, who profited by the operations of Law, have property in the banks of England, Holland, and the Hans Towns, in addition to the immense revenues they possess in France. You may mention these circumstances to the Emperor, for I have them on accurate authority.

" The Prince has, by his marriage, a son, born in October last year, (1810). He bears the title

of the Duke de Chartres. The Duchess of Orleans has, I am informed, just been delivered of a Princess. The Duke has come to a reconciliation with the Bourbons of the elder branch. They have pardoned his father's conduct, as well as the errors of his own youth. He has conducted himself very well in England, on all the occasions on which he has visited this country. I am told that he is artful, and so reserved, that it is not easy to discover his sentiments or opinions. Let not the Emperor be deceived:—the Duke of Orleans is the only individual to be feared, in the event of a struggle.

"On my arrival at Hartwell, a lady's maid was appointed to attend on me, and a man servant to accompany me in my walks: these were two spies. The Count de Blacas paid me a visit. He is a good looking man, and that is all. He has but little intelligence, and still less knowledge of the world. He has created for himself a little universe, the two boundaries of which are London and Edinburgh; and, in his simplicity, he believes the whole world to be included in that space. He pictures France as being in the last stage of misery and destitution:—the people dying of hunger, the prisons full, women yoked to the ploughs, the men all with the army, except the lame and the blind; in short, the terror of 93 unabated. As to the Imperial Court, the Count's notion of it is, that the men composing it are a set of vulgar, ignorant, profligates, and the

women *vivandières* or *marchandes de modes.* He verily believes that Napoleon daily honours you and his ministers with kicks and cuffs, and horse-whips his chamberlains—that he is hated by the people—execrated by the army;—that he is ugly and diseased;—that he is guilty of incest and every revolting crime—in short, that he is worse than any ogre in a fairy tale.

"Nothing can be more diverting than to hear the Count de Blacas express his firm belief in all these monstrosities, every one of which is, to him, an article of faith. He was very anxious that I should make him my confidant, and friend. I told him, with a very grave air, that I thought that might perhaps be attended with danger, both for my heart and my head: that I might lose the former, and compromise the latter. This excuse appeared to him perfectly reasonable; and the consequence was, he consented, though reluctantly, to usher me to the presence of his master.

"The sufferings which the Count de Lille has undergone, have not impaired his looks. He is a handsome man, with quite the Bourbon cast of features. His fine blue eyes are mild, dignified, and intelligent, and his mouth has a humourous perhaps a somewhat satirical expression. His infirmities have spoiled his figure, and it is easy to perceive that his legs will die before any other part of his body. He has a beautiful hand; and, altogether, a truly royal and imposing appearance.

" His dress is very simple: usually consisting of a blue frock or *redingote*, a waistcoat of wadded satin, and small-clothes of dark crimson velvet. He rarely wears a sword. When he goes out, he wears a three cornered cocked hat, and always the cordon and decoration of the Holy Ghost, the ribbon of St. Michael, and the cross of St. Louis:—I have also seen him wear the Swedish orders, out of respect to the dethroned King. A cane assists him in walking; his pace is slow, tottering, and apparently impeded by pain. He is tortured by the gout. He cannot mount a horse, and certainly a kingdom was never conquered in a carriage.*

" However, bodily pain does not, in the least degree, diminish the vivacity of his mind. His conversation is brilliant, and characterized by extensive and varied information. His gallantry, too, charmed me. He has read a great deal, and has a retentive memory: and his natural judgment is matured by experience. In short, he is a man of distinguished talent. Before I saw him, I had prepared myself to be amused by his absurdities; but I took my leave of him, full of admiration of his magnanimous feelings, and truly royal qualifications. He thoroughly comprehends France, her happiness, her power, and her wants; he knows what she requires, and only regrets that he cannot give it to her.

* In 1815, Napoleon made an exception to the strategic maxim here laid down by Madame de N———.

" He chatted with me very agreeably, and laughed at the propositions I was instructed to make to him. ' I am not ambitious,' said he, ' I am not eager to reign : and, therefore, I prefer exile, to a throne which would not be my own. Let Bonaparte' (for so he named His Majesty the Emperor and King)—let Bonaparte descend from the throne of France : and then let him choose for himself any one of all the kingdoms he has conquered, except Naples, Spain and Parma, and I will present it to him. But, to renounce the inheritance bequeathed to me by my ancestors, to sanction the crimes of the revolution, to legitimize the murder of my brother and my nephew, to recognize the destructive principle of the sovereignty of the people, those are acts of which I never will be guilty.'

" I saw that my mission was at an end ; I named the offers I was authorized to make. He laughed at the sovereignty and the millions, and, above all, at the proposal of the French army.

" ' That,' said he, ' would merely be a prison within sight ; and I suppose that my guards, would some fine day receive orders to carry me and my family to some other place. Such lures may entice children. It is like telling a boy he may catch sparrows by putting a grain of salt on their tails.' These were the words he made use of.

" When I left the Count de Lille, I found M. de Blacas in waiting for me. He put some stupid

questions to me with the view of finding out what had been the nature of my conversation with the King. I related it to him almost word for word. My candour completely mystified him, and he did not believe a word that I said. What would have been the use of taking any trouble to deceive such a fool!

" There is among the emigrants at Hartwell, a man of distinguished talent. I allude to Père Elysée, who officiates as surgeon to the Count de Lille. He is a man of energy and spirit, and devotedly attached to the Prince. He has every temporal merit without any priestly faults. He is an extremely agreeable man, very lively in conversation, and an excellent teller of a story. He, too, regrets his absence from France; but he would not return without the King.

" I have seen Madame Royale, but she would not receive me. Nevertheless, I will do her justice. She is adored by the whole household; for she is an excellent mistress: she is cold to strangers, but she treats the persons in her service as though they were her children. In spite of her poverty, she dispenses a great deal of charity. The poor people in the neighbourhood revere her highly, and they say that God never suffers her purse to be empty of alms, for that if she gives away all its contents at night, it is full again next morning: and it is among schismatics that this fable has gained credit. It is she who in-

spires the family with fortitude and resignation. If she could ascend the throne, she would be a great Queen.

" Her husband is one of the best of men. He is brave, and full of noble feeling; but he is too distrustful of himself. His timidity and passive obedience will always be prejudicial to him. Respecting his brother, the Duke de Berry,* opinions differ; some pronounce him to be the hope of the family, others regard him as a Prince of very mediocre merit. I did not see him, and therefore can say nothing of him from my own knowledge. His morganatic marriage† is an event deeply deplored by the emigrants. I have not seen either the venerable Prince de Condé, or the Duke de Bourbon. They are much respected here.

" Such, Monseigneur, is the result of my journey. Of course, it cannot answer your expectation. The little I was authorized to offer,

* He was assassinated by Louvel on the 13th of February, 1820.

† In Germany, *morganatic*, or left-handed marriages, are those by a sovereign with a female inferior in rank to a Princess; or between a Princess, and a private gentleman. They are merely conscientious unions, and the children born of them can inherit only personal property, and not landed estates, or sovereignties. A marriage of this nature was concluded by his Royal Highness the Duke de Berry. A veil of respect must be drawn over this passage in the life of the unfortunate Prince. Two daughters, distinguished for their virtues and graces, were the issue of this marriage. Both are married to noblemen of illustrious birth; one to the Prince de L——, and the other to Count de C——.

could not tempt a Prince who is not ambitious, who can live on a little, who is without children, and who, above all, has right on his side. Had the offer consisted of the crown of Italy, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Lucca, or Tuscany, it possibly might have been listened to; but, even then, I would not have answered for its being accepted. Now, Sir, how am I to be rewarded for my trouble? I shall proceed to Hamburgh, and there await your answer."

When Prince Cambacérès had finished reading this letter, we all assured him that it had very much amused us. The portraits sketched by the writer were striking likenesses. M. de Blacas was hit off to the life, and we could not but admire the accuracy of the pencil which, in 1811, had pourtrayed him precisely as he appeared to us in 1814. Louis XVIII and the Duchess d'Angoulême were likenesses very faithfully described. As to the Dukes d'Angoulême and de Berry, the former had, by his very gallant conduct in the south, acquired the esteem of all Frenchmen, and the latter had been so foully calumniated, that a strong prejudice existed against him. The Duke of Orleans was the object of unanimous eulogy in 1814, which led us all to concur in remarking, that the lady had scarcely rendered him justice. However, we were all much interested and amused by the letter.

"Well," observed the Prince, "I can assure you that I was not so well pleased with the letter as you are, at the time I received it. The change of opinion wrought in my ambassadress by the mere effect of the royal audience; the title of King which she so repeatedly applied to the person whom we looked upon as a pretender, put me not a little out of humour. I did not venture to show it to the Emperor. I sent for the Duke de Rovigo, wishing to screen my responsibility, and, as Madame N—— was his protégée, I presented the missive to him. He was, at first, somewhat embarrassed; but, on a second perusal of the epistle, he began to discover in it as many charms as its fair writer herself possessed in his eyes. He extolled its natural and graceful style, and added, in a tone of comical enthusiasm, at which I could not forbear smiling—

"'It is quite as good as the over-praised writing of Madame de Staël. Indeed, her talent will not bear comparison with that of Madame N——.'

"Perhaps not, said I, yet I fear it would be useless to present this letter to the Emperor. I think it is probable he would not share your romantic admiration of our female diplomatist.

"An instinct of common sense inclined the Minister of Police to my opinion. We then agreed to say nothing to the Emperor on the subject, until Madame N——'s return. The Duke presented her with a hundred thousand francs out

of the funds arising from the sale of gaming-house licenses, as a token of acknowledgment for her unsuccessful mission. She returned to Paris quite in good spirits. We then broached the subject to the Emperor. By way of gilding the pill, we informed him that Cyprus and Candia had been positively rejected at Hartwell; but that if the negotiations were again renewed with the offer of the whole of Upper Italy, Illyria, Dalmatia, the Ionian Islands, Tuscany and Lucca, it might be accepted, with the addition of two thousand millions of francs, payable in twenty years.

"On hearing this, Napoleon started with astonishment, and exclaimed:

"'Are they mad? Why do they not ask for France? And I suppose Genoa and Piedmont are to be included in the bargain?'

"Yes, Sire.

"'Well, then, we will remain as we are. We will not disturb the *statu-quo*. I shall be the gainer. All Italy!....Two thousand millions of francs!....To have them touching my frontiers! ....Why we should hear news of them every day.'

"'Sire,' said Savary, 'you forget the resource of conquest.'

"'Oh! if they are to be driven away from the place I assign to them, it would be better to spare the expense of a war, and the outlay of two or three millions which I should have to make be-

fore commencing it, and which would serve only to give me a few new difficulties to smoothe. Besides, it is necessary that the compact should be made in good faith, lest the question should hereafter become a matter of dispute. My dear Prince, you are not fortunate in your negotiations. Whom did you entrust with this affair.'

"A lady," replied I, not without some degree of embarrassment.

"'A lady. . . .and pray who selected her.'

"I Sire!"

"'I compliment you. This was a trait of address on your part. You did well to send them a female ambassador. It was returning upon them, though somewhat late, the ridiculous mission which they addressed to me through the medium of the Duchess de Guise. Diplomatists of that sort are suited to the taste of the Bourbons.'

"But, Sire, said I, Poland still remembers the brilliant political embassy of Madame de Guebriant."

"'True! But the exception proves the rule. And what says your ambassadress of the people at Hartwell?'

"Savary now thought it was his turn to speak. He informed the Emperor that Madame N—— had described the Pretender as being an affable old gentleman in his dotage; that his brother was completely forgotten, being, in consequence of his

debts, unable to stir out of a royal palace in Edinburgh, which had been allotted to him as his place of residence; that the sons of the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Bourbon, were not objects of any personal consideration. The only person of whom he said Madame de N—— had given a favourable report, was the Duchess d'Angoulême. It was in reply to this string of falsehoods, that the Emperor made the remark, which has since been often repeated, and which was suggested solely by the misrepresentations of the Minister of the Police. The Emperor, hearing so poor an account of the Princes of the house of Bourbon, and so much praise bestowed on Madame Royale, exclaimed:

"'That woman is the only man in the family!'"

CHAPTER VI.

Louis Sebastien Mercier—Details hitherto unpublished, relating to the assassination of Marat—Trial and execution of Charlotte Corday—The source of her fanaticism explained—Napoleon's belief in fatality—His courage and disregard of personal danger—The Imperial Chamberlains—Example of courtly meanness—The gilded weathercock—An ungrateful chamberlain on the 20th of March—An anecdote for the edification of honest men—Wise maxims of Cambacérès—Adventures of a courtier from 1787 to 1830—Amusing letter from a provincial lady to a friend in Paris—Missive from an ambitious poet—Literary discussion—The classic school and the romantic school—Cause of literary failures and disappointments—Prevalence of suicide—Literary opinions of Cambacérès—Rétif de la Bretonne—Chenier and his *Epistle to Voltaire*—Napoleon's displeasure, and Chenier's punishment.

AMONG the distinguished men whose friendship I have had the good fortune to enjoy, and whose memory is indelibly engraven in my heart, I place, in the foremost rank, Louis Sebastien Mercier. He was a man of eminent talent;—eccentric no doubt; I may say, even absurd in his endeavours to depreciate Homer, Newton, Boileau and Racine; but his animated pictures of Paris are radiant with wit and fancy. His writings are charac-

terized by a philosophic, humane and tolerant spirit. His detractors have said that he merely noted down on the posts the reflections which occurred to his mind in the streets. But this observation is equally satirical and unjust. He was certainly far superior to his antagonists Laharpe, Marmontel and Dorat. Mercier was a man of genius ; they were mere arrangers of words.

I have already stated that he was a member of the National Convention, and that he was one of those who did not vote for the King's death. I have in my possession some of his autograph manuscripts, containing some unpublished particulars relating to the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday. I subjoin them, doubting not that the reader will peruse them with interest.

" On the 15th of July 1793, I was dining at a restaurateur's in the Rue Saint-Honoré, which I was in the habit of frequenting on account of its proximity to my place of residence. My attention was suddenly roused by an extraordinary noise in the street, and I saw a crowd of people rushing towards the house of a man named Duplay, where the Robespierres lodged. At that time, no disturbance in the streets could be regarded as a matter of indifference, and I hurried to the door. Addressing myself to a man, in the garb of a mechanic, I inquired what was the matter? He replied in breathless hurry and excitement :

" ' Marat is dead. The aristocrats have murdered him....They have got young Capet out of the Temple, and are bearing him in triumph along the Boulevards. They mean to take him to the Tuileries.'

" All this appeared to me too absurd to deserve a moment's credit. I concluded that the riot was caused by some project for exciting the sections, and to get up another 31st of May. I, therefore, proposed going to the Hall in which we held the sittings of the Convention, where I knew I should obtain accurate information. As I passed along the streets, the report of the death of Marat gathered confirmation ; but I heard nothing more about the liberation of the unfortunate Louis XVII. I heard, likewise, that the assassination had been committed by a female ; but as to who or what she was I could learn nothing.

" The first deputy I met was Augustin Robespierre. His countenance sufficiently denoted the agitation of his mind. He repeated to me all that he had heard, and the intelligence was very soon communicated to us officially. I have collected together all the particulars of this extraordinary event. It was a case in which virtue was driven to the perpretation of crime, by beholding a great criminal screened from the punishment of human laws.

" Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armans

was born at Saint-Saturnin, in the province of Normandy on the 23rd of January 1768. She was of noble origin, well educated, beautiful, amiable, and endowed with extraordinary energy of mind. She entered into the political excitement of the time ; but, instead of professing royalist opinions, like the rest of her family, she was an approver of the downfal of the old régime, and the establishment of republican power. Still she was too virtuous to descend to the extreme of jacobinism. Marat and his incendiary writings had excited her indignation ; and she conceived the project of ridding France of one whom she regarded as a monster in human form. Calumny has alleged that a *liaison* of a tender kind existed between her and Barbaroux, the Apollo of the Revolution ; but this is untrue. Charlotte Corday was a woman of honour. It was patriotism only that armed her with the dagger of the assassin.

" The deputies, who had been proscribed after the 31st of May, took refuge in Calvados, where Charlotte Corday resided. She became acquainted with them, and their complaints afforded increased excitement to her ardent imagination. Being attached to their cause, she was naturally indignant at the treatment they had endured, and, as she could not help them to redress their injuries, she resolved at last to revenge them on one of their implacable enemies. Without communicat-

ing her design to any one, she quitted Normandy and came to Paris.

" Fauchet, one of our party, who was acquainted with her, procured her admittance to one of the tribunes of the Convention. This act of courtesy, which was rendered as a matter of course to any one by whom it was solicited, cost poor Fauchet his life. Charlotte Corday listened attentively to our speeches, and expressed her surprise at the fury and violence manifested by some of the members of the Convention. She did not see Marat, who was confined at home by illness. He was the victim of a dreadful and incurable disorder, to which the most active medical remedies could afford only temporary relief.

" Charlotte Corday, having resolved on speedily terminating the career of Marat, inquired for the abode of the friend of the people. She was directed to the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44 ; but, as she was informed that none but his intimate acquaintance were admitted to see him, she sent him the following note :—

" Citizen,

" ' I have just arrived from Caen. The interest you feel for the welfare of the country, doubtless renders you anxious to be made acquainted with the events which have taken place in that part of

the Republic. I will call on you about one o'clock. Have the goodness to receive me.'

" Marat sent no answer to this note, either because he supposed it to have been written by some idle adventurer, or, because his bodily suffering had for a time extinguished his revolutionary fanaticism. But, Charlotte Corday was not daunted. She sent a second note, more urgent than the first, but which received no more attention. At length, on the 15th of July, she wrote for the third time. In this last letter, she alluded to misfortunes which had gathered over her head, and conjured Marat to receive her, on account of the important secrets which she had to reveal to him, touching the safety of the Republic.

" The messenger who delivered this note, had no sooner left Marat's house, than Charlotte Corday, who had followed him closely, entered the anti-chamber. She was there accosted by two females, who told her that she could not see Marat, because he was at that moment taking a bath.

" She insisted, and some altercation ensued. Marat, whose chamber adjoined the anti-room, hearing loud voices, rang to inquire what was the matter. On being informed that a lady wished to see him, and that she was the same person who had written to him several times, he felt a fatal curiosity to see her. He accordingly rose

from the bath, and, when he was ready to receive her, Charlotte Corday was introduced. Her beauty and prepossessing manners inspired Marat with so much confidence that he dismissed his attendants, and remained alone with the woman, who, in a few moments, was to deprive him of life. The conversation commenced on the affairs of Calvados. Charlotte Corday, though pre-occupied by the terrible object of her visit, maintained her share of the conversation with great calmness, and furnished the information which Marat sought. She gave him the names of the public functionaries and deputies, who were in open rebellion against the National Assembly, and Marat declared that, within a fortnight, they should all be brought to the scaffold.

" These words were his sentence of death. Charlotte Corday drew from her bosom a sharp knife and plunged it into the breast of Marat. He had no power, either to defend himself or to evade the mortal blow. He merely exclaimed: '*A moi, ma chère amie !*' and, in a few moments, breathed his last.

" The outcry brought his pretended wife, and the infamous woman Théroigne into the room. They beheld Marat weltering in his blood, and the heroine standing beside with the knife in her hand. She was pale and motionless, and made no attempt to escape, as has been erroneously stated. The women, however, placed chairs and

tables against the door to prevent her going out, and then, throwing open the window, they called for help.

" A man who was employed in folding some hand-bills in another room, was the first to enter. On seeing what had happened, and being informed who was the perpetrator of the deed, he seized a chair, and, striking at Charlotte Corday, felled her to the ground. But she raised herself up, and, with that fortitude which rendered her superior to any fate that might await her, she stood in silence, expecting the storm of popular fury to break over her head. It is indeed difficult to conceive what could have shielded her from the first movement of jacobinical indignation."

" I will here quote some passages from a report of the tragical event, drawn up by Chabot, by order of the Committee of Public Safety. This report, with all its falsehoods, is a higher eulogium on Charlotte Corday than anything I could say."

" When she was conducted to the Abbaye, the immense crowd, who were uttering yells of grief and indignation, dispersed at the desire of the commissioners who accompanied her. She fainted; but, in a few moments, recovered, and she said to the deputies :—

" ' I thought they were going to tear me in pieces. Is it possible that these people, who have been described to me as so many cannibals,

obey with such docility the commands of their magistrates?'

"Such," continues Chabot, "is the confidence of this woman in the speedy success of the projects of the counter-revolution, with which the insurgents have filled her head, that when her death is alluded to, she treats the matter with inconceivable contempt and indifference, though she had not sufficient courage to take her own life."

"What Chabot pronounces to be want of courage, was in fact the strongest proof of sublime courage and virtue. Charlotte Corday was too magnanimous to commit suicide. Chabot adds (and this is another falsehood) that, from information obtained by the Committee of Inspection relative to the plot, it was evident that the signal for attempting its execution was to be the assassination of the most energetic patriots;—that it was hoped, by this means, to excite a violent movement in Paris, to arm the citizens against each other,—that, amidst these dissensions Wimpfen, Puysaie, and the departmental troops were to proclaim Louis XVII, to appoint as his council the fugitive deputies, and to dissolve the Convention.

"Chabot's report was listened to, in mournful silence, though, in their hearts, the Jacobins did not regret being rid of their ferocious leader. A deputation from the section of the Social Contract,

requested to be admitted to the bar; and Gerault, who headed the deputation, thus addressed the Assembly :—

" Repręsentatives! ...Marat is no more!.... People! you have lost your best friend!....We have come to pay homage to the noble actions of his life..David, where art thou?....Thou hast transmitted to posterity the image of Le Pelletier dying for his country..Thou hast now a subject for another picture.'

" David, who was seated among us, now rose, and, with his sinister expression of countenance, and sharp piercing voice, said:—

" ' I will endeavour to render justice to that subject.'

" Having uttered these words, he resumed his seat amidst general applause. Gerault then continued, as follows :—

" ' Legislators! we implore you to make a law, applicable to present circumstances. The mode of execution at present in use, is not sufficiently appalling to avenge the atrocious assassination which has just been committed. Let us annihilate for ever the criminal and the crime. Show the French people the value you attach to human life; and, instead of permitting it to be thus snapped like a thread, let the terror of torture disarm the parricidal hands which threaten the safety of the representatives of the People.'

" A warm discussion ensued. On the motion of Chabot, which was supported by Julien de Toulouse, Denoncourt, Fauchet,* and Duperret,† were accused. This accusation was the same thing as being sentenced to the guillotine, to which they were shortly afterwards brought. Marat was a deity, at whose altar none but human victims could be sacrificed.

" In the course of the discussion, David addressed the Assembly as follows :—

" ' On the day preceding the assassination of Marat, Maure and I were sent as deputies from the Jacobinical Club, to inquire after his health. We found him in the bath, at the side of which a piece of wood was fixed in such a manner as to serve him for a writing desk. Upon it was placed ink and paper, and Marat with his hand raised out of the bath, was noting down his last thoughts, for the welfare of the people. Yesterday, the surgeon who embalmed his body, sent to me to inquire in what manner we wished to expose it to the public in the church of the Cordeliers. He was wasted almost to a skeleton by the disease (the leprosy) with which he was afflicted. I think it

* I have already mentioned Fauchet's crime :—it was having gained Charlotte Corday admittance to one of the tribunes of the National Convention.

† The charge against Duperret, was, having received a letter brought by Charlotte Corday from Barbaroux.

would be extremely interesting to present him as I saw him noting down his ideas for the welfare of the people.'

" Chabot moved that the members of the Convention should all attend the funeral of Marat; and Bentabole proposed that the nation should pay the debts of the friend of the people.

" The impulse being now given, the most extravagant honours were paid to the memory of Marat. His friends were so reluctant to consign his remains to the grave, that, before they could resolve on the interment, the body was actually in a state of decomposition. It was laid in state, wrapt in a winding sheet, which afforded the spectators a distinct view of the form of the body. Poems were dedicated to his memory by our colleague Andouin, and by Cubières-Palmessaux.* His bust was executed by Beauvalet,† who presented it to the Convention, and it decorated the hall of our sittings. The same honour was assigned to David's picture.‡ An altar was raised

* The Chevalier Cubières was a protégé of the Queen, who brought him up and educated him. He became a Jacobin, and a disciple of Marat and Robespierre. The celebrated Madame Roland surnamed him *l'Apollon de l'échafaud.* He died after the restoration.

† Beauvalet was a sculptor of considerable talent. He was an enthusiastic Republican.

‡ This portrait, which is a perfect *chef-d'œuvre*, is in the possession of David's family. It has been twice offered for sale, and on both occasions, the high price demanded for it, (a hundred

to the *heart* of Marat, in the hall of the Cordeliers Club, and hymns, addressed to the heart, were sung alternately with hymns addressed to the Saviour: this sacrilege is perfectly characteristic of the impiety of the time. The Rue des Cordeliers changed its name to that of Marat, the Council General of the Commune ordered a festival in his honour, and he superseded Mirabeau in the Pantheon. Such are the vicissitudes of popular favour. The mob is ever ready to pull down its old gods, and to set up new ones in their stead.

" Whilst the ceremonies of the Roman canonization were being renewed for the apotheosis of Marat, his friends were anxiously seeking those measures of revenge for which his death afforded them an excuse. The revolutionary tribunal went through the preliminaries of the trial of Charlotte Corday. The examinations commenced on the 19th of July, and the accused being conducted into court, underwent an interrogatory of which the following are the principal points.

" ' Who directed you to Duparret ?'

" ' Barbaroux.'

" ' It appears, then, that you learned from

thousand francs) prevented it finding a purchaser. Madame de Morfontaine gave a hundred thousand francs for the purchase of her father's portrait, (likewise painted by David). It was hung in the Hall of the National Convention, along with that of Marat

the public journals that Marat was an anarchist ?'

" ' Yes, I knew that he would ruin France. I have taken the life of one man, to save a hundred thousand.... I was a republican before the revolution broke out.'

" ' Did you not try whether or not you could strike a deadly blow before you committed this murder ?'

" ' I am not an assassin.'

" ' What have you to say in reply to these charges ?'

" ' Nothing, except that I have succeeded.'

" ' Who are the persons, by whose instigation you committed this murder ?'

" ' The counsel of others could never have influenced me to commit the act. I alone conceived the project, and I alone have executed it. It is only in Paris that people are misled by a mistaken opinion of Marat: in the departments he was universally execrated."

" The examination being concluded, Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, spoke in support of the charge. The advocate, Chauveau-Lagarde,*

* Chauveau-Lagarde was the advocate who defended Charlotte Corday, Queen Marie-Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, the Abbé Brottier, and M. de la Villeheurnois on their respective trials. The cross of the Legion of Honour, the cordon of Saint-Michael, and letters of nobility, (which certainly he needed not, being sufficiently noble without them,) were deemed adequate rewards

a citizen distinguished for his virtues and his generous independence of character, defended the accused. The following is a portion of his speech:

"'The accused candidly avows herself guilty of the horrible crime with which she stands charged. She confesses that she committed it after long premeditation; she acknowledges many dreadful circumstances connected with the murder ....in short, she avows every thing, and does not seek to justify herself. This, citizens of the jury, is her defence. The imperturbable calmness of the accused, her total abnegation of self, her freedom from remorse, (though she stands, as I may say at the foot of the scaffold,) her sublime fortitude.. all appear to be beyond nature, and can be explained only by that excitement of political fanaticism, which armed her with the poignard. It is for you, citizens of the jury, to weigh this consideration in the scale of justice. I leave the question to your judgment.'

"Chauveau-Lagarde having concluded his address, the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict. Whilst they were absent, Charlotte Corday turned to her advocate, and said:

"'You have defended me delicately and generously; precisely in the manner I wished. I thank you, and I wish to give you a proof of my

for him after the restoration. However, the respect of all Europe recompenses him for this ingratitude.

esteem. I have been informed that my property will be confiscated. I owe something to my prison, and I appoint you to pay my debt.'

"This was like the celebrated will of Eudamidas. The jury returned, and pronounced the sentence of death and confiscation. Charlotte Corday heard it unmoved. On her return to prison, she wrote her last letter, in which she renewed her expressions of gratitude to Chauveau-Lagarde. A constitutional priest was sent to assist her in her religious duties. She said to him mildly:

"'Thank those who sent you for their attentions to me; but I do not require your aid.'

"As she proceeded to the place of execution, a placid smile played on her lips, notwithstanding the insults with which the populace overwhelmed her. It is recorded in the *Moniteur* that, when she mounted the scaffold, her countenance retained its natural freshness of colour, and her whole appearance denoted a mind undisturbed. When the guillotine had performed its horrid task, a man named Legros, seized the head of the culprit to exhibit it to the people, and, in doing so, struck it several blows. This revolting outrage excited the murmurs of the spectators, and Legros was punished by the Tribunal of Police."

The above are the curious details given by Mercier on this interesting subject.

One evening, at the Arch-Chancellor's, the

conversation happened to turn on Charlotte Corday, and his Excellency informed us that, having a strong wish to see that extraordinary woman, he attended the Revolutionary Tribunal during her trial. He was struck with her beauty, her energy, and her resignation. She heard with contemptuous indifference the reproaches which Fouquier-Tinville heaped upon her. She stood in a simple and unaffected attitude, with her head cast down. After her condemnation, her mind was entirely withdrawn from worldly subjects;—yet, she shewed no visible observance of religion.

Prince Cambacérès was of opinion that Charlotte Corday's mind had been deranged by reading the writings of Voltaire and the encyclopedists. She was a *philosopher* and a republican. She disdained the observance of the religious worship, in which she had been brought up. Some have described her as a royalist. That is a mistake. Her political opinions were well known at the time of her death.

As to the girl, Renaud, of whom Robespierre, by way of a speculation, attempted to make a second Charlotte Corday, she was anything but a heroine. But her death was necessary to enhance Robespierre's value in the eyes of the Jacobins, and, therefore, the incorruptible patriot scrupled not to immolate her and all her family on the scaffold. It was an atrocious affair, and it roused the indignation of every honest man in France.

I asked Prince Cambacérès whether the Emperor adopted any particular precautions to defend himself against assassination.

"I assure you," replied the Prince, "he never bestowed a thought on such a thing. You, yourself know with what facility any one might enter the Tuileries."

"I know," replied I, "that neither on my first, nor on my last visit, did any one inquire my name, my rank, nor even question my right to appear there. Any well-dressed person arriving in a carriage, might have gained access to the *salle des maréchaux*, or even to the *salon bleu*. There any one might, with perfect ease, have assassinated the Emperor, by making the sacrifice of his own life; and such fanatics are not wanting."

"The Emperor," observed the Prince, "was alike unguarded in Paris, in the country, or when with the army. He never felt the least apprehension for himself, whatever others might feel for him. He would mount his horse, and ride here and there, with little, or even no escort. He trusted to his star; firmly persuaded that he was a man of Fate, and that Fate would protect him as far as might be necessary for the fulfilment of her decrees. Napoleon was essentially a fatalist. On this subject, his faith was almost childish. Fatality, in his belief, ruled the world. Thus, he was never very fearful of conspiracies. He used to say he was not *fated* to be their victim. This

feeling rendered him venturous beyond all parallel, and inspired him with courage almost superhuman. When I now hear him accused of cowardice, I am more inclined to laugh than to be angry.... It is ever thus! Mankind will never confess that they have adored the idol after having broken it; whilst, before its destruction, they could not offer sufficient incense to it."

This subject led us into a lengthened conversation. Prince Cambacérès and I adverted to the conduct of some of the imperial chamberlains, who had been so humble, so willing to bow their necks to the yoke of Napoleon, and who had the baseness to revile him in the royalist fever that had seized them since his downfal. There was one in particular, who the Prince told me, had once paid the most assiduous court to him, (Cambacérès.) He had not seen him since the return of the King, because this *gentilhomme* of the old régime had contrived to work himself into the household of a Prince of the Bourbon family. Prince Cambacérès had occasion to write to this person, upon some business of no very weighty importance, and he addressed to him a friendly note, couched in the familiar style in which they had been in the habit of corresponding. To this note, he received the following answer:

"The ——— presents his compliments to M. Cambacérès. His opinions preclude him from

visiting any but persons who are devoted to the government, and to the amiable family of the Sovereign. He was not aware of being so well acquainted with M. de Cambacérès, that the latter should feel warranted in addressing him in those friendly terms which are appropriate only between persons possessing congenial opinons. He, therefore, regrets that he can neither call on M. de Cambacérès, nor promise to serve him in the way he requests. Perhaps, at some future time, when M. de Cambacérès shall have given pledges of his fidelity to the royal family, the obstacles, now existing, may be removed. Till then, it will be prudent to suspend a correspondence, which, to say the least of it, is indiscreet."

"(Signed,) The ———."

"Paris, August 8th, 1814."

"Monseigneur," I exclaimed, when I perused this letter, "will you not inflict on this man the just punishment of stigmatizing him by the recollection of the past? Why not have this letter framed and hung up in your drawing-room, so that every body may see this flagrant turpitude?"

"Bah!" replied the Prince, "I have already seen many and shall probably see many more examples of this kind. Such trifles do not annoy me. The man is a contemptible blockhead, unworthy of notice, and I know very well that when-

ever the wind changes he will again cringe at my feet."

"Impossible, Monseigneur! after having written that letter."

"Oh! he will forget it, if it be his interest to do so. He will even deny it, if need be."

I shook my head doubtfully; for I was unable to conceive the possibility of such a combination of effrontery and meanness. However, the events of 1815 made me a little wiser. I cannot refrain from acquainting the reader with the sequel of the story relative to the chamberlain.

The 20th of March arrived. Louis XVIII and the royal family quitted France. Prince Cambacérès was urged to leave his retirement by the express wish of Napoleon; he found himself compelled to resume his title of Arch-Chancellor, and to accept provisionally the portfolio of the Minister of Justice. A week had scarcely elapsed after these changes, when one morning I went to pay my respects to the Prince. After a little conversation, he smiled and said to me:

"Léon, I know that you are curious in autographs. Take this to enrich your collection."

He presented to me a letter under an envelope. On the seal was a coat of arms. I unfolded the letter, and was astonished on reading the following lines:

" Monseigneur,

" Never was my heart animated by joy more sincere than that excited by your happy return of fortune. Nothing but the infatuation which took possession of me, could have made me doubt, for a moment, that His Majesty the Emperor and King, would resume the sceptre which he has endowed with so much glory. Your serene Highness is now restored to that high post which affords you the opportunity of doing so much good. I feel most proud of the many acts of kindness Monseigneur has conferred on me ; and I will speedily lay at his feet the homage of my most respectful devotedness and of the unalterable esteem with which, Monseigneur, I have the honour to be, Your Serene Highness's most humble servant."

Then followed the signature, which I scarcely need mention was that of the chamberlain who, in 1814, had so impertinently answered the request of a friendly act of service.

" Did I not tell you how it would be ?" said Prince Cambacérès.

" Alas, Monseigneur ! I am confounded, both at the fact itself and its possibility....But, thank heaven ! men are not all of this stamp....And how does your Highness mean to treat this fellow?"

" I will wait till he comes ; for I know he will come. I will receive him coldly. He will bear it.

He will come twice a week, then four times, then seven times; until at length, by dint of seeing him often, I shall forget the past, and perhaps some day or other prefer him to the men who are most faithfully devoted to me. *Ainsi va le monde!* We are all the creatures of habit, and three-fourths of that which we are apt to call friendship, is nothing but the reiterated contact of two heterogeneous bodies. But, though the spark may kindle in both at once and with equal power, yet they will never thoroughly unite, and be animated by the same sentiments."

I could not help assuring the Prince that, were I in his place, I should banish from my presence the man who could be guilty of such grovelling meanness.

"That would only be adding one more to the number of my enemies," replied he; "and where would be the use of that? By treating him with civility, I shall render him harmless. Believe me, it is best to tack about, and not to steer too adventurously in the face of the wind. He who does that may be driven on the rock on which he will break. Besides, who can answer for the soundness of our vessel? The prudent man always distrusts his own strength and power, and will never risk them unnecessarily."

I feel pleasure in noting down these maxims, the precious fruits of the experience of Prince Cambacérès. There are few situations in life on which he had not meditated, and on which he could

not give excellent advice. As to the chamberlain, he made his appearance, fluttered for a while round the Prince ; then, being endowed with a keen scent, he kept himself aloof ; and, after the battle of Waterloo, he was seen no more. Since 1830, he has become one of the most assiduous courtiers at the Tuileries.

There is another gentleman, of the same class, whose adventures I may briefly recount. He was originally known in Paris as a servant of Louis XVI. After the 6th of October, he became one of the adherents of the Duke of Orleans, whom he speedily deserted to convince Robespierre that, like David, *he would taste the hemlock with him.* The 9th Thermidor took him rather by surprise, but, as he was the relative of Barras, he went with his cousin to rejoice at the victory over the Jacobins, and to pay his devoirs at the Luxembourg. Being shrewd enough to foresee Bonaparte's elevated fortune, he paid his court to him on the 18th Brumaire, and, as a matter of course, was afterwards received at the Tuileries. There he found himself in his element, and there he continued swimming in smooth water, until Josephine's divorce was determined on. After this, he solicited the favour of being permitted to join the escort which was to conduct Maria-Louisa to France. All now went on well ; and he was devoted to the service of the imperial family. But Providence again decreed a change. Napoleon

sustained reverses in the north ; our courtier foresaw the Restoration, and hazarded a letter to Louis XVIII, who, in 1814, conceded to him the privilege of styling himself an *ancien royaliste.* During the Hundred Days, he was confined by the gout : but he sent his eldest son to Ghent, and the younger one to meet Napoleon. The Emperor fell a second time, and our *ancien royaliste* again threw himself at the feet of the King with a certificate from Doctor Recamier. The Capetian dynasty being consolidated, he sued for the pardon of his unworthy son. Afterwards, he deserted M. de Blacas, to join the party of M. de Decazes ; and he left the latter for M. de Villèle, on whom he also turned his back, during the brief interval of the Vicomte de Martignac's power. He had already begun his genuflections before Prince Polignac, when the three days arrived. Who can describe the fatigue he underwent in hurrying to General Dubourg, who was doing everything, then to the Duke de Choiseul who was doing nothing, then to Lafayette, Laffitte, Guizot, and others who gave the work its finishing touch? At length, he lighted on the staircase of the Palais-Royal, where he has since taken root. M. de Talleyrand, who knows him well, said :—" For the last forty years, we have never lost sight of M. P———. I feel sure of seeing him at my back whenever I turn round. He is like my shadow."

The Memoirs of M. P——— would form a

romance, worthy to be a pendant to that of Le Sage. He might justly be surnamed the Gil Blas of the Revolutions.

Society is overrun by these political weather-cocks, who turn with every change of wind. They furnish useful materials for reflection. But a truce to the subject. Whilst I write, I frequently repeat to myself, by way of admonition, this well known line :—

" L'ennui naquit un jour de l'uniformité !"

The letters which I have quoted above, and which are so perfectly characteristic of the meanness of the writer, bring to my recollection some others which I will likewise submit to the reader's perusal. The first is penned by a lady, a relative of the Comtesse de C———. She was descended from a parliamentary family, who had received titles of nobility about the year 1709. Her husband was a country gentleman of small fortune, who, previously to the first revolution, had held some trivial appointment.... I cannot furnish any further details. When the letter was first communicated to me, I pledged myself not to disclose the names of any of the parties concerned. I do not consider myself released from this pledge. The epistle, which is addressed to Count C——— and dated 1806, is as follows—

" My dear nephew,

" Ernest torments me to let him go to Paris. He is eager to see the world and to push his fortune. I cannot thwart his inclination ; and he will set out in a few days, carrying with him this letter. Ernest is twenty-two years of age, and in the enjoyment of perfect health ; consequently, I have had not a little trouble to obtain for him leave to quit the army on the plea of a pulmonary affection. He is a prodigious favourite with the ladies, married as well as single. He is a good dancer and a good fencer ; he plays the violin and paints flowers admirably. I feel assured that *Bonaparte* would consider himself happy in giving an appointment to a young gentleman so accomplished and so highly connected. He would be satisfied by being made a Prefect. Poor fellow ! his modesty is amusing. I hope that, in the first instance, he will be made a counsellor of state ; for he cannot seek a military commission. By dint of proper application, it would be easy to obtain something from people who should really consider themselves too happy to be associated with us. Ernest's great-grandfather was on the point of purchasing the appointment of *président à mortier* in the Parliament of ———. I have in my possession all the correspondence which took place on this subject. His father would like to see him a chamberlain

or an ambassador, and his uncle, the *grand-vicaire*, thinks we should do well to make him study the law, so that he might be fitted for some judicial appointment. The good old man does not reflect that the post of avocat-général would be beneath the talents of Ernest; and that, perhaps, if he wished to be procureur-général, it might be objected that he has not been regularly inscribed. Such an obstacle, absurd as it is, ought to be removed.

"Though Ernest is very young, I should wish to see him married, if an advantageous match should present itself. See whether there is not some relative of *Bonaparte*, who might bring him, as a dowry, one of those Duchies which will soon be distributed, and afterwards the grand cordon of the legion of honour; for, as to the mere ribbon, I have forbidden his acceptance of it. Napoleon cannot fail to offer it to him as soon as he shall know that he is a friend of the Marquis de X———. I should be sorry to see him, by the acceptance of that paltry decoration, make himself the equal of those low born soldiers, who, I understand, have now become great men. I must likewise acquaint you that I am exerting influence abroad with Monseigneur the Bishop of Arras,*

* De Couzie, Bishop of Arras, died an emigrant in London. He was a confidential friend of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

to obtain for my son the cross of Saint-Louis from his legitimate King.

" This circumstance, together with the annoyances to which we should be subjected here in our country residence, through an alliance with the *Bonapartes*, render it advisable that the said marriage should be secret. Napoleon has too much good sense to disapprove of this ; besides, the honour of the alliance will induce him to overlook this little difficulty. The marriage in Paris will not be the less valid, because it has not been made public in this part of the country.

" I entreat that you will use your interest in behalf of my dear boy. Accompany him when he calls on M. Cambacérès with the letter I have given him. M. Cambacérès will, I am assured, seize every opportunity of evincing his gratitude to my family. M. Gras—— used to invite him to dinner twice a year, from 1783 to 1797. He once travelled from Beziers to Castelmaudary in the *bateau de poste*, and my mother-in-law was on the point of going with him. He did not know her, it is true ; but still there are recollections which can never be effaced.

" Adieu, my dear nephew. All the family are in excellent health. My husband saw his son depart with regret. He would like to go with him ; but then he must have a motive ; and, to speak candidly, I do not really know what he could ask for. A man who filled the post

of *Avocat du Roi* for three years, under the old régime, has a right to be fastidious. His brother, who retired from the military service in 1776, and who distinguished himself in so brilliant a way last year in the drawing of the militia, has told Ernest that he will accept the command of a regiment. Ernest will talk to M. Cambacérès on the subject. It will be a good opportunity for raising the dignity of the present army by the introduction of an old officer of noble family. With regard to myself, I should not feel quite satisfied in superseding Madame de la Rochefoucauld, as lady of honour to the Empress Josephine; and, as she is not likely to resign her post, I shall stay where I am. I am not ambitious, as you may perceive, from my humble wishes concerning Ernest.

"I remain, my dear nephew, &c.

"Comtesse de Ger——.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that the brother of Manon,* wishes to obtain a situation at court: it must be something good, for we all respect him here. I should like, on New Year's Day, to have a surprise in readiness for that excellent man, the Abbé Lumer——, if *Bonaparte* would but let him have the neighbouring bishoprick,

* The lady's femme de chambre.

which will soon be vacant. Try whether you cannot obtain some indemnity for our nephew D——; though we cannot say he lost any thing by the revolution. Yet the indemnity would produce a good effect, and attach many friends to the government. If *Bonaparte* and *M. Cambacérès* should wish to see my letter, you may shew it to them. They like frankness, and I express my feelings honestly."

I will now present to the reader an epistle which I received from a near relative of my own, a grave old gentleman, who had filled a magisterial post for the space of forty years.

" It is reported here that a plan for a new judicial organization is being prepared in profound secrecy; and that every precaution is taken to prevent the public knowing any thing of the matter. All persons connected with the magistracy are on the tip-toe of curiosity, and would pay any price for the least information on the subject. From what I hear of the obstacles raised against public curiosity, there is little hope of hearing any thing. Yet, my dear ——— you may readily conceive how grateful I should be, if I could give *our gentlemen* here any intelligence of that which is a sealed letter to us at present. Could you not procure me some information at the Chancellor's office?....perhaps, from the

keeper of the seals, or even from one of the clerks. The pleasure of obliging so devoted a magistrate as myself, might possibly unbind His Excellency's tongue. The information shall be kept profoundly secret from all except *the gentlemen* to whom I have alluded."

I confess I read this letter twice before I could believe the evidence of my eyes. It is certainly a curious specimen of provincial simplicity. I am tempted to transcribe one more letter of the same description. It is written by a candidate for admission to the French Academy, and one who has since obtained the honour of wearing the green costume. The letter was addressed to me at a time when I thought I could count seven sincere friends among the forty. It is as follows :—

" Sir,

" Since you will not be my competitor for the redoubtable chair in the French Academy—since your amiable modesty acknowledges the superiority of my talent, I am induced to request that you will infuse into the minds of your numerous friends, some portion of the kind admiration with which you regard me. Will you be my patron? To act such a part, must be both gratifying and honourable to you; to quote a line of Corneille applicable to the occasion, I may say:

" De pareils candidats n'ont de chefs qu'en idée."

" Without affecting a vanity, which is far from my heart, but merely for the sake of that truth to which you and I ought to render homage, I may tell you that Europe is surprised, or I should rather say indignant, at seeing me so long kept at the gate of the sanctuary. The fair sex, in particular, are amazed at the severity of the academicians. I am fully aware that it would not be very agreeable to those gentlemen to see me all at once the *Prince of the Senate;* though I must inevitably attain that honour by the merit of my works. They have already been translated into every living language. The Turks recite them whilst they sip their coffee. At Venice, the lays of Tasso and Ariosto are no longer heard: my poems have superseded them. I feel pained that I should be compelled to tell you this.

" I have not ventured to give the slightest hint to M. de Lormion, and I will tell you why I have refrained. Having, on a recent occasion, when we were alone together, addressed to him one of those elegant compliments which poets sometimes hazard towards each other, he exclaimed, seizing me by the collar: ' Monsieur, if to-morrow you insert this in one of the journals and attach your name to it, I promise you that on the day after to-morrow, my vote shall be yours.' This proposition was embarrassing, I am unwilling to offend M. de Lormion, and, on the other hand, I attach too high a value to public

esteem to allow it to be supposed that I have one or several superiors. Will you, Sir, advocate my cause to this academician? Assure him of my admiration; and tell him that I consider him to have surpassed the two poets he has translated, (Tasso and Ossian.) But abstain from all comparison between him and me. By this means, you will avoid sinning against sincerity; for, if you consider me superior to yourself who possess so much talent, you cannot possibly rank M. Lormion above me.

"Tell M. Guirard, that I have read his tragedy; this will gratify him. If I were to see it performed, I regret to say, that the opposition expressed by the audience would prevent me from applauding so as to encourage him by a suffrage, which I know he would highly prize.

"M.M. Jouy and Parceval are exceedingly friendly to me. They are not my rivals. Therefore, they are devoid of envy. As to M. ———, whose mosaic literature belongs to the whole world, he irritated me so much the other day, that I apprehend his negative vote. His mania of eulogizing all Parnassus annoys me. Speak to him; soothe his jealous feeling. Point out to him that he may still hold a high rank, though far beneath me.

"Thiers may make M. V——— believe that his suffrage in my favour would throw me a thousand leagues in the rear of him. This would

be a master-stroke. But I am informed that, since the day of his reception, he has wished to close the Academy, and that, consequently, he will put a black ball into the urn. He will not retract this determination. No matter;—do all you can, and go as far as possible without compromising me. I am aware, too, that in speaking of me, he made this remark: 'I am watching him; and, if I see a good opportunity, I will trample on, and crush him.'

"Your two other friends will listen to reason. They see the altitude to which I am soaring; and they are not inclined to encounter a contest. In return for this, I promise them the immortality which my verses will confer on them. You, too, deserve the like reward, and I will take an early opportunity of addressing an epistle to you. Will you challenge me by an ode? I will furnish you with a few hints of what you ought to say. I am quite of the opinion of our friend M. ———, who says: '*every man ought to attend to his own affairs.*' He said without ceremony the other day to a poet who promised to write something complimentary upon him: 'Send your effusion to me, and I will correct it. Who can appreciate so well as myself the eulogies I deserve?' Now, Sir, it appears to me that there is a very laudable degree of candour in these words. Is it so extraordinary that we should be able to appreciate ourselves? I assure you, I was not convinced of my own worthiness to stand at the head of our

literature, until after I had maturely reflected, and compared myself with others. If the Vicomte de Châteaubriand had written in verse, I should have ranged myself by his side. But poetry disdains prose. If I gain admittance to the Academy, I shall be satisfied: if I should owe my reception to you, that favour will add another link to our friendship.

"Receive every assurance of my regard; it is imperishable, like the poetic crown which encircles my brow.

"(Signed,) ——"

I have often regretted that I did not receive this missive in the life-time of Prince Cambacérès: it would have greatly amused him, and we should have enjoyed a hearty laugh at it together. The Prince detested that literary vanity, of which the above letter affords so curious a specimen. He had a poor opinion of those bombastic writers whom he used to compare to finely decorated balloons, inflated with air. His pure taste led him to admire simplicity; and he held in aversion every thing like extravagance and affectation. He reprobated the romantic style, which was gaining ground so rapidly. His taste had been formed on the finest literary models, and he had an intimate knowledge of the best Greek and Latin authors.

At the evening *réunions* of Prince Cambacérès, discussions frequently arose on the comparative

merits of the writers of the old and new schools: Among the literary characters assembled one evening, there was a M. de C———, a very caustic personage, and a most bitter and severe critic. Just as I entered, Prince Cambacérès was saying:

"Monsieur C———, pray who is this Victor Hugo who is making so much noise just now?"

"He is a mere youth, Monseigneur."

"But he writes poetry; and he has a host of enthusiastic admirers."

"Well, then, he is a *sublime* youth if you will. But I fear he will lose himself in the extravagant flights he is taking to gratify his ill-judging admirers. He undoubtedly possesses talent; but he is utterly destitute of invention. He turns round and round upon the same idea. He wishes to be a literary legislator; but he will continually vary his poetic code, for he wants the stability of genius."

"He appears to be quite a neologist," said Prince Cambacérès, (this remark was made in 1818.)

"Yes, Monseigneur, he mistakes eccentricity for imagination. But, in spite of his faults, he will be the founder of a sect. However, M. Hugo is not the first who opened the tract upon which he has entered, and into which he is enticing others to follow him. In the last century, you and I recollect Retif de la Bretonne and Mercier, who adopted the romantic style; and they had

Saint-Amand for their leader, and Voltaire for their precursor;— for Voltaire was the first who turned to the use of art that which was out of nature. He was ambitious, not only to touch the heart, but also to divert the eye. He sowed the seeds of the melodrama in Zaïre, Sémiramis, Olympie and Tancrède; but his exquisite taste kept him within bounds. Then there was the bombastic Diderot, who, because he had an indefatigable pen and tongue, fancied himself a man of genius— a mistake which was likewise shared by his contemporaries. Diderot wished to subvert the rules; he wrote against them, and, according to perpetual custom, he made his theory apply to his own effusions.

"Romanticism, as I have said, is not newly born. M. Nepomucene Lemercier had his turn in this class of writing, before Victor Hugo was heard of. He wrote a play, the first act of which was in Italy, the second in Spain, and the third on the sea. His innovation was hissed. Do you know why? At that period, men at our time of life had not fallen into an absurdity similar to that committed by our fathers, who set up the philosophers in lieu of a King. Since 1814, an attempt has been made to establish a still more ridiculous domination; I mean the domination of *blanc-becs*....of school-boys. The *Constitutionnel* and all the journals of that cast, are every day lauding to the skies these beardless poets and

patriots. They are so eulogized for their works, that they blush to pursue their studies. A finished education is no longer thought of. At present, all this is merely ridiculous, but, by and bye, it will be a serious misfortune.

" These youths, who are continually told they are men of genius, really think themselves such; for how can they doubt the sincerity of praise which comes from men whose understandings they respect, and whom they believe too honest to deceive them. They entertain a thorough conviction of their own superiority; and, when they find their first productions attract no notice, they blame, not their own want of talent, but the indifference or unfairness of the public. Mental dejectment succeeds to disappointment. They expected fame, fortune and happiness; and they find their hopes are vain illusions. To awake from these illusions, would be too painful: they prefer eternal sleep; and thus they are driven by their own vanity, and the adulation of others, to the crime of suicide. This mode of ending existence is becoming daily more frequent, and bids fair to become quite an epidemic. Ah, Monseigneur! how criminal are the flatterers of youthful talent! What will they have to answer for when the tree they have planted shall bear its fruit?....But, to return to M. Hugo. He certainly possesses talent, though he wants the greatest of all talent—invention. I fear he will not be able to create for himself; though I

believe he is not the man to avail himself wholly of the labour of others, and I have no doubt he is fully imbued with the truth of the precept: 'Help thyself, and God will help thee.'"

"Ah, Monsieur!" said I to M. C——, when at length there came a pause, "how severe you are upon this poor world! You would close the path against innovation."

M. C——, instead of replying, shrugged his shoulders, took up his hat, bowed, and went away.

"You have raised up an enemy to yourself," observed the Prince.

"How could that simple observation have given offence?"

"He supposes you to be imbued with the principles of the new school, and he rejects them with the same fanaticism which others evince in religion and politics. He is one of that class of persons whose maxim is: '*Hors des règles, point de salut.*'"

"Well, if he had stayed a little while, I should have raised that conservative cry along with him."

"Then you are not an admirer of the new school of literature?"

"No, and for this reason. It has laid down rules, before it has furnished models. In all things, except reading a book, the right way is to begin at the beginning. Let us see romanticists produce

master-pieces which will dim the glory of our old divinities, then we shall be their sectarians by compulsion. And one day or other a Horace, a Vida, or a Boileau will step in to bridle extravagance, and to teach genius to hover within the confines of reason and taste."

"It is certain," observed the Prince, "that romanticism is not a creation of the present day."

"By no means," said I. "Our contemporary writers are merely disfiguring all that is good in it. They run into all sorts of extravagancies and hope that their faults will be mistaken for beauties. I doubt whether this style will outlive a quarter of a century. If it survive for half a century, and I live till then, I may apply to it the line which Racine puts into the mouth of Mithridates :—

"Et mes dermiers regards ont vu fuir les Romains."

The Prince smiled and said :

"I saw the birth of this mongrel literature. Diderot approved it, and Retif and Mercier professed it. They were both men of genius and vanity ; they were incapable of bridling their unfortunate facility, and they totally disregarded study. Retif always appeared to me a maniac. By what other term can one designate the man, who, under pretence of observing mankind, mingles with the lowest classes of society, and who, not content with this, compelled his wife and

daughters to participate in his degrading associations? There is no name by which one can characterize an extravagance of this kind. And this was not an error committed once in a moment of thoughtlessness. His works comprise two hundred volumes, and they present pictures of human turpitude calculated to inspire disgust, not only against the works but their author.

" I knew Retif very well. He was a handsome man, but always very dirty and ill-dressed. Whenever I saw him, I used to be tempted to make the remark which Aristippes made to Diogenes :— *I see vanity through the holes of your cloak.* His vanity prompted him to be jealous even of the eminent writers, who lived before he was born. He could not endure any praise which was not addressed to himself. It was strange that, though he himself would readily praise Mercier, yet he would not pardon any one else for expressing admiration of that writer. When he heard Mercier depreciated, then he would take up his defence with pleasure. He loved to be thought generous, and to deal to every one their share of praise ; but then he wished others to award praise to him exclusively. If Homer, Racine, or Milton were quoted in his presence, his brow contracted, and he darted angry glances at the *fool*, the *patriot*, (these were his usual terms of reproach) who had rendered the tribute of admiration due to those great men. I have seen him act in this way

fifty times. The success of his *Paysan* and his *Paysanne* completely turned his head. The *Contemporaines* is a very clever collection, and his *Nuits de Paris* are the offspring of a brilliant imagination. All these works, though blemished by gross faults, nevertheless bear traces of singular talent, and are well worth reading."

I had read the writings of Retif, and my opinion of them perfectly coincided with that of Prince Cambacérès. Respecting his personal appearance, I can say nothing; for I never saw him. He died just before I arrived in Paris.

" Among the writers who took up the defence of good taste, there is one very celebrated, of whom I shall say a few words. I allude to Marie-Joseph Chenier: it is necessary to mention his christian names to distinguish him from his poetic brother André, of whom I shall by and bye speak. Marie-Joseph was not very fond of speaking of his adulatory tragedy entitled: *Le Couronnement de Cyrus*, which he wrote in compliment to Napoleon. On this subject, I shall presently relate an amusing anecdote. I am now about to mention another of his works, and the storm it conjured over his head.

Chenier soon felt that the path of flattery was ill suited to him and to the nature of his genius, which was essentially republican. He hastened to recover his independence, and he proclaimed his return to his old principles by the publication of his *Epître*

à Voltaire, a masterpiece of taste, energy, fancy, courage, malice and impiety. The devout anathematized it, and the indifferent (who form by far the greatest number) read it with avidity. I was made acquainted with this production before it was presented to the public. Chenier had read it to me. I listened to it with profound attention, and when he arrived at its close, I asked him whether he really intended to publish it.

" Certainly I do," he replied, " and it will appear to-morrow."

" Well, when you rise, the day after to-morrow, you may put your night-cap in your pocket ; for rest assured that, you will sleep in the Temple that night."

" What ! without a trial ?"

" I tell you, you will sleep in the Temple. Napoleon will never pardon such independence."

" I am of opinion," observed Chenier, " that Napoleon is too young for this ancient sort of tyranny. At his age, the part of Tiberius would be inappropriate. He must postpone that till a future time. Besides, I have to expiate the eulogies which I addressed to him. This epistle is an act of political and literary contrition."

In spite of its good object, the publication seemed to be a very hazardous step. Madame de Fars, Madame de Lesparda and myself, endeavoured to prevail on him to change his resolution. But Chenier was an obstinate repub-

lican, and, moreover, a poet: he would have his own way.

On the publication of the Epistle, the Emperor expressed a wish to see it. Its commencement displeased him exceedingly.

"These lines," said he, to Count Regnauld, who had presented the publication to him, in the hope of mitigating the first ebullition of the imperial anger, "these lines are out of place. Why make this bitter attack upon me, at the very moment when I am seeking to establish public morals, and to consolidate religion, which is their basis? It would appear, that our poets are anxious to perpetuate the ill opinion entertained of the French people in Europe. Must we be charged with impiety because it has pleased Parny, Chenier and Ginguené to insult the religion which we ought to revere?"

"Sire," observed Regnauld, "the works of the writers you have just mentioned are merely effusions of wit and humour, and afford no ground of alarm."

"That is a mistake. I look on them as extremely dangerous. They accustom the rising generation, by whom they are read, to regard with ridicule all that is most respectable."

"But, Sire, according to the constitution of the state, freedom of religious worship, and consequently freedom of religious discussion, are permitted in France."

"This indefinite freedom of discussion leads to atheism. Besides, *I reign by the grace of God*: if there be no God, on what does my sovereign title rest? There is a close and mysterious alliance between the throne and religion. If the latter be attacked, the other will soon be in danger. I should never have been seated on my throne, had I not commenced by raising up the altar. Chenier is very culpable, he fills a post in the Imperial University; and he exercises a direct influence over the youth who are educated there. Certainly, their parents must be dissatisfied with the principles he promulgates."

Count Regnauld knew not what answer to make to this. The Emperor continued reading the Epistle, sometimes praising the energy and originality of the ideas, and sometimes making gestures of disapproval....When he arrived at the following lines, he uttered them with a marked alteration of voice:—

Tout passe, tout s'éteint, les conquérans périssent,
Sur le front des héros les lauriers se flétrissent;
* * * * *
Le pouvoir absolu s'efforcerait en vain
D'anéantir l'esprit né d'un souffle divin.
* * * * *
Tacite en traits de flamme accuse nos Séjans,
Et son nom prononcé fait pâlir les tyrans.

"Monsieur Regnauld," exclaimed his Majesty,

" your friend is resolved to make me his enemy! Have I reason to fear Tacitus? Are my ministers to be compared to Sejanus? Do not suppose that I will tolerate such insolence: four good walls shall keep the jacobin under restraint. Send for the minister of police immediately."

" Sire, why employ the minister of the police in this affair? Your severity will only confer importance on a work which has none of its own. Take no notice of it, and it will soon be forgotten."

" No, Sir, lines like those which I have just read, are long remembered. Besides, they are from the pen of a popular poet. Chenier is a powerful sovereign declaring war against me."

" Spare, at least, the imprisonment. May I venture to observe, Sire, that posterity, which will see so much to admire in you, will never approve the persecution of talent."

Count Regnauld always spoke frankly and honestly, and the Emperor, who knew his devotedess, was never offended at his bluntness of manner.

" It would seem, from the earnestness of your intercession," said Napoleon, " that you, too, stand in awe of the poet."

" Pardon me, Sire, I appreciate Chenier as his talents deserve; it is your Majesty who fears him.

" To punish him is not to fear him. I would punish him because he attacks God and his sove-

reign. And then the lines against Prince Talleyrand, what do you think of them? .... What insults! what personalities! .... And the affectation of always repeating the name of the Republic. The Republic is no more. A royalist who conspires now-a-days is less culpable than a Republican."

The conversation was maintained in this way until the arrival of Fouché. As soon as he entered, the Emperor began to reproach him for not having prohibited the publication of the Epistle to Voltaire.

"What are you thinking about? What are your police agents doing?"—were the concluding words of his philippic.

"Sire," replied Fouché, without hesitation, "we are intent on defeating the hostile schemes which England is directing against your person. I do not consider crazy poets worthy of such serious attention, and, as you are not a Tiberius, I do not see why I should consider myself a Sejanus."

"Who informed you that I would not punish such insolence despotically..A prison shall be my answer."

"All Paris would be thrown into excitement to effect his liberation. He is not a popular favorite now; but in prison he would become an object of commiseration. Believe me, it is dangerous to render one's enemies interesting."

In spite of his ill humour, Napoleon could not refrain from smiling.

" I should be very loth to render Chenier interesting," said he...." Well, let him be deprived of his post at the University..The man who outrages religion is unfit to preside over the education of youth."

There was no possibility of obtaining a remission of this sentence. Chenier lost his situation. He was not rich; but he spent what he had like a prince. His reverse of fortune could not tempt him to be guilty of any meanness. When I saw him after the loss of his place, he said:—

" Do you know, I narrowly escaped sleeping where you told me I should? But I have only been deprived of my means of subsistence:— this is a strange way to force me to approve of bigots and tyrants."

CHAPTER VII.

Count Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angely—His portrait and character—Special value set upon him by Napoleon—Sharp and unpublihsed sayings of the Emperor—Count Regnauld in 1814—The five assassinations—Romantic chapter in the life of a counsellor of state—Poison and chocolate, an anecdote of the days of the Empire—Baron de Puymaurin—M. de C.....—Story of an imperial spy, related by M. de Puymaurin—Incredible and disinterested language of M. Benoit, an ex-minister of state—Conversation with Cambacérès on the probable return of Napoleon—Unpublished letter of the latter written at the close of 1814—Tribulations of an ex-grand dignitary—The female chapter, an anecdote of the restoration—The dearly paid bride's clothes of a maiden espoused without a portion—Persons going a-begging—The actress and the window—A beggar who has lost his memory; stories of the present day—The Emperor and a grognard—Unpublished and anecdotical letters of Napoleon to Josephine concerning the battle of Austerlitz—The black leg and the joke, a fantastic anecdote.

"On this day," said Count de Saint-Jean d'Angely, as he was walking with me after dining

with Prince Cambacérès, who still resided at his hotel in the Rue Saint-Dominique, " on this day, many years ago, a singular adventure occurred to me. A partiality for the fair sex, has ever been laid to my charge. But, on what objects can we more appropriately bestow our affections? I consider them the master piece of nature; and, assuredly, when I contemplate a woman in all the splendour of her beauty, I cannot see in her the work of chance, but must fain confess the hand of a God who can alone have created her..You smile, mischievous Sir."

" I only admire, Monseigneur, how, from the love of the creature, you are brought to admit the existence of the Creator. Your Excellency is in the right road to salvation, and I rejoice at it."

" A truce to jesting, for I am serious; I am neither a bigot, nor a jansenist; but, when I reflect....my friend, either the impressions of youth possess an overwhelming power, or something develops itself within us, when the passions are blunted, and forcibly recalls us to those altars which we had pulled down through sheer giddiness in bygone days of prosperity and folly."

This language was too pleasing to me not to claim all my approbation. Count Regnauld is one of the men of the Revolution whose merits have been least estimated at their true value; by his enemies only has his biography been formed:

If we except what has been inserted in the work entitled Biography of Contemporaries,* he has

* Count Michel-Louis Etienne Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angely, was born in 1760, of a noble family, and held, previously to 1789, the rank of lieutenant of the provostship of the navy, at Rochefort; he was indebted to his talents for being appointed to the states-general by the *tiers-état*. He always held monarchical, prudent and honourable opinions. Proscribed on the 10th of August, he escaped the axe of the executioner. He was arrested after the 31st of August 1793; his life was saved by the event of the 9th Thermidor. Bound to Napoleon by ties of friendship as early as 1796, he followed him to Italy and Malta, where he remained, with the power of a viceroy, under the modest title of commissary of the French Republic. He laboured to promote the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Napoleon heaped honors upon him and loaded him with employment. He proved a true and a devoted friend; few have thus requited him.

A candidate to the conservative senate, a counsellor of state, a president of section, a minister of state, chief attorney-general to the supreme imperial court, secretary of the imperial family's civil establishment, chief of a legion in the National Guard, a dignitary of the legion of honor, grand cross of the order of the golden eagle of Wurtemberg, member of the French Academy, he was despoiled, by the Restoration of all his honors, and calumniated; he could feel no attachment for it. In 1815, he was appointed to the chamber of representatives, and made heroic efforts to uphold Napoleon. Included in the proscription of 26th July 1815, he quitted France met with annoyance in Europe, crossed over to America, returned, or rather, was brought back to Europe. This soul of so superior a stamp, bereft of every other light but that of reason, was beset with sorrow; then it was that persecution relaxed in its attacks against so much merit, let me add such genuine virtue. The gates of his native land were re-opened to him, but it only proved a shelter to his remains. He died on reaching the sacred soil.

been cruelly calumniated. He was gifted with a frank, lively, generous, and impassioned heart, as irresistibly inclined to pleasure as to business, relaxing in a decent revel from the fatigue of thirty hours' writing or of harassing thoughts; lively, full of wit, as vain as a peacock, but of that vanity which children are wont to display. His countenance beamed with joy whilst contemplating his decorations, his coats of arms, his numerous costumes; he acted the count, no doubt; but how many services had he rendered in return, how many tears dried up, how many bold struggles attempted against the will of his Emperor, of him who was the fanatic object of his attachment, in whom he delighted far more than the fair sex!

Blinded by the wonderful deeds of the great man, he believed in his infallibility; every act directed against Napoleon was a sacrilege in his sight; and, at the Emperor's voice, he gathered fresh strength, recommenced with ease a painful task, encouraged by the hope of pleasing, and rewarded by the mere expression, 'I am satisfied.' He grew angry at our lukewarmness, though

Arrived in Paris on the 9th of March, at eight o'clock at night, he expired at one in the morning of the 10th of March 1819. The hatred which had pursued him in life was transferred to his ashes. Enlightened in his best moments by a supernatural brightness, he was enabled to recognize his family and friends, and to forgive his persecutors. Heaven has great treasures of indulgence in store for those who close their days in this manner.

we were burning with zeal. Setting this fault, if it be one, aside, methinks I still behold him stately, gallant, merry, a delightful narrator, a profound diplomatist, a first rate financier, a skilful administrator, a splendid orator, a man of exquisite taste, a literary character of the highest order, a good father, a better friend, a kind hearted though wayward creature; but I will not disguise his angry moments, his stormy temper, his passionate threats. He has been falsely charged with being a speculator; as he exceeded all others in liberality, he was perhaps too willing to accept of presents which he returned a hundred fold; he gave away so bountifully, that he felt himself entitled to some compensation. I recollect, in reference to this subject that, in 1814, after the period of his downfall, I offered him an Egyptian obelisk four feet in height, which I had purchased in Italy and which was on its way by sea. He accepted the present with delight, and repeatedly reminded me of it. The events of 1815 occurred, and I left Paris. His own correspondence and that of Madame A..... R....., our common friend, attest the perseverance, the anxiety with which, in the midst of such laboriousduties, he kept in view the remittance of this curiosity which, being transferred from one vessel to another, and from hand to hand, was lost to us both....Though we had, for the second time, been overwhelmed after the battle of Waterloo, he never ceased to

apply in his letters for his promised obelisk. This assuredly evinced no spirit of cupidity; the article was in itself of no value; but it was an object of art. I had offered, and he insisted upon receiving it. Well, then, it is upon such grounds as these that wretches who owed him a debt of gratitude for services rendered, have represented him as plundering and speculating right and left; for the rest, the net amount of property, which remained at his death, abundantly proves that he never treasured up any thing.

It will not be denied that Napoleon was well skilled in the knowledge of men; he distinguished Count Regnauld from the crowd, and set the highest value and reliance upon him. The following expressions of Bonaparte were related to me by the second Consul:—

"If I confided to you the management of public affairs, with Regnauld to assist in carrying your decisions into effect, I should fearlessly go to the furthest extremity of the world, especially could I have Duroc, Berthier, Savary, and Marmont for my companions."

Napoleon, as I have said, employed Count Regnauld upon every species of business, whether relating to the interior or to the external affairs,—both indiscriminately. He had appointed him attorney-general of the imperial family's civil establishment, a great officer of the legion of honour; nothing was wanting to him; he was a

member of the French Academy, and his talents entitled him to a distinction which was envied by men of no pretensions. A royalist in 1789, whilst a member of the states-general; persecuted by the Jacobins; clear of the excesses of the revolution, and a victim to them, he replied, in 1813, by a respectful refusal, to the offers made to him by order of Louis XVIII. He never boasted of this circumstance. The Emperor was informed of it by the minister of police, the Duke of Rovigo, and, when he reverted to the subject, Regnauld answered:—

"Why, Sire, in my place, you would have done the same. Where is the merit in being true to our mistress, when we are enraptured with her?"

The Emperor, highly delighted, grasped and pressed his hand.

"Well, then, Count Regnauld, it behoves me to requite you; you may rely upon me."

The arch-chancellor entered soon after this pleasing scene. The Emperor, who was still under the emotion of it, related it to him in all its details, and the same evening, the Prince repeated it in his box at the Opera. Messieurs Bonnet and de Fesquet* heard him as well as I

* M. de Fesquet, ex-counsellor of the cours des aides of Montpellier, an old friend of Cambacérès, was one of the group who

did. The favour enjoyed by Count Regnauld was notorious; it threw into despair, and was specially irksome to, the Duke of Bassano, the Duke of Rovigo, Messieurs de Fermont, Fouché, Thibeaudeau and others; he laughed at it, was more considerate in his demeanour towards them, but flung at them the most biting epigrams.

The Bourbons received, in 1814, thousands of accusations against Count Regnauld. It was a masterly stroke on his part to preside at the French Academy on the day of M. Campenron's reception; he availed himself of the occurrence to justify his conduct, and effected it with so much skill, brilliancy and success, that public opinion again rallied round him. This proved to him a signal triumph; it was never forgiven him. He was proscribed in 1815, relentlessly persecuted, driven out of Europe. At length, he returned, fully justified from every accusation; but he did so to yield up his life. Having reached Paris at night, we were called upon the next morning to pay the last duties to his remains. We were inconsolable at his

constantly accompanied the Prince Arch-chancellor in his visits to the Opera, the Variétés, the Passage des Panoramas, and the Palais-Royal. He was a gentleman of great wit, extremely obliging and serviceable. His son-in-law, M. Bonnet, had the misfortune to be enticed into voting for the death of Louis XVI; he was afterwards director of the Opera. His wife has been held up as a model of grace, beauty and French wit.

untimely end, for he still numbered many friends. The French Academy, shunning a proscribed member, sent not the customary deputation to the funeral procession. The timidity of the officers of that body sheltered itself beneath an unlawful ordinance.

Having in the Courrier Français,* to render an account of this mournful ceremony, I asserted, on the contrary, and I acknowledge my having done so through a mischievous motive, that magnanimous and grateful towards a colleague who had, in the days of his power, procured imperial gifts for the academicians, the French Academy had sent a deputation, and I praised them for this act of courage.

On the following day, a letter corrected my error, and Europe was informed that, if some individuals of the party did not make their appearance, through shame, at the house of the deceased, in church, or at the burial ground, in a black dress, and consequently mixed up with, or lost as it were in the mourning crowd, one member only, yes, only one member of the company, M. de Jouy, had had the fearless and proud courage of putting on the grand costume of the Institute,

* This is the only article I ever had inserted in that journal, to which I was not personally the bearer of it. M. de J..... procured its admission. The prudence and moderation of the Courrier, and its sound literary opinions, have always procured for it a commanding influence over its readers.

dark green, lined with light green, and had bestowed a tribute of friendship and of just praise upon the remains of the illustrious departed. It is possible that many academicians may, at the present day, complain of the solitude in which I allow the hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin to languish; but why were they silent in 1819? I shall ever affirm, for my part, that the academician I have named, and whose whole conduct has been consistent in acts of this nature, was the only one whom we saw dressed in his costume of office.*

Consistently with our natural propensity to deviate from the beaten track, I have here enacted the part of those who, with a bandage over their eyes, descend, in a straight line, the green plat of Versailles; they wander here and there, and never reach the end of their walk. But as it is my wish to arrive at the goal, I resume the narrative I had commenced at the beginning of this chapter.

I was, then, in the ex-chancellor's garden, and

* M. de Jouy has never shrunk from an act of civil courage; his life is replete with traits which redound to his honor. The ungrateful youth whose power he was the means of raising in the scale of society, were insensible to his success and his merits; a day will come when justice will be done to him. This opinion, grounded upon a close study of his works, will attest my impartiality; the wrongs I have to complain of, at the hands of his party, have never led me to speak any other language.

Count Regnauld began relating to me one of the numerous anecdotes of his life; he pursued, as follows, the digression which had raised a smile in my countenance.

"I resided in my handsome hotel of the Rue de Provence; and was wandering in that elysium, which I no longer enter but with regret, so painful are the recollections which now crowd around and beset me. On a sudden, I heard a noise at the outer door, for my Cerberus was not sparing of the harsh watch-word *no admission!* He addressed, on this occasion, a female whose features escaped my observation; but the harmony of flowers, of stuffs, of the shawl, of the shape of her garment, denote youth, freshness, a slender figure; it is assuredly impossible that a dress of such taste should cover ill-favoured features. I feel inclined to stop the jaws of this boor, more snappish than Cerberus himself, who was loath to detain Eurydice from her spouse; I hastened to the animated group:

"What is it?" I inquired.

"'Why, I am affirming to this lady that *Monseigneur* is absent, and she will not take my word for it.'

"The scoundrel fixed his eyes upon me at this moment with all the boldness of a lying keeper.

"Well, you have done your duty; but, in the Count's absence, I, who represent him, shall

enter into conversation with Madame, if she will honour me with her confidence.

" On hearing these words, she turns round, and looks at me.... What a face! what features! what symmetry! she is perfection itself; I fell deeply in love with her; she follows me to the garden; the weather was beautiful and warm; the flowers emitted a delicious perfume; the atmosphere around us had a ravishing sweetness. I led to a green bower the fair incognita, whose voice is as yet unknown to me; I offer her a seat which she accepts; I occupy mine in such a manner as rather to appear on my knees before a new divinity than seated near one of our prettiest women.

" The conversation opened; I desire to know how I can be of service to you, Madam?

" The lady now names herself; she is the Countess de Wontorden, an Austrian, as she pretends; but an accent she would in vain disguise, strikes my practised ear, and reveals the deception. I have not to deal with a haughty German, but with a delicate cunning English woman who no doubt affects simplicity as she will presently assume the garb of virtue. She was assuredly a novice on the political stage. Thus forewarned, I was on my guard against every danger, except that of fine eyes and of the seduction which reluctantly attracts us to this amiable, open-hearted, but perfidious sex.

"It is now my turn to be questioned as to who I am.

"'The Count's intimate friend.'

"'What! you possess all his confidence?'

"He has not a thought with which I am not intrusted.

"A pause ensued; but as I also remained silent:

"'I bless my happy star which has led me to the presence of a gentleman....'

"She stops and hesitates, when I take up the subject:

"'Well, Madam!'

"'Whose manners encourage me in manifesting sincerity towards him.'

"Ah snake, thought I, begotten of Eve's serpent, thy sincerity will prove to be a clever but gross imposture which then will fashion into a falsehood for the greater glory of God.

"I bowed.

"'And you inhabit this hotel in the capacity of....'

"Of a relative, in the nearest degree, and of private secretary."

"'Ah! His Excellency's brother?'

"No, Madam."

"'His cousin-german?'

"A second bow of assent on my part.

"'I am brought to France, Sir, by parties of the highest interest; I desire to do good,

to render a service to the prisoners of Verdun.* I am wealthy, and commissioned to act on the part of those who are wealthier still; they desire to rescue at all cost their relatives who languish in captivity, and would not hesitate as to the price that might be demanded in token of acknowledgment.'

"Madam,' I coldly replied, 'this no longer concerns me; and, from the moment you have held up gold to my view, I am bound to be silent.

"Hereupon, she becomes lavish of assurances; she excuses herself through her ignorance of the language; she converses on general subjects, rambles from one to another, and thrusts forward an abundance of words of double meaning. Count Regnauld can pretend to greater elevation than his present rank; I should myself become a high personage.... I pretend to give way; and renew offers of service, which are accepted. I solicit permission to pay my respects; it is granted; I take down the address; the lady rises and departs, leaving me dazzled with her beauty and

* Napoleon, on the occasion of the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and in reprisals for the capture of French vessels by British corsairs, previously to the declaration of war, caused all the English to be arrested who were travelling in France and Italy, and sent them to reside as prisoners at Verdun. This measure, which appeared to me to be dictated by prudence and sound policy, was much censured. How could he, otherwise, have punished the bad faith evinced by his enemy?

gracefulness, but wholly mistrustful of her intentions.

" She is no sooner gone than I fly to the Tuileries, and relate all to Napoleon; such was my custom, and by this sincerity much mischief has been prevented.

" ' I would lay a wager,' says the Emperor to me, ' that Rovigo is ignorant of the existence of this damsel; utter not a word to him on the subject; carry on the intrigue; I leave you at full liberty to act; but, beware not to be duped.'

" Our acquaintance improves; I repair to the Countess of Wontorden under my real name; the only supposition is as to person; I feign to be in love,—she gives me an indulgent but cold reception. I complain; she smiles; I grow angry; she then says: ' What proof would you afford of your love ?'

" Any proof you may require."

" ' Well, if you can, by means of your relations, let me know what are Napoleon's real intentions with respect to Germany, whether he still meditates a descent upon England, and especially if I obtain a list of the names, and the address of those Englishmen, traitors to their country, who are in the service of your sovereign, if you add to it those of German and of French emigrants who are dispersed over the continent to enact the same part; then, at so signal a

proof of attachment, I shall avow the partiality of my heart.'

" She had not made such advances without long matured preparations; nevertheless, the subject was opened by degrees; the adventuress fancied herself safe in her avowal, imagining that she held over my affections a despotic sway; she had, on the contrary, just extinguished them by tearing away the veil; I now only beheld a pretty intriguer whom it behoved me to unmask. I checked myself, feigned alarm, but did not give a negative answer.

" ' You have,' she continued, ' many more matters to listen to. Contrive to procure me an interview with your cousin; I am entrusted with a special message for him.'

" I promised to comply with her wishes; she was acquainted with Count Regnauld's handwriting, my notes were accordingly copied by one of my secretaries, a trustworthy fellow, full of wit, a poet, of gentle birth, and polished education, whom you will no doubt have met with in society: Lebrun des Charmettes.* I wrote to her, on my

* Born at Bordeaux in 1783, M. Lebrun des Charmettes was secretary to Count Regnauld, sub-prefect of St. Calais, and of I know not what other place. Literature, which he successfully cultivated, is indebted to him for an epic poem, *L'Orbanide*, the heroine of which is Joan of Arc; it evinces great talent and poetic rapture. He has published the history of Joan of Arc in four volumes octavo with plates. It is the most complete of any,

return home, that with reference to the wish she signified to my cousin of having an interview with me, I had to express my regret at the impossibility of granting her request, having made it a rule never to hold intercourse with mysterious strangers. My delicacy, on the other hand, was a sure pledge to her of my secrecy; nevertheless, I added, my cousin will listen to whatever you may be pleased to impart to him, and will repeat to me the conversation which I shall weigh with all the prudence called for by the occasion.

"I could easily have put a counterpart of myself forward, but was unwilling to extend my confidence, and adhered to my first silence. I am thus become the bearer of my own note; I perceive that it thwarts the stranger who yet resolves to speak out. Louis XVIII has set down Count Regnauld amongst the statesmen of the revolution with whom it would be most agreeable to him to come to terms. That Prince desires the happiness of France. France cannot be happy without him, for he alone can restore peace, commerce and plenty; with him, agriculture, the fine arts, industry will revive;

is the result of deep research, written in a good style and feeling, and full of merit. He has translated many English romances, as well as Lady Morgan's France. He was chief editor of the *Abeille* newspaper. His father perished on the revolutionary scaffold; the son is a distinguished administrator, and numbers many friends, to whose regard he is justly entitled.

animosities within, discord without, will at once come to an end. He praises liberty on a large scale; a paternal government, moderation, economy, two independent chambers, responsible ministers, the vote of taxes by the nation, the press free from all shackles, individual liberty guaranteed, the empire of the laws, the charter in short, such as it has been lately promulgated.

"All this was reasonable, and even dazzling; I acknowledge that I was unable to listen to the details of such a plan without feeling the deepest emotion; I was forced to admit, notwithstanding my attachment for the Emperor, that the man who spoke thus was a fit model for monarchs. I was, therefore, so much affected that, altering my style of language and assuming a grave countenance, I replied:

"When I speak to you, Madam, rest assured that you are listening to the sentiments that Count Regnauld himself would utter; be pleased to convey them to M. le Comte de Lille. M. Regnauld would fain have it in his power to receive his commands without being guilty of a crime, without violating any promise, without breaking any oaths, without a betrayal of friendship. He would fulfil them with the most ardent zeal; but he is bound by the ties of affection to the sovereign whom he serves, and will never separate himself from him. If Napoleon, in consequence of events which none can foresee, and which there is every reason to

believe of impossible occurrence, should himself release M. Regnauld from his engagements, he would then serve the family of the Bourbons by every means in his power. Until such a chance should come to pass, the Count must rest satisfied with anxiously praying for their happiness. His good wishes go no further, and would cease as soon as the members of that house should think themselves warranted in emerging from their present state of quiet, and again attempting to disturb the condition of Europe.

" I know not what expression my countenance assumed on uttering these words, which, in short, conveyed a flash of light to her mind which had not hitherto struck her; certain it is that she started, kindled into animation, and, falling back a step, said to me with deep anguish :

" ' Oh ! you have shamefully deceived me ; you are Count Regnauld himself, and not his cousin.'

" This was uttered with such inward conviction, that coloring up myself, and taken by surprise, sensible, besides, that no success could attend any attempt to maintain the deception, I began to smile.

" It would ill become me to deny it ; but is this so guilty an act, and have I changed my heart for having taken another name ? assuredly not ; for you do not exercise sway over the heart of my relation but over mine."

" ' Nevertheless,' she resumed, ' you deny me what I ask ; you sacrifice me to your God, or rather to your demon.'

" Oh ! Madam ,be sparing of your reproaches ; let two verses of our celebrated fable writer be your rule of conduct. They have been the guide of my whole life :

" On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes,
Son Dieu, sa maîtresse, et son Roi."

" The Countess was silent—she was dissatisfied —and I regretted it. Then it was, that by a quick inward reflection, I shuddered at perceiving how great was the ascendancy which I had allowed her to acquire over my heart. I gently chid this extreme waywardness, which subjected me to a worse reception at the very moment when I acquired greater importance in her sight.

" ' Alas !' she promptly replied, ' I then indulged the hope of bringing you round to my wish ; whereas, I now feel that there is no hope of success.'

" Rejoice at this result, and renounce a game so beset with dangers ; you may be happy by dismissing diplomatic pursuits from your mind....

" Eight days afterwards, a servant and one of my secretaries warned me that an attempt had been made to tamper with them. I was returning one night alone and on foot, two men

attacked me as I came out of the Rue de Hanovre; they would have murdered me but for the approach of the patrol. On another occasion, whilst quitting the opera amongst the crowd, I was struck with a dagger which was stopped by my morocco pocket-book full of papers.

"I was silent respecting these attempts at my life, in order not to disturb the peace of my family, but I requested the police to watch over my safety. I was immeasurably removed from a correct surmise on the subject, when the Duke of Rovigo called upon me one morning in breathless haste. I felt surprised at his presence.

"'Are you acquainted, Count, with a Countess Wontorden?'

"I occasionally see her."

"'Would you feel much annoyed if I were to have her arrested?'

"Have you then a crow to pluck with each other?"

"'The case is not mine; but your own.'

"For my part, I replied with a smile, I bear her no ill-will; and, as for her, I do not think her my enemy."

"'In this, you are mistaken; you have lodged information of two murderous attempts upon your life. Five have been made; another is preparing for to-morrow. It depends upon yourself that it should be the last; the question is whether

you will persist in a blind confidence, or be pleased to follow my advice ?'

" I was amazed with this language. Could my dear, my beautiful Countess whom I had converted to my opinion, attempt to betray me, and even deprive me of my life? My astonishment excited the Duke's risible faculties to my very great annoyance ; he then took up various papers, the appearance of which revealed them to be what are called police reports. He read four of them in the following order:

" ' No. 1.—In the Rue des....Hotel de.... resides for the last two months and a half Countess Albertine de Wontorden, a lady of quality in the circle of upper Austria. She came to Paris to enjoy the pleasures of the capital and consult medical men ; however, she has not seen any ; she has much intercourse with Count Regnauld de Saint-Jean d'Angely, and transmits business as they call it ; she is a suitor, money in hand, and obtains... '

" I started up, waxed warm, and, with a volley of oaths told the minister of police that his spy was an impostor, a calumniator, who alone deserved punishment, and not the Countess, who was innocent of such guilty manœuvres, since she never had spoken to me, (this was the truth,) of any French intriguers. The Duke allowed my rage its free scope, and thus continued :

" ' And obtains favors which she turns to good account; but this is not all; this pretended German Countess is an English woman by birth, the daughter of a minister of the name of P.... She came to the continent and to France with a mission to watch public functionaries, and win them over to the cause of the Bourbons; this has been discovered by means of an intercepted correspondence in cyphers.'

" ' No. 2.—Count Regnauld's life is not safe. Last night, in the Rue de Hanovre, an Italian and an Englishman, in the pay of the said Wontordon, have attempted to murder him. A patrol disconcerted the wretches. The Italian went to bed, the Englishman repaired to his mistress, where he got intoxicated; and this creature, who is in the pay of the police, exerted herself to make him disclose what he knew; he related the miscarried assault. Being asked why this adventuress sought the life of H. E. Monseigneur Regnauld, he replied that he was ignorant of it.'

" ' No. 3.—H. E. Monseigneur the Count Regnauld was entering the court-yard of the Prince Arch-Chancellor on Tuesday last, an air-gun was fired from the doorway into his carriage. The ball passed through, and, as the windows were down, no report was heard. This attempt was made by Marco the Italian, a native of Venice; the Englishman and two cut-throats were in his company, and formed a group. This account was

also derived from the Englishman Hill's communication to his mistress.'

" ' No. 4.—An attempt has been made to tamper with the man servant who cleans the floors of Count Regnauld's apartments, and to induce him to throw a powder, to be given for the purpose, into water decanters and jars, from whence the said Count might draw the water which he daily drinks. Two persons came to make a similar declaration to the police, and have furnished a description of those who made the aforesaid proposals to them.'

" ' No. 5.—Marco affirms that Count Regnauld is shielded by Satan ; for he attempted the other night to stab him with a glass dagger, as he was leaving the opera ; the murderous instrument broke against Count Regnauld's breast.'

" ' No. 6.—Yesterday, at seven precisely, Count Regnauld went, according to custom, to visit Madame Augustine....Rue de la Michodière.... Marco followed, ascended the staircase after him, and, availing himself of the absence of mind of the Count, who had left the door open, he entered after him, concealed himself in a dark closet, and was preparing to take advantage of the opportunity, which in all appearance would prove favorable to his design, when the Count with his usual absence mechanically gave a double turn to the key belonging to the door of the cabinet, and shut in Marco, so as to prevent his coming out without

making a noise. Marco, foaming with rage, had to wait until the Count retired; the young woman also left. Marco then began to work with his dagger, burst a couple of doors open, and came with imprecations to tell the Englishman, then in the company of his mistress, the misfortune which had just befallen him. This mistress, by name Emilie Lisbin, was so indignant at the perverseness of these monsters, that she instantly came to make her report.

"Well Count," said the minister of general police, "think you that we are so indifferently informed?"

"In truth, Monsieur le Ministre, I will frankly own to your Excellency, how great was my surprise that such villains should be allowed to be at large."

"You would be quite right, if the closest watch were not set upon them; they walk abroad, but do not stir a step which is not known. They shall be pounced upon the very moment I so order it. I was first anxious to see you. You are invited to breakfast to-morrow at the Countess' house.

"Yes."

"An active poison is spoken of, which is to be thrown into the cup of chocolate to be presented to you. Will you go and exchange cups with the lady? The men in that case will not be arrested until the report is over; in the contrary case, I

shall have all the wretches taken up within twenty minutes from this time."

"I own to you," said Count Regnauld, "that I hesitated a moment as to what I should do; I do not boast of more courage than I really possess. I am a man for the cabinet, and not for action, and felt little inclined to expose myself to such palpable danger; for it was possible that the unfeeling Countess, in her apprehension of non-success, might dispatch me to the next world. Nevertheless, the fear of Savary's bantering jests, added to the moral courage we feel in the moment we cowardly civilians are called upon to display it, made me determine to run all risks of the adventure.

"The Duke, moreover, allayed my fears; every possible measure of prudence had been taken to save me from a wilful murder. I was fully resolved, besides, to feign illness, and to eat nothing but fresh eggs. I also felt anxious to unmask this worthless adventuress. I thanked the Duke, who returned to his functions; on my part,

> Honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris,
> Baissant la queue, et portant bas l'oreille.

I went, by way of self-punishment, to entertain the Emperor with this novel occurrence. Oh! my friend, how could I be otherwise than devoted to

the excellent Prince? could you have seen his rage, his horror, his indignation, during the recital made to him; he was like a roaring lion. He forbade my repairing to the breakfast, caused the house to be instantly surrounded, and the Englishman and his nefarious accomplices to be arrested. He bounded with rage. I had great difficulty in pacifying him, and inducing him to alter his mind; and he made me promise, that after my visit to this second Circé, I should come in person to give him an account of what had taken place.

"I could but feebly convey to you his affectionate emotion. He was no longer the mighty monarch indifferent to private details, but an ardent friend inwardly suffering at the thought of the danger about to be incurred by his second self. Had I indeed ten lives, I would sacrifice them all for his sake.

"My sleep was restless, and disturbed by frightful dreams. I could not resist settling various affairs on the following morning. My secret was repeatedly on the point of escaping my lips. I left home, however, without revealing it. The Countess received me with her usual warmth; she had brought several strangers together; all were unknown to me. Along the stair case, in the ante-room, the restaurateurs, and ice shops' assistants were employed in bringing dishes and ices. There were also many servants of the persons invited, besides other attendants. Every thing exhibited indications of the mysterious stamp of the police, and thus

satisfied me that I had not been exposed alone to the mercy of my enemies.

" I was sad, in spite of my endeavours to appear cheerful; the Countess chid me for it. I spoke of the bad night I had passed; breakfast was announced. I held the place of honor near the lady of the house; she urged me to eat: I had no appetite, for anxiety had in fact deprived me of all inclination to partake of any thing. I eat two soft eggs; of dainties I selected at hazard, and a little fruit; I drank nothing. At last, the announced chocolate makes its appearance; we were brought together to decide upon its merits; a cup is placed before each guest, mine is filled before every other: I raised no objection, but exclaimed on a sudden:—

" Oh Madam, can I allow myself to be served before you? no, no, I am too anxious an assertor of French gallantry, not to insist upon your taking what you so kindly intended for myself.

" I had hastened, ere I spoke, to place, by a rapid movement, my full cup before the Countess, and to take possession of the empty one which had been reserved for her.

" How shall I express the indescribable look she cast upon me whilst this exchange was going on? shall I say that it unsettled my heart, or rather that it threw a new light upon it? A crowd of ideas rushed upon my mind: every thing in the house became suspicious in my sight; my eyes sparkled with fire, my ears tingled with a sharp

murmur, I hardly heard what was said. I assuredly saw nothing that was passing before me.

" The lady, who was no less agitated, turned pale and red by turns, complained of my excessive politeness, and urged me to take back my cup. I opposed it. She made a sign to the servant who was pouring out the chocolate; he left off serving round the table, came to me, poured out the wholesome and frothy mixture, whilst his mistress fixed her eye upon me; oh! this was no longer a doubtful look.

" I am too ill, I said; it would be quite out of my power to drink this chocolate."

" ' It has been prepared expressly for you,' she replied with a reproachful tone.

" I know it, Madam; I had been before hand apprized of it."

" ' So I perceive; and it only remains for me to prove to you how much you have been deceived. Pusillanimous men, who are frightened at a mere jest!'

" A sardonic look of contempt overspread her lips. All this had been spoken in so subdued a tone as not to be overheard.

" ' Look,' she continued in the same tone, ' and blush at your cowardice!'

" She then takes the cup which I considered to be the poisoned one, brings it to her mouth, closes her eyes, and drinks the contents to the very last drop.

" ' Well,' she said, ' are you not ashamed, and will you not pledge me in return ?'

" I hesitated : my confusion was at its height ; nevertheless, her matchless glance was still present to my mind. I laid hold of the cup, the Countess brightened up ; I laid it down, she turned pale ; her whole frame was agitated with a convulsive movement .... I could no longer doubt, and suddenly rising from my seat, I said to this guilty woman :

" You are ill, I perceive : in the name of Heaven, Madam, retire to your apartment. Let a doctor be sent for."

" ' No,' she replied, ' I am quite well, just as I could wish to be.'

" At this moment, one of the police agents who was present, waiting for a sign from me, laid hold of my cup still full of chocolate, as if to remove it from me. The Countess uttered, at this sight, not a cry, but a frightful yell. She rose, attempted to seize the porcelain ; I interposed, she fell fainting into her arm-chair. This accident threw the guests into confusion ; I assumed an authoritative tone, and invited them to withdraw, in order to leave the people of the house at liberty to attend upon their mistress, who was labouring, I said, under a violent nervous attack. All hastened to take my advice.

" The apartment was filled, in a moment, with a swarm of public functionaries and police officers,

each coming to draw up warrants or offer assistance. At the very commencement of breakfast, the police had arrested Marco, the Italian, and the Englishman, Hill. Both cups had been prepared beforehand; for it had been foreseen that I should act the courteous man; it was hoped, in that case that, if I handed my cup to the adventuress, I should have no suspicion of her own. She was to invent a pretext for not drinking; so that I was in every event doomed to perish. I had defeated this plan; and borne away by her hatred, by her thirst for revenge, she hesitated not to repeat the act of Corneille's Cleopatra, in hopes that when I saw her swallow the portion intended for me, I would have no hesitation in swallowing her own. It needed greater command over herself to succeed in her object: for her intentions had too visibly manifested themselves in her physiognomy. For the rest, you will ask why so much bitterness against me? Hear, then, my candid answer, though silent I must be on that point, which I never can clear up—I must acknowledge I had wrongs to atone for as regarded her.

"The medical man I had sent for, and who had been kept in constant attendance near the spot where this tragical scene was enacting, in order to be prepared in any event, arrived whilst the guests were leaving the house. They were closely followed by spies and several were arrested. They

had come with evil designs against my person, but, on seeing the turn matters had taken, abstained from any attempt. Various punishments were meted out to them.

" Removed to her bed-room, the Countess had fallen from one convulsion into another. This was imagined to be the effect of the poison; but she dispelled the impression, for, having asked to speak with me, she said in presence of the doctor, the judge, and the police commissary :—

" ' The efforts that will be made to save my life are all in vain. The poison which I have taken baffles the attempts of the faculty to remove it; it will act imperceptibly, without leaving any traces; and unless its effects be accelerated, I shall live till the eightieth or hundredth day from the present time. You have been fortunate,' said she, to me with composure. 'We have each our wrongs. I am an Englishwoman, I hate France; I hoped to serve it an ill turn. As for you....'

" She darted at me a look of so much expression that I bent down my head. I could not even remain any longer near her; my poor heart was breaking. I assure you, that if I had really believed the cup to contain poison ere she drank it off, I was completely deceived by her determination to do so, and only resumed my former mistrust as my eye caught her significant countenance, whilst I hesitated what to do with my own cup.

What became of her? I asked the Count.

"I opposed her being arrested. The Emperor, in the most obliging manner, granted my request. She was removed to a private mad-house; the most skilful attentions were lavished upon her. Our first rate doctors vied with each other in endeavours to counteract the effect of the poison, but all in vain; she expired eighty-nine days afterwards. Ask me no question respecting her last moments; they were frightful, and plunged me into despair. Be assured, my friend, that the best thing we can do, when young, is to obtain the affection of women, without showing it in return; and when of riper years, to follow the Marquis de Carraccioli's example."

A tragic tale was thus cheerfully closed with a witty saying; it had, however, fixed itself upon my mind, and created a painful impression. When we returned to the gardens, the Prince perceived the gloom upon my countenance. He was easily annoyed. He knew that I saw much society; I was related to many persons about the court, to the Duke Abbé de Montesquieu amongst others, and he fancied that such exalted personages condescended perhaps to notice a bashful young man when lost in a crowd; such was not the case; I was alike unknown and indifferent to them.

Convinced, therefore, that under the new *régime*, and during the triumph of my peers, I was welcomed with that obliging kindness I had always

met with from the men of the Empire, the Prince noticed me in the midst of his circle; for, in 1814, he had still kept up a species of court. After 1815, on the contrary, our numbers were much reduced when he was allowed to return; the Prince, then, drew me aside, and said to me:

" ' What have you heard, Leon, what has come to your knowledge? is there some illegal measure in contemplaton? Ca—— threw out some hint of it yesterday in this place, and he is generally well informed.'

I shook my head.

" ' What ails you? open your mind; I believe in your attachment.'

" Monseigneur would be wrong to doubt it; but I advise you, and I do so with great reluctance, to beware of Ca——, and by degrees to shake him off altogether. No later than yesterday, I was dining with my relative and friend, Baron de Puymaurin, a member of the chamber of deputies;* Ca—— had paid him a visit that very

* Jean Casimir Pierre de Marcasus, Baron de Puymaurin, Commander of the Legion of Honour, perpetual member, from 1800 to 1830, of the Chamber of Deputies, Ex-Director of the medal branch of the Mint, was born at Toulouse, of a family of distinction, and, which is quite as good, revered for the eminent services it had rendered his country. On the 5th December 1767, his father was principal Syndic of the province of Languedoc, an office of the highest importance, which was only conferred upon men of honor, merit and virtue: times have greatly altered. A

morning; and gave me the following account of his visit:

" ' Fouché was still at the head of the police when, having called to pay him a visit, he suddenly said, in the language of friendship: 'Be very sparing of words whenever Ca—— may come to prowl about you.' Reflecting upon these words, and determined to watch the movements of the dissembler, I saw him constantly gliding into the chamber of deputies, at one time into the library, at another into the hall of conferences, without any apparent object, and he remained fixed to the spot. I felt annoyed at it. Wearied at seeing him wandering about each group of deputies, I at last used him roughly on one occasion, told him that

model of ancient fidelity, a skilful chemist, a theorist and a practical man, his cutting language hits home. His comparison of calumny is well remembered: *it resembles coal which is sure to blacken if it does not burn.* He had introduced into France, as early as 1787, the art of engraving upon glass by means of fluoric acid. He perfected, in 1812, the art of extracting indigo from wood, so as to challenge comparison with the best indigo of Bengal or Guatimala. A sincere, trusty, and warm friend, a learned man of the first order, a distinguished literary character, he is not known to have a single enemy; he has belied the old proverb, for he has even been a prophet in his own country. He enjoys public consideration; but he has not been playing a comedy during the fifteen years. His son who resigned, in 1830, his post of Director of the medal branch of the Mint, which our Kings had bestowed upon him, nobly treads in his father's footsteps.

he had no business there, that his constant attendance gave rise to suspicions, and that he would do well to check the frequency of his visits. So saying, in the hearing of a dozen people, I left him, proceeded to the tribune, and thought no more of the man. He was at my house before seven the next morning; I thought he came to propose a walk to the Bois de Boulogne, and the old Tolousan blood was already boiling in my veins; but nothing was farther from his mind! My man came to shed tears, to sigh, to swear by his hope of heaven, that he had never, directly or indirectly, belonged to the police; that he was greatly calumniated by such a charge, adding, that if he knew the original author of it, he would pluck out his heart.

" ' I must then make him known to you,' replied Baron de Puymaurin, ' he is neither more nor less than the Duke of Otranto; he it was who affirmed to me that you belonged to his establishment; I will assert it to his face. It is for you now to consider what you have to do.'

" Annihilated by this blow, Ca—— withdrew, pocketing the affront, and relieved me of his infectious presence; for he is as offensive as a dead rat. Ever since this explanation, I had long ceased to see him either at the chamber of deputies or at my own house. One evening, however, he reappeared, and said to me in a piteous tone of voice:

" ' What think you, my friend, of such base ingratitude; my best services have, for the last

fifteen years, been devoted to the government. I hold certificates from Regnier, from Fouché, from Savary, who have all attested my zeal and attachment. I have continued making reports ever since the first of April, and may still be found of the greatest use from my intercourse with the men of Bonaparte. Well, then! instead of rewarding me, of gladly availing themselves of the services of a man of birth (this was a falsehood) they are on the point of dismissing me. They should at least give me, by way of compensation on my retirement, a situation of inspector of gaming houses. You are serviceable, humane, in short—my friend!

"Moi, votre ami! rayez cela de vos papiers."

"I exclaimed.

"'You are very witty; the quotation from the *Misanthrope* is delightful. But still do take my papers in hand, a note of my *campaigns* (such was his expression); see d'Andre, see the chancellor, (M. d'Aubray), the minister of the interior (the Abbé, since de Montesquiou), and exert yourself to have me retained in the service, or creditably transferred to the lease of the gaming houses of Paris.'

"How is this? said I to him; do you recollect, last year, your virtuous indignation on

the occasion of my apostrophizing you in the hall of conferences?

" ' What could I do? you stormed; and such truths are only acknowledged in the last extremity. Come,then, let me rely upon your support, and I am sure of my place.'

" Such, Monseigneur, I added, is yesterday's narration, word for word, as I received it from a man who is incapable of calumniating another, and whose assertions possess, in my mind, all the force of truth.

" I saw the Prince bite his lip.

" ' Oh! the wretch!' he exclaimed. ' No later than yesterday, he will have it in his power to pick up a large stock from what he heard at my house; but he shall never more be admitted.'

" Your Serene Highness will do well to exclude him."

" ' Yes; but you are sad. What have you heard from M. de Puymaurin, the Abbé de Montesquiou, or the Duke de Duras?'

" Nothing: the first, because he knows nothing of what concerns you; the other two, because I am never in their company; the last is even ignorant of my name; the second is, no doubt, acquainted with me, but, judging from his cold reception, I perceive he does not deem me worthy of his confidence.

" ' I have, therefore, nothing to apprehend?'

"Why, Monseigneur, perceive you not the brightness of the Restoration? We may all sing in chorus with Ali of *the Beauty and the Beast*, slightly altering Marmontel's verses:

> "Ces *Bourbons* dont on nous fait peur
> Sont les meilleurs gens du monde."

"'Very true; they put no bounds to their clemency; I could accordingly wish every one remained quiet; whereas all, on the contrary, are in motion, restless, caballing! Do you belong to any association?'

"No more than to that of free-masonry, or of the white penitents. The part of a conspirator is only adapted to dupes or ambitious men. I will not be the one; thank heaven, I am not the other. I am attached to the Emperor. My blood, my life, my all—is at his disposal; but I will not evince my attachment to him by contributing to disturb the repose of France. I believe that his return is possible; should it take place,—should he come back as conqueror, I shall resume my costume; until then, I shall attend the existing representation as a mere spectator."

"'You are not in quest of employment?'

"I have offered myself to the new government, as every other functionary has done, but from a distance, by letters, and without protection. I was forgotten on my first arrival in Paris; I

went in August to visit the Abbé de Montesquiou, and recalled to his mind our family connection; he spoke to me of my father, his college friend, of their boxing matches, of their intimacy; he then referred me to M. B——, who held to me this remarkable language:

"'Sir, you are at the door of a theatre; you have a ticket, and cannot obtain admittance: it is only by means of an addition to the price that you can enter before others.'

"'Did he tell you so?' exclaimed the Prince.

"Yes, Monseigneur, without the slighest hesitation, and in the presence of my wife, who can bear witness to it. I was unwilling to give the additional price; and, with my mind full of Napoleon, and convinced of his return, I repeated to M. B—— the celebrated expression of the Abbé de Bernis to the Bishop of Mirepoix: '*Monseigneur, I shall wait!*'* save and except that I did not give

* The Abbé de Bernis, a gentleman of excellent family though a poor man, at one time the lover of Madame Henriette de France, daughter of Louis XV, and afterwards of Madame de Pompadour. He became Archbishop of Alby, minister for foreign affairs, Cardinal, Ambassador to the Holy See; he was an academician, a poet, a man of the world, and ended by becoming a pious and charitable man. He started from Cythera on his way to Heaven, where his virtues have no doubt procured him admission. He had the mortification to witness the revolution, his death having only occurred in 1796. When young, he was a suitor for a benefice at the hands of the active Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix; this

the title of Monseigneur to my grasping hypocrite.

" ' To reveal himself in such a manner !'

" It is unaccountable, I acknowledge ; but I heard him utter the words ; my wife, I repeat it, as distinctly heard him ; this is the occasion for saying with Boileau :

Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable ;

which, nevertheless, does not alter the fact."

" ' Are you, then, persuaded that Napoleon will return ?'

" It cannot be otherwise."

" ' I....I fear so.'

" Your Serene Highness fears it ?"

" ' Yes, Sir, he will hurl us both into fresh convulsions ; Europe is still in arms. The sovereigns have testified their hatred of him ; they are aware that, admonished by their conduct towards him, he would not forgive them, if he again acquire the

worthy prelate, feeling little delighted at the ruins and gallantries of the Abbé de Bernis, replied: *A benefice for you? you shall never have one so long as I am a minister.—I shall wait, Monseigneur.* This happy expression proved a prelude to the fortune of the man thus out of favour. M. Boyer used to sign himself *l'Anc* de Mirepoix, (an abbreviation for *l'Ancien*) ; and Voltaire pretended to read, by way of erratum, *L'âne de Mirepoix* ; this was jocose. Priests were murdered at a later period, which was worse ; but from raillery to crime the step is easy ; impiety leads to every crime.

ascendancy; and, in the first hostile demonstration on his part, they will all march in concert against him; he will find France unprovided with soldiers, or ammunition.... ; he has written to me.'

" Ah! how happy you must be!"

" 'I can shew you his letter; you will see what are his sentiments.'

" I rather think I shall only see what he has written to you.

" The Prince took me into his study, where I read the following letter, which I hastily copied off in pencil:—

" ' Prince,

" ' I am in good health; I hope my letter may also find you in the enjoyment of it. I am informed you lead a quiet life; are you contented? I imagined they would employ you....they are fortunate in having found men superior to you.... I grow visibly stouter, though I am never at rest; this is a small island, a handful of earth, or rather, a mass of rock.

" ' What is there going on in Paris? Is novelty still new? They say the court make but little show. The counties are poor; they will grow richer....are you freed from *our friends?* Their visit costs dear; it is fortunately well known where one may take back what they carry away; there is no difficulty in treading over a beaten road.... I see but little of my family; the Empress mother

is admirable in her endearments. Poor Pauline would afford me consolation, if I stood in need of it; her's is a heroic attachment....So much harm is said of me, that my name is not likely to be so soon forgotten....Bestow some thought *upon your Emperor*, or your colleague, as you please; he does not forget you....What are my gallant soldiers doing? how are they treated? on what footing are they at the Château? are they rewarded for having deserted me? I forgive them. They stood in need of trying a Bourbon, in order the better to appreciate their Bonaparte.

" ' Whereupon, Sir, my cousin, may God have you in his holy keeping.

" ' Your affectionate friend,

" ' *(Signed)* Napoleon.'

Without a date. I kissed that sacred hand-writing, nor can I resist doing so as often as the Emperor's signature comes within my reach; let this be forgiven me. As a monarch, he is my first love; my second love is for H. M. Louis XVIII. I only reveal my sentiments when their object is already in the grave—in this I prove a bad courtier; accordingly I am not of that *régime*.

The Prince returned, and said jokingly:

" ' I smell a copied letter.'

" Yes, Monseigneur, but copied in pencil, and

with so many abbreviations that my heart alone can decipher it; my eyes would fail in the attempt.

"You see in it the proof of his persevering to remain where he is."

"Yes, until the day when, surfeited with novelty, the nation will desire to return to the old system."

"This will not be so soon."

"Monseigneur, we are treading the beaten track, only to tread it over, again."

"Yes, this is the knot, I have understood it as you do; what a man! he is wealthy, enjoys every consideration, is no longer young. In his place....."

I was silent; I might have replied by the old adage; I abstained on this occasion. The Prince continued:—

"Attend to what I am going to say: you visit Count Regnauld and Carnot: well! assure them that, contented with my position, I have no desire to change it; I should refuse all co-operation in acts which might afford the highest promise of success. I will neither take part in them personally nor by procuring aid. Repeat it, proclaim it on the house-tops. There are men devoid of all reserve or discretion. A certain Colonel S....., came to propose that I should place myself at the head of a plot, of which he is the main-spring. Nothing was wanting except a sum of a thousand crowns: I shewed him the door.

General E....., General V....., and other madmen of the same stamp, have made me like proposals. I am neither a disinterested nor a factious man; I complain of nobody; why then should I give others more concern for me than I take for myself?"

The Prince was roused: I took good care that not a gesture, a look, a motion of my lips, should interrupt him. On such occasions, I had always something to learn.

"Last week," he continued, "the Viscountess de F..... was announced to me, a madwoman I had long lost sight of; I was courteous to her, and she thus addressed me:—

"'My dear M. Cambacérès, you have held too conspicuous a rank for the last twenty-five years, and that amongst the enemies of our sainted family, not readily to understand the necessity of affording to the Bourbons, and to those who worship them, a pledge of your return to better sentiments...."

"Madam...."

"'Sir, I am your friend; I grieve at the position in which you stand, and dream of extricating you from it; I think I have discovered the thread that will lead you out of the labyrinth. It has occurred to me that a signal act of munificence, on your part, would be productive of an effect highly advantageous to you, and such as you would feel beholden to me for having pointed out. Hun-

dreds of persons have been crushed by the Revolution ; and, as you were amongst the revolutionists, you must take your share of blame for their misfortunes. Now, then, select twenty-five widows of quality, all of them without children ; they are the most entitled to protection ; establish them in a house which I undertake to have erected into a royal chapter ; endow each of them with an income of six thousand francs ; place a superior at their head, with an income of twenty thousand francs ; and you will not forget,' she added with a prim, affected, manner, 'the eternal old woman.' She then continued, assuming with the aid of her fan a decayed gracefulness, 'On your nominating for the first time this superior who has inspired you with the happy idea of the foundation. Such an act of munificence will delight the clergy, enchant the Duchess of Angoulême, her august husband, our charming Monsieur ; the first families in the kingdom will manifest their gratitude to you ; and I think I may affirm that, this matter once settled, you will be invited to the morning receptions at the Château, and to the Sunday receptions after mass.'

" I could not feel angry at the extravagant suggestion. How thankful I am to you, I replied, for having so correctly penetrated my sentiments ! I have thought of something of the kind...."

" 'Oh ! you are a most amiable man, ever intent upon doing good.'

"The only difference is, that I design to be of service to decayed magistrates.

"The disappointed lady rose from her seat like a fury, called me every bad name, and departed. I knew her to have said, at the evening parties of *bouillotte*, that my intention was to establish and richly endow a house of refuge for the conquerors of the Bastile, the murderers of September and the Jacobins ruined by the Restoration, who would, by my assistance, have the means of clubbing together to assail it."

Does such folly cause Monseigneur any uneasiness?

"It rather annoys me; I am the butt of every attack. To-day, comes an old priest, a martyr to his faith; he is succeeded by a constitutional priest, whose supplies are cut off by the new bishops. To-morrow, I shall receive the petition of an emigrant forgotten by his king; the next day will appear a general on half pay, and dying with hunger. A colonel marries his daughter without a portion; this will not do; he wishes me to present her with costly bride's clothes. The dauber who has made a wretched painting of Napoleon insists that I ought to purchase his work which is not admitted to the public exhibition. His colleague will give me a certificate of royalist opinions if I will disgrace my saloon by hanging there, (after paying a heavy price for the purchase,) his portrait of Louis XVI welcomed by Henry IV to the Elysian fields. I can affirm having heard an

author, who, after dedicating to me the first edition of his works, proposed that I should subscribe to the second edition dedicated to M. de Fontanes, in the preface of which he adverts to the homage which bashful merit had been formerly compelled to pay to the usurping powers. All such taxes upon my purse are insupportable to me. I give, and assuredly not with a sparing hand; but I desire to do so as I best think proper, with judgment, to those who are actually in want, to persons who are really in indigent circumstances."

I thought his complaints were well founded; what bounds are there to the grasping dispositions of those perfect pickpockets who clip your purse by means of fine phrases and of impudent falsehoods?

I can instance two cases of the kind which are wholly unparalleled.

I was writing in my study, when a lady was announced to me. I rise; the lady walks in. My first glance at her reveals to me that she is a a female of loose character or an actress. I should rather have said she was both. She has some remains of beauty, but she smells of vice at an immeasurable distance, notwithstanding her perfume of amber. She has had misfortunes, as if misfortunes were ever wanting to strolling actresses, and she applied to me to repair them. Thanks, alas! to the last revolution, I was no richer than she was; I frankly told her so, when she replied:

" ' I am not come here to give you alms, but to receive alms from you ; I am in want of five francs ; if you refuse them, I open the window, and throw myself out into the street.'

" And the violent creature seemed about to suit the action to the threat. I was seized with fright ; I never could have forgiven myself her death ; what a sight, moreover, for the neighbours was this contest with a woman at an open window! I handed her the five francs thus extorted from me by violence, when she departed, saying :—

" ' You have done well : for, had you refused me, I should, one way or another, have been the ruin of you.'

" I was afterwards blamed for not having placed her in the hands of the police ; but I am of M. de Puymaurin's opinion, (see a previous note of this chapter). An uproar of this kind always proves injurious, the more so, I repeat it, as the woman had yet some remains of beauty.

" On another occasion, I was visited by a tall, thin, pale gentleman, with his hand across his breast ; he wore a fine hat and white linen ; he came to beg for two families, and called my attention to the contrast between them. The members of No. 1 are ruined royalists of the old nobility those of No. 2 are a father, a mother, and ten children, all workmen and republicans ; but christian charity is inexhaustible ; he is him-

self, besides, an ex-clerk in the finance department.

" In that case, you had better go to my neighbour."

" ' I have just come from there, Sir; what a heart of iron!'

" He! why he is a most serviceable man."

" ' Sir, he is a man of letters, an impious man, a democrat; his abominable work, *History of the Inquisition of France*, conceals a venom which you would have noticed as I have done.'

" By these words, I perceived that the petitioner, who had drawn his information from the Almanack of the twenty-five thousand addresses, had mistaken one story of the house for another; he fancied himself in presence of a superior officer of the finance department, whereas he was in my own apartment. I enjoyed the mistake, and did not undeceive him.

" You are, then, acquainted with M. de Langon?"

" ' I am so, to my sorrow; he caused me to be removed in 1830 from the place which I held, and which he had turned over to himself. Oh! Sir, you are thought very differently of in this place.'

" But have you seen him?"

" ' Upwards of fifty times; I have even told him. . .'

" Assuredly not what he is going himself to tell you; which is, that you are a miserable wretch,

an imposter, a cheat; for I am the man of letters whose misfortune it is to be exposed to the rapacity of a scoundrel such as you, because my name happens to be inserted in almanacks; you are not with M. M.—— but with M. de Langon whom you are so well acquainted with, who is an impious man, a democrat, and in high favor with the party of 1830.

"I might have preached for an hour; the scoundrel, caught in his own snare, knew not what countenance to assume; at last, he took up his hat: I followed, apprehensive of some theft, until he reached the staircase door; when he got outside, he cried out:

"'I will be revenged.'

"He did take his revenge, accordingly."

Nothing can exceed the audacity of this sort of beggars; they are among the plagues of Paris which the police do not pursue with all the means at their command. This signal abuse is kept up, as well as the shameful traffic of goods deposited at houses, and giving rise to quarrels and even lawsuits, by the aid of those almanacks in which are presented, to all who wish to turn them to profitable account, the names and residences of a multitude of citizens who are, in a manner, the property of the public. Thieves, tradesmen in embarrassed circumstances, agents of the political police, abandoned females, all vicious characters or imposters take advantage of them, make these

almanacks their daily study, and, assisted by such slender information, enter your house, the retirement of which cannot elude their search. I invariably inquire of all those who come to me under some vague pretence, by whom they are sent; and they are forced to acknowledge that such indiscreet dictionaries are their patrons and my intimate friends.

But I have dwelt long enough upon these sharpers of both sexes. Napoleon who, as a private individual, had suffered much from their false stories, held them in abhorrence; and they kept aloof during the whole course of his reign. Emboldened by the Restoration, they have become an intolerable nuisance. Napoleon delighted in treating his soldiers with kindness, in conversing with, and even in gently provoking them; they knew and took advantage of it with remarkable reserve and moderation. The French nation are distinguished by an exquisite sense of delicacy, and unparalleled judgment. No other nation, not excepting the Italians, is gifted with such superior tact.

I recollect, amongst other instances, that at a review at which I was present, an old *grognard*, as he called them, who strictly conformed, for the rest, to the species of ceremony observed amongst military men, and which was part of the camp etiquette,—an old *grognard* stepped out of the ranks, presented arms, held up his hand to his

shako, and stood as still and motionless as the statue of one of the guards of Pharoah. The Emperor, whose eye was glancing at this manœuvre, walked two or three steps forward, as it were at random; then, suddenly wheeling round, and finding himself face to face with the *grognard*, thus opened the colloquy with his hollow voice:

"What is it you want?"

"Tell me, Sire: how much longer shall I have to run after the cross of honour?"

"Oh! you desire to have it?"

"I deserve it."

"You say so?"

"My services prove it; my comrades will attest so by ....!"

"Don't swear."

"Zounds! Is it not mortifying to think that I should have followed you to Italy where we thrashed Wurmser at Mantua, and Melas at Marengo, afterwards when we beat the Austrians at Austerlitz, where the other Emperors, the pair of whom were no match for you, were so courteously treated; —at Jena, where we gave it to the Prussians to their heart's content; and yet, after all, to be no further advanced than a novice who still sobs after his mother's pap?"

"I have, in fact, seen you every where."

"Well then, Sire, contrive so that I may see a piece of red ribbon at my button hole."

" Have you been wounded?" inquired Napoleon.

" Nine times."

" This is worth a pension and a cross. You shall have both."

The Emperor walked on; the veteran followed him.

" Sire, one word more. They have been so often promised me that I fear you will forget me like those wheedlers have done."

" Oh! you mistrust me? this shows no great respect for me; but, since you will not rely on my word, here are pledges."

" The Emperor unfastened his cross, for he always wore a silver one, like a mere knight of the order, gave it to the soldier, and with it a handful of gold.

It was during that campaign of Austerlitz, which the soldier was recalling to mind, that Napoleon wrote with his own hand, to Josephine, two days after the famous battle, the following letter; its insertion here will no doubt gratify the reader.

" My dear Josephine,

" My star still guides me on my way; the battle I have just won, and which the soldiers insist upon calling the battle of the three Emperors, will perhaps shine, in aftertimes, with

greater brilliancy than that of Marengo, its eldest sister. I am all happiness! Heaven grant that it may continue. Wonder how great is my good fortune; I conquered, the day before yesterday, the anniversary of our coronation. All my officers have performed prodigies of valour in this campaign; my soldiers are heroes. With them, one might proceed to the extremity of the world, and I have a great mind to undertake the journey. The Austrians have behaved like children; there is, amongst their military men, no such honour as we in France understand by the word; they feel no shame in their defeat. They are surrounded, yield up their swords and go to dine with a good appetite. The ignorance of those officers quite sickens one. With twenty grenadiers of my guard, I would undertake to beat, with the flat of our swords, four hundred officers of that nation, ranged in order of battle.

"These people, so full of boasting on the very eve of the battle, are now perfectly abject before me; how can so much pride and servility be found combined! My brother, the Emperor Francis, came to visit me in my bivouac; I was, and am still, in a wood and straw hut, which my aides-de-camp had ornamented with the standards taken from the enemy. When I learnt that His Majesty was approaching, I ordered those hangings to be removed, which I shall send off to the Invalides.

"The Emperor Francis came in a carriage

drawn by six horses, with no other suite than the two Princes of Lichtenstein and General Prince Schwartzemberg. He appeared like a perplexed old dotard; this was in rule. I received him as well as I could, did him the honors of my hut, and said to him: I receive you in the only palace I have inhabited for upwards of two months. He lisped out, with a smile, the following reply: 'You turn this habitation to such good account, that you must feel a liking for it.' We spoke of business in a summary manner. Our plenipotentiaries will supply the rest; he shall learn the cost of a short war against me. He has had the generosity to intercede with me in behalf of the King of Naples. That King, I answered, has ceased to reign. He is my brother-in-law. He is the slave of his wife. I then added with a graver tone: He came to treat with, and forthwith betrays me; he welcomes the English and the Russians; he shall disappear from the kingdom of Naples. My brother changed the conversation, and presented to me the three Princes who came in the Emperor's suite. I received them well. They are men of distinguished merit. I have avoided paying a visit to the Empress, in order to spare her the pain of an embarrassing position with respect to her family.

"Count Haugwitz arrived on the eve of the battle; was very mysterious, spoke little, and almost in threatening language. I suspected that

English gold had worked in that quarter. I said to Caulaincourt, whom I commissioned to treat with him: Induce Haugwitz to start for Vienna; he will await the results. In virtue of those results, my dear Josephine, Prussia remains my faithful ally. The Count returned, for the express purpose of congratulating me. His Sovereign is delighted at my success; he was so lavish in my praise, that I could not help saying to Murat: This is a compliment, of which fortune has altered the address.

"This letter is of immoderate length, such as I have not written for a long time. I renew to you the assurances of my unbounded love. Your son performs wonders; embrace your daughter, the children, my brothers, my mother whom I should have named first, all my friends, in short. There will soon be another crown in the family. Adieu.

"NAPOLEON."

This man was colossal in every thing!

The above letter recalls others to my mind, one in particular, which is not without its merit. Savary wrote it to a lady with whom he lived upon terms of close intimacy. He very correctly described in it the confusion of Alexander after the battle of Austerlitz, which was so much at variance with his boasting previously to that celebrated action. Nevertheless, I prefer making my readers acquainted with another which was written

to me by a friend who was in the service of Josephine; it will afford a pause to the reader's imagination.

"Are you fond of gossip, my dear friend? Say you are, for what else can I send you from Malmaison? It is an absolute bear-garden, such idle talk, such prattle, such petty quarrels and nocturnal adventures. The latter may be reckoned by dozens. I select one, which will enable you to fill up the remainder.

"Josephine is, as you know, the very best amongst the best of women; she never was backward in promoting the happiness of any one who asked a service at her hands; she has solicited so much, and so unreservedly from our ministers, that her credit with them has altogether ceased. The fact is so notorious that petitioners, a peculiar race whom Providence has created to annoy the remainder of the children of Adam, have insensibly withdrawn themselves from her; they are a keen scented race, and have found out her disfavour. None but stupid, daring provincialists now apply to the Empress, just as they would to any of her footmen; they at least come to us petition in hand, and speak of veneration, love and gratitude; their grievances are scarcely listened to.

"But what her Majesty the Empress is unable to effect in public affairs, she does in her

own audience; and, though she has often had reason to complain of ingratitude, we nevertheless occasionally see a young and pretty creature, very foolish or very witty, which is the same thing, admitted as an inmate of her apartments, become the butt of mischief-loving ladies, and an object of attraction for a swarm of pages, equerries, young chamberlains, and of others of still lower degree. This lasts until the damsel disappears. She is lost in a cloud, or she runs away with some giddy fellow; or, which is of more frequent occurrence, owing to well merited disgrace, she is sent back by the *diligence* to her own family or to her convent.

"A perfect wonder made her appearance amongst us some months ago; a nymph-like shape, a Venus in figure, the presence of a Diana, Absalom's hair, (this letter was dated in the days of the Empire), gentleness, simplicity, innocence, no wit, little common sense, but a fascinating countenance, and beauty enough to spare to any one else who might stand in need of it; add to this, a brilliant complexion, eyes that would drive one to despair by their provoking expression; in short, a very apple of discord amongst us.

"A week had not elapsed when the verses of La Fontaine

> Deux coqs vivaient en paix: une poule survient,
> Et voilà la guerre allumée.

might with propriety have been applied to Malmaison. The first whisper was: Peter is the favorite of Mademoiselle de ——— No, Paul is the man—perhaps both at once? These rumours fly about; conjectures follow. We were under the sway of angry and tyrannical feelings. This state of things would have long continued, had not the Empress calling to me one evening, said:—

" ' M. de ..... I request you will tell me what is this black-leg of which so many stories are related.'

" A black-leg?" I unconsciously repeated, as it happens when any thing is mentioned which we are unprepared to hear.

" ' Yes, Sir, that unlucky spectre which under the guise of a colossal leg, covered over with black crape, wanders about in the garden when all discreet persons at least have retired to rest.'

" I respectfully answered that such as these had not been confided to me, for it was well known I would instantly put a stop to them.

" ' Well, Sir, I request you will take measures, accordingly. I am fond of the days of chivalry as represented in romance, or at the theatre Feydeau; but, after sun-set, and in this place, such scenes are highly blameable.'

" It was now my turn to be angry; I knew and was assured, that the apparitions of the enormous black-leg were no invention. This hideous spectre

had shewn himself, for the last fifteen days, or rather nights, to speak more correctly. The servants of the household, the very companies of the guard, were already a prey to the terrors of superstition. Husbands returned to the company of their wives at an earlier hour; female friends slept together; and, with the exception perhaps of Her Majesty, the ladies no longer disguised their fears.

"I had for a servant a phlegmatic German, as strong as a Turk, as brave as Cæsar; he attends me at my summons. I give him my instructions: a bottle of wine, a pie, some bread, and ten francs, promising him double the sum if he consents to explore the park in the night time. He engages to do so. My mind being now at ease, I retire to rest. On awaking the next morning, I behold Momer before me; he was a perfect phantom; he is no longer the same lively, quiet man I had hitherto found him: he is harrassed, taciturn, and half intoxicated."

"What have you ascertained?"

"'I beseech you, Sir, give me my discharge.'

"Your discharge? what for? you are dreaming!"

"'I beg, Sir, you will pardon my ingratitude: but I have no longer the courage to expose myself willingly to a certain and sudden death. I wish to quit France and return to Germany.'

"I am amazed; what has occurred, what have you seen? answer me."

"'If you desire it, I will tell you the truth.'

" What a simpleton you are! was it to conceal from me what you might discover that I sent you last night to run about the fields and keep watch in the park?"

" 'In that case, I will tell you that I have seen the black-leg; it spoke to me, and I must instantly quit your service under pain of an early death and eternal punishment.'

" I was waxing angry, but checked myself, rose up, and, unable to get from this silly fellow any thing more than incoherent words, I granted him his request; he was to remain eight days longer in my service, and then take his departure.

" In the course of the morning, two soldiers of the battalion of the old guard, which was stationed on duty at the Château, came up to speak with me. My German servant had told them of his mishap; they turned him into ridicule, and proposed to replace him, provided I could obtain their officer's permission to sleep out. I applauded their zeal, gave them some drink, settled the question of discipline with the commander, who consented to part for twenty-four hours with his two men, both excellent troopers, with huge mustachios, who with pointed bayonets have already caused so much terror to the living that I assuredly calculated on their giving some alarm to the dead. Now, we cannot fail to have accounts of this black-leg.

" I watched the dawn of day with almost super-

stitious impatience; I am informed, at the hour of seven, that one of the *grognards* desires to speak with me: he enters my room.

"Where is your comrade?"

"'In the hospital, Sir.'

"Has he been wounded?"

"'May Heaven forgive you, Sir; it is unfair thus to bring christians into the presence of Satan.'

"What! have you seen it?"

"'No doubt, I have; if I am on my legs, I am hardly the better for it. Nichole is nearly dead with fright: the poor fellow never can recover from it.'

"But what is it, after all?"

"'The black-leg; you know all about it. I need not say more. Oh! the wretch, how hideous!'

"Has it appeared to you?"

"'Indeed, it has, soul and body, head, feet and hands.'

"A leg! you talk nonsense."

"'One might do so with far less cause for it. I am going in quest of Monsieur le Curé, to confess my sins to him....Joking apart, it is a grand sight.'

"I gave him his fee, and bit my lips. The alarm increases. On the approach of night, no one dares to stir a single step; we only hear of marvellous stories. The phantom has been every

where; he has been seen in the gallery leading to the apartment of Mademoiselle M.....: the poor girl is beside herself with fright.

"The lapse of a few days only added to the general terror. I was advised to apply to the police; but was reluctant to adopt this course, knowing how much the Empress was averse to any intercourse with them. Nevertheless, Her Majesty still complained, and the mischievous imp persisted in his pranks. Stung to the quick, I wrote to the prefect and explained the matter to him. The magistrate replied that he would cause a more active watch to be kept round the Château, and sent me, at the same time, a young fellow not more than twenty years old, whom he extolled as an idle vagabond, a cunning lad, a shrewd prowling gipsy, fit for any thing, caring for nothing in the world, but capable of laying hold of Satan himself, though belonging to his gang, provided any one should be disposed to pay him handsomely for his trouble.

"In consequence of M. Dubois' letter, I sent for and questioned this sagacious agent. He related to me numberless affairs from which he had cleverly extricated himself. The present must be the case of a robber, he fears none: or of a lover, well then, he will lay hands on him. I advise him to walk along the galleries, and I gave orders accordingly. It was agreed that, if the phantom inhabited the Château, he would follow him to his den, and whistle

by way of signal; if, on the contrary, the leg effected its retreat through the park, he would, on quitting the house, hasten to the garden, when in order to give warning to the several sentries, he would fire a pistol. On hearing the report, the sentries thus put upon their guard, wereto set themselves in motion, in order to cut off the retreat of the intruding visitor.

"This plan being arranged, I went to inform Her Majesty of it; she gave her approbation, was prepared for an alarm, and, thus admonished beforehand, would not be disturbed by it. She promised, besides, the strictest secrecy; for the more I investigated the matter, the more was I led to think that the hollow leg might possibly be * * * * *

* * * * * * *

"I was now satisfied that the mystery would be cleared up; I evinced on the evening in question more cheerfulness than usual. I saw my cunning agent for the last time at eleven o'clock, and promised him a five hundred franc note, if he succeeded in taking the delinquent. All retired to rest at midnight. I refrained from going to bed. I read, I wrote, but with distracted thoughts. A single idea predominated in my mind. I heard the report of a pistol in the garden, not far from the window of my apartment.....I started, a second report was soon afterwards heard, then a third, and eleven in succession; it was a perfect

skirmish. Lost in conjectures, I descend the staircase, and hasten to the garden; all the inhabitants of the château, suddenly awake from their slumbers; the sentries, the officers, all clear their way. I proceed to the spot where I expect to find my valet..no trace whatever of Ernest; but, at the appointed spot, a large pool of blood recently spilt, and no human trace, nothing to complete the proof that a murder had been committed. I employed the remainder of the night in inspecting the park and the château, and making a minute search in every corner. I order the unfortunate young man to be hailed; I hail him myself: he has disappeared. From that moment, every trace of him was completely lost. The prefect of police himself could procure no account of him; this is what he apprized me of; but those eleven reports of pistol shots which the whole of Malmaison had heard as well as myself; who could have fired them?

"Nothing could exceed my confusion. I acknowledged my defeat to Her Majesty, who said to me:—

"All that is left for us to do is to give way to the phantom, and go to Paris; it will not follow us thither. I doubt of its returning here, when Napoleon comes back.

"Her Majesty, accordingly, took her departure with all the ladies. I remained, but from that moment I no longer had a crow to pluck with the black-leg, which discontinued its pranks. Three

months afterwards, Mademoiselle M.... married a general officer who made her a Countess; at the same time, a carrier left on his way with the porter of Malmaison, a huge case, directed to me, carriage free. I was absent on business connected with my duty, but I returned three days afterwards. I imagined that some contractors of Paris had sent me various articles I had applied for; I had the case opened in my presence. There was removed from beneath a quantity of linen and hay an immense pasteboard leg, covered over with black crape and a false nose twelves inches long, hanging to it.

END OF VOL. I.

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EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.

VOL. II.

NAPOLEON.

EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS,

SECOND CONSUL,

ARCH-CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE, DUKE OF PARMA,

&c. &c. &c.

BY BARON LANGON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EVENINGS

WITH

PRINCE CAMBACÉRÈS.

CHAPTER I.

The Duke of Otranto in 1814—Disclosures concerning the Imperial conspiracy—Interview of Fouché and Carnot, in the presence of the Duke of Parma—Letter from Cambacérès to Louis XVIII—Count Fabre de l'Aude—Santerre on the 18th Fructidor—Unpublished letter of Napoleon—Conduct of Count Fabre at the Tribunate—Five hundred thousand francs refused, an anecdote revived from the Romans—Highly curious letter of Carnot—Unpublished letter of a very distinguished lady—Petticoat conspiracy—The soldier and the five franc piece—Barras before the public; his portrait—Vulcan in bad temper—Bonaparte a duellist—Manners of the Luxembourg in the days of the Directory—Madame de Staël—Revelations of Barras—The female alchymist—Portrait of Count de Blacas, sketched by one of his relations, who was no cousin of his—Count Lanjuinais—The Committee of Public Safety—Revolutionary horrors.

I CALLED one morning upon the Prince, and was told he had just gone out. I left my name,

and returned to his hotel at an early hour in the evening. He had dined in great privacy, had dismissed his guests, and was alone.

" You came this morning," said he, as I appeared.

Yes, Monseigneur, and you were out.

" Alas! no, I was at home. The Duke of Otranto had written to request I would see him; he wished to speak with me in private. Every movement of that man is wrapped up in mystery; his pockets are full of it. I fancied that, at his age, and after the many crosses he has had to encounter, he would remain quiet. I am in error; he dreams of future prospects, as if his life were never to have an end."

He has spread a gloom over you, Monseigneur?

" His head is full of chimeras; he anticipates the downfall of the Bourbons; and imagines that the revolution is about to be revived—he is a madman....I have advised him to keep aloof, to refuse all participation in whatever might be proposed to him."

I cannot think that a conspiracy can be an honorable act; it is a betrayal of the confidence of government. Since we are upon this subject, General L ——— no later than yesterday, met me in the Rue des Moulins, he came up to me, and, as if we were intimate friends, told me with such a shake of the hand as almost to disjoint my arm :—

" ' Recollect, we rely upon you—these people must scamper off as they came.'

Thereupon, he began to declaim, with much emphasis, the line of Theramène's narrative, with some variation :

Le flot les apporta ; que le flot les remporte.

" The prefecture of Vaucluse is reserved for you."

" What was your answer ?" said the Prince.

At first, I requested he would not speak so loud—Secrecy is not always useless. And I was slow in bestowing my confidence until I was acquainted with whom I connected myself.

There are men as trustworthy as I am ; we have for leaders, Ney, Masséna, Davoust, and Soult ; they are worth their weight in gold. The arch-chancellor has received the Emperor's full powers to undertake the civil direction of the movement.

" But he is an arch liar, a desperate impostor," exclaimed the Prince, clasping his hands. " I have received no message, and, what is more, I would accept none. I see this is in harmony with Fouché's language. What was your reply to this rude man ?"

I spoke the truth to him, Monseigneur ; I declared that, as a stranger to all dangerous plots, your Highness was not the man upon whom they should

rely:—that you would authorize no one to make an improper use of your name. I went further—I asserted that you kept up no correspondence with the Emperor.

"You are a discreet friend; such is the language to be used with those madmen; would you believe that Fouché wanted to distribute to each one his part? He aims at forming a triumvirate composed of Carnot, himself, and of me. He has not for a long time seen Carnot, and has asked me to invite them both to dine together....I have my fears....this may compromise me....What do you think of it?"

A dinner is a matter of perfect indifference. Who can complain that three men, who have seen each other in the course of their lives, and under such important circumstances, should meet together to partake of a good feast?

"Nothing, in fact, can be more inoffensive. I must also tell you, that this demon dangles after Barras; he has likewise had an interview proposed to him. The ex-director's first answer has been a refusal; he is quite an altered man. The rank in which he was born has exercised its natural influence over his mind. He is at heart a partizan of the Bourbons—is not this singular?

Not so singular as you think, Monseigneur; a gentleman by birth may, for a time, whilst excited by his passions, withdraw from his cast; he will never return to it. Of all the men of the revolu-

tion who are unknown to him, he is the one with whom I should prefer coming into contact.

The Prince hastily said to me :—

" Come and dine with me on Thursday, still retaining your right to the dinner of to-morrow."

I bowed by way of thanks and acquiescence ; he then continued :

" Nevertheless, I am of opinion that Barras will recall his first determination ; the Duke of Otranto, at least, indulges the hope."

Ere I proceed, however, I must detail the conference which took place between Carnot and Fouché, as related by Prince Cambacérès to Count Fabre de l'Aude, the instant it occurred.

Carnot felt no inclination to come again into contact with Fouché, to whom he ascribed most of the persecutions he had endured on the occasion of the 18th Fructidor ; he had also more recent grounds of complaint against him, which did not date from an earlier period than that of the empire ; he, therefore, kept at a respectful distance from that offensive pole-cat. I am at a loss to understand why he thus designated Fouché ; but, on the other hand, the injury he had done to the house of Bourbon inspired him with an absolute horror of it. Its presence, and I may venture to add, its cordial and generous pardon were irksome to him. He could have wished it guilty of cruelty and want of candour, in order to justify or give a colouring to his hatred ; this pernicious feeling, which con-

troled him, and to which I might apply the verse of Virgil

Tantæ ne animis cœlestibus iræ

overcame his prudence, his reserve, his moderation; soured, besides, by the insults which were impudently heaped upon him by the newspapers, he consented to see the Duke of Otranto.

It was ten o'clock at night, when general stillness prevailed, that the meeting took place at the Prince Arch-Chancellor's residence. The two enemies about to be reconciled came in contact with each other underneath the porch. The Duke of Otranto had arrived in a carriage, whilst Carnot came on foot; as the carriage stopped, and its door was being opened, the latter, more nimble, glided between the wall and the footman, quickly ascended the stair case, and announced to the Prince the visitor who was close at his heels.

" Really," said the Duke of Parma, with a smile, " when I saw you, and heard the tramp of horses, I imagined you came together, not unlike Orestes and Pylades, two trusty friends."

Carnot made a wry face, and was silent. The Duke of Otranto arrived, who, after paying his respects to his host, turned towards the ex-director and, coming up to him with open arms:

" Citizen," said he, " will you permit

* * Que cet embrassement
Vous témoigne ma joie et mon ravissement ?

Notwithstanding the aptness of the quotation, Carnot had too much of the old leaven in him suddenly to shake it off; he drew back, met the Duke's sprightliness with an austere look, and said in a tone of voice the inflexions of which were already an epigrammatic prelude:

"What, Duke of Otranto, can you possibly have preserved any recollection of a hardened republican?"

FOUCHÉ.—Well, there is mercy for a sinner.

CARNOT.—Yes, if he repent. For my part, I persist in my impenitence to the end.

FOUCHÉ, *(heaving a sigh.)*—You are fortunate in being able to retain that wonderful austerity of character. How true is the saying: You are the last of the Romans.

CARNOT.—I presume it was not merely to make my panegyric that you desired to see me. I warn you that I am not to be caught with honey.

FOUCHÉ, *(recollecting Don Basilio.)*—Oh! let me embrace you, you wicked creature. *(assuming, then, a graver tone.)* It was assuredly not my intention to cajole such a man as you; I merely desired to ask if, after having raised the country's glory to so high a pitch, by his skilful military dispositions, he could live in a state of repose amidst all that is taking place around him. I must own, for my part, that I behold with vexation France humbled in her dignity, the English laying down the law to us, Wellington inspecting

our fortified places, and the coalition depriving us of our last crown piece. All this is very irksome to me ; I am anxious to learn Carnot's opinion on the subject.

" Ere he gives it to you," said Cambacérès, " I shall speak on my own account, and tell the Duke of Otranto, that I deem it unjust to arraign the Bourbons for what originates in acts anterior to their arrival. The princes of that family have not invited Europe to annihilate our power. I believe, on the contrary, that when the crisis came upon us, when Napoleon had quitted the field of battle, the allied sovereigns might immediately have proceeded to the partition of France ; the sudden appearance of the Bourbons prevented their carrying their wishes into effect. The people exchanged the cry of ' Long live the Emperor !' for that of ' Long live the King !' and, as on such an occasion the voice of the many is the voice of Heaven, the sovereigns were compelled to listen and yield to it. From that moment, vanished their hope of parcelling us out. To this first boon, which their birthright secured to us, the Bourbons have added another ; they have brought us back within the pale of the great society of nations. France remains the capital of Europe, the troops of which, have all congregated at Paris ; and crowds of private individuals have come to seek improvement in this focus of luxury and good taste. On the other

hand, whilst the coalition apparently wrested from France a thousand millions of francs, foreigners purchasing all kinds of articles at an extravagant price, and for ready money, left three millions a-day behind them, so that at the close of the first year, the political balance had already come round to us. We are, in short, indebted to the Bourbons for the revival of commerce; and the protection with which they foster industry, will ere long, cause it to bring forth the most wonderful fruits.

CARNOT.—Oh! oh! Prince, you have already passed over, heart and soul, to the enemy's camp.

THE PRINCE.—No, Sir, I have not; but I must be just, and give every one his due.

CARNOT.—For my part, I have but a very faint conviction of the many and vast benefits you have just presented to my view. On the contrary, I behold an irruption of kings, where previously existed a republic. I discover all the ancient régime which is resuming its former plan, secretly no doubt, so that on some fine day, it will rear its head in a menacing attitude, and carry off our daughters, our sisters, our friends, to hand them over to dissolute Lovelaces and Chevaliers de Grammont.

FOUCHÉ.—Well, then, Carnot, such being your sentiments, why not act in concert with me?

CARNOT *rudely retorted*.—Why should any one but myself set the thing in motion? I was the

martyr of liberty, when you, traitor, assisted the tyrant in enchaining us.

FOUCHÉ, *(with much ingenuousness.)*—Yes, I do acknowledge that I allowed myself to be caught, like so many others, by the succession of his victories. That wonderful man concealed at first by such heaps of laurel the fetters he was preparing for us, that our error was excusable. But the snare is now laid open; we know what degree of credit is due to the promises of Sovereigns. Come, then, Carnot, give me your hand; let us forget the past, and exert the present for our future deliverance.

CARNOT.—I would sacrifice every desire of revenge to the happiness of my country; but you must prove to me that you wish France to be free and happy; that this is not a speculation of which you alone are to reap the profit, in which you will sell us along with her, and yourself into the bargain.

FOUCHÉ, *(shrugging his shoulders.)*—Oh! if you work your system of politics by insults, recriminations and personalities, go and dwell in a city of gossips; but, if you desire to overturn a system which bears us down, which, above all, humbles us, which harrows up your soul as well as mine, we will soon come to a right understanding, and our harmony will lead to the deliverance of our country.

CARNOT, *(seemingly ashamed of his anger.)*—Well, speak out; I listen to you.

FOUCHÉ.—Bonaparte is in the island of Elba.

CARNOT, *(with vivacity.)*—Let him, above all, remain there.

FOUCHÉ. — Short-sighted statesman, will you never shake off that petty hatred, that mean meddling, which never fails to prove injurious. Bonaparte is, at the present day, the man we stand in need of to stir up France: any other lever than that of his name would break in the hands which might attempt to wield it. We should treat with him, come to an understanding together, recall and allow him to put on the imperial purple, which is no longer invested with illusion; excite him against Europe, make him triumph over the monarchs, who will quail at his name; convert him, in short, into the Bartram of the fable. And, when we shall have made a cat's-paw of him, whether we openly sacrifice him like another Cæsar, or like Claudius, make a god of him, by having rid ourselves of his presence, and accomplish, without him, the regeneration of our country.

CARNOT.—Then, all you have to propose to me is a tissue of perfidy, of confidence betrayed, of crimes beyond number. Your imagination suggests to you nothing bearing the stamp of generosity or greatness. I perceive it but too well, Bonaparte is the type of a party; the people, the army, think of him only, and as was said by Lucien, *not a word of Caron*, that is to say, of liberty, of

equality, of the republic. Since Bonaparte is essential to us, let us accept him, come to an understanding with him, bind him by fetters he may not shake off, propose a plan of constitution of which he can neither violate the articles, nor torture the meaning; let us surround him with guardians, with such props as protect young plants without injuring them, and prevent their becoming stunted or distorted. Let Bonaparte bind himself to the conditions thus proposed to him, freely debated, agreed to after mature deliberation, and frankly sworn to; and I shall be the first to join him. I ask for myself neither rank nor employment, and only desire the happiness, the glory, the independence of our fellow countrymen.

FOUCHÉ, *(beside himself.)*—And I pledge you my word that all this shall be secured, and, since you are thus moderate and rational, you shall have your reward. Oh! if all were to do the same, if the Prince, in whose company we now are, would be one of us, if Sièyes, Barras....

CARNOT.—*Vade retro, Satana!* that I should wade in the mire with that modern Verrès who, on the 18th Brumaire, sold his country for a sum of money!....If you expect to bind me to them, you reckon without your host....That I, of all others, should shake hands with Barras!—that we should stand face to face without my unveiling his real character! It shall not be so. Since I

find that these two men are of your party, the one a dull creature, the other a debauchee—the one a proud, the other a deceitful man—the one who would treat with Bonaparte to sell, for the second time, his party to him, the other who would again enter into golden agreement with Louis XVIII, I will have nothing to do with the matter. Suppose I should find myself in the midst of these men, like our Saviour between two thieves! in that case, at least, one of the two proved worthy of favour; no, no, a thousand times no!

FOUCHÉ, *(smiling.)*—Do you recollect, Prince, what pains were taken by Pinto, in the drama of that name, to bring conspirators together, who, aiming at a common object, will abate nothing of their private animosities? We behold Carnot following their example.

Fouché's humourous allusion excited the risible faculties of both interlocutors; they broke out into a laugh. But Prince Cambacérès, who had maintained a profound silence, felt that this was the moment for breaking it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am very sorry that I cannot join you in what you are about to undertake, but my plan is laid down; I desire to lead a quiet life, and worldly grandeurs have no longer any attraction for me."

CARNOT.—And your country?

CAMBACÉRÈS.—An equivocal word of double meaning. I can understand it with a king, who is the father of his country. You desire to have it an emancipated child. Mine leads a peaceful life, cultivates the arts, sciences, literature, commerce, industry: she extends her lucrative intercourse to both extremities of the world; she has distinctions of ranks, degrees, honours, decorations; she is gentle, benevolent, faithful and submissive; yours sets Europe in a flame at her very outset, wades knee deep in blood, proclaims the *maximum*, and entails the evil of famine; she terrifies artists, ruins trade, closes or burns the workshops, holds intercourse with none but phrenzied men; clothes herself in rags, hoists the red cap; she is revengeful, turbulent, inexorable, never moves but escorted by the executioner; her throne is a scaffold; she is shunned; her inhabitants emigrate, are reduced to poverty, and, thanks to her, die of hunger, whether from the effect of fear or from actual distress.

CARNOT.—Oh, the horrors of 1793 are exclusively present to your mind.

CAMBACÉRÈS.—I can only see what with us has been the reign of liberty; massacres, intolerance, Saturn devouring his own children. No, no, Heaven preserve me from such liberty! I am, and persist in being a Royalist. I now request, since harmony is restored between you, that you

will bear in mind how displeased I should feel at your conspiracy, in my house, against a government which affords me its protection.

The firmness which the Duke of Parma displayed in developing his opinion, proved, as it were, mortifying to both ex-members of the committee of public safety. They conformed, however, to the Amphiterian's request; and, when they took leave, Carnot accepted Fouché's invitation to accompany him. Their departure in some measure relieved the Prince from a heavy weight; he rigidly adhered to the new rule of conduct he had laid down for his own guidance. Every thing leads me to believe that it was in consequence of this interview, to which he had assented through his wonted condescension, that he wrote to the King the letter which was discovered, in 1829, in a work replete with curious documents; it was worded as follows:

" Sire,

" M. de Ferraud was well warranted in assuring Your Majesty, that it has ever been Bonaparte's plan to rid himself of the Princes of your house, so much did your existence and more especially their's, as sovereigns, appear to him incompatible with his personal safety and the consolidation of his dynasty. I can bring forward positive proofs of the truth of M. de Ferraud's assertion, and do so now at his request. The following is what,

according to the first Consul's own admission, has come to my knowledge.

" I was engaged with him, a few days after his coronation, in a work connected with the magistracy, when he received from the minister of police the translation of an English pamphlet which he had ordered. In this pamphlet he was reproached with the death of His Royal Highness the Duke d'Enghien.

" Had you attended to me!"

" What then?"

" This subject would not be constantly flung at you."

" Let them say what they will. The Prince has been the first disposed of; the rest shall follow in succession."

" Would you have them put to death?"

" Yes, if they enter my territory, if they conspire; for I am now a crowned monarch; so long, besides, as a single man of that family shall exist, my own family will be compromised; it is quite impossible that the Bourbons should reign when a Bonaparte sways the sceptre."

" Nevertheless, the Bourbon of Tuscany is indebted to you for his crown."

" He shall retain it. Whether I effect a descent upon England, or succeed in beating Austria and Prussia, I will rid myself of these people."

" What, even of the King of Spain?"

" Of him as of the rest, he is a Bourbon;

that to me is sufficient. I shall not even tolerate the family of Braganza on the continent of Europe, though they are very remotely, if at all, connected with the royal stock. Sooner or later they must all depart; not one shall eventually remain. I am watching the King of Naples, through the instrumentality of his wife; he will commit some act of folly, and I will take advantage of it. On the first war-cry he may utter, I will fall upon, crush, and despoil him; one of my brothers shall take his place; I will then consider what had best be done as regards the King of Spain."

"I was confounded, Sire, at this manifestation of his sentiments. I felt bewildered, saw the whole of Europe set in a blaze for the purpose of carrying them into effect. He understood my astonishment, and thus resumed the conversation:

"'Sir, we must never do things by halves; those I might spare would never spare me. As long as the Bourbons are any thing, I shall always have grounds of apprehension for myself and mine. When I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be seized, I was well prepared for what would follow: every act is justified by success.

"Si j'eusse été vaincu je serais criminel."

If I triumph, posterity will justify my conduct. History has expunged the sanguinary deeds of Octavius, and is lavish in its praise of the virtues of Augustus. The violent death of

such or such a one engrosses the attention of contemporaries; those who loved him designate as a crime that termination of existence which is not the effect of natural causes. We allow them to speak on, and still pursue our course. If advantage has been derived from sacrificing a human being, future ages, regardless of the catastrophe, class it amongst the events of an epoch; and, if it has produced no result, they deem it void of importance. Who would even dream of calling Henry IV to account for the death of Biron, or Cardinal de Richelieu for that of Chalais or of Cinq-Mars? The same rule will, in my case, be applied; if I commit acts of severity, they will at first excite horror, but will afterwards be overlooked.'

"Such, Sire, or nearly such, was the language of my former colleague. It made so forcible an impression upon my mind, that I have had no difficulty in retaining a recollection of it; I felt convinced, from that moment, that he would carry into effect the intentions he was imparting to me. It did not become me to betray him; my representations would have failed of success. I condemned myself to a prudent silence; I rejoice at having done so. By degrees, all that he had predicted came to pass. The Bourbons reigned no where, except in Sicily. He pursued them without animosity, but in virtue of a political system with which he held his existence and that of his relatives to be for ever linked. I lay these important particulars at the King's feet, and am.."

This singular letter struck me by its appearance of perfect sincerity ; I would not, however, affirm that the second Consul could have taken upon himself to write it ; his excessive reserve and discretion must have alarmed him at such a display of frankness. Nevertheless, I must avow that having occasionally spoken with him on the subject, I have heard him relate this conversation and others of a like tendency. There are problems in a statesman's life which it is very difficult to solve, when he is no longer present to give the key to their solution ; this letter bears, in my opinion, that character.

Prince Cambacérès evinced great uneasiness at the frequent intercourse about to be established between Carnot and the Duke of Otranto. He beheld those two men conspiring to favour the return of Bonaparte, a return from which he augured no good. I heard him say to Count Fabre de l'Aude on the following day :

" Were the King to give me access to the Chamber of Peers, I should rest perfectly satisfied ; those gentlemen dream of the possibility of a perfect understanding with the Emperor. They expect wonders from him ; I believe them to be utterly mistaken. Will he care for them, after the first moment ; and, what is still more, will France and Europe have any thing to say to him ?"

" They are madmen," replied Count Fabre ; " they are wrong in attempting to disturb the

kingdom. Can we be more calm and happy than we are?"

Born at Carcassonne on the 9th December 1755, Count Fabre (John Peter) was of a very distinguished family of that province. In his earliest youth, he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, who gave a proof of it by appointing him, in 1783, a deputy to the States of the province of Languedoc, an honour usually bestowed upon administrators who had grown old in the discharge of important duties. As early as 1790, he was successively a King's commissary for organizing the department of the Aude, first attorney-general, syndic, and, lastly, royal commissary to the civil tribunal of Carcassonne. The electors of the Aude appointed him to the council of five hundred in 1796. He there bestowed special attention upon the finances, and acquired the highest reputation in that difficult branch of the service. His superiority became so firmly established that for a period of fourteen years, whether in the council, or in the tribunal, he was always chosen as reporter on every question connected with the budget. The friendship of Santerre saved him on the 18th Fructidor. The latter meeting him in the street, thus addressed him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am making my escape."

"For what reason?"

"I am proscribed."

" What you, who are incapable of injuring a fly, and are the bravest of men? it shall not be so ; come with me."

He took him by the arm, led him into the hall, where the triumphant party were engaged in drawing up their fatal lists, and addressing them all:

" Now," said he, " should any scoundrel refuse to erase citizen Fabre from those dusty papers, I will make him swallow my sabre and myself along with it."

Barras hastened to us on hearing the noise, and said, on seeing Fabre: " Go home to bed!" " sleep in peace, beware of uttering a word, and let people forget you!"

On this assurance, Count Fabre expressed his gratitude to his true protector, Santerre. He remained at home for a few days, that is to say, whilst the commotion was at its height, and lost not a moment in writing to Bonaparte, who replied to him as follows :

" I have just received your letter, citizen legislator ; I should entertain a very bad opinion of the results of the 18th Fructidor, were they to affect such men as you. I am equally plain with Barras upon this subject. Cease to fear ; you are useful to us. Intrigues and plunderers abound ; there is, on the contrary, a lack of honest and talented men ; you are of this class.

" I am thankful for your complimentary expressions.

We all, each in our own way, labour for the country's good. I desire to see France great, powerful, happy and remodelled. She has been too much the sport of agitation. The great art of those who govern will be to render her flourishing, without allowing her to take part in the work. How can the administration act with firmness, if a good-for-nothing fellow can thwart us in a newspaper, and reveal to foreigners what, for the welfare of France, we desire to keep secret? The unbounded liberty of the press will be the ruin of the state; in short, every self-assumed liberty is not a natural right. Would that these truths, professed in the tribune, were understood and sanctioned by the nation! Receive, citizen legislator, my most distinguished consideration.

"BONAPARTE."

Delighted with this letter, Count Fabre replied to it. He became more than ever one of the adherents of Bonaparte, who was in almost daily intercourse with him, so long as he remained in Paris, previously to proceeding on his adventurous expedition to Egypt. Suspected by the Directory, he was on the point of becoming its victim. On the 31st October 1799, when he attempted to arraign, at the tribune, the fatal effects of the revolutionary laws of the forced loan and of hostages, several of his colleagues, who

were sold to the executive power, urged his being sent a prisoner to the Abbaye.

But the anarchists and public depredators were reaching the term of their sway over the nation. Bonaparte had been a fortnight in Paris since his return from Egypt; he encouraged the firmness of the legislator who, on the 18th Brumaire, had warmly espoused his cause. Fabre was rewarded by a mission from the consuls to the southern departments, in the character of commissioner, and with supreme power. His mission was altogether of a conciliatory nature. He proclaimed peace and oblivion of the past; being elected a member of the tribunate, he was president of the commission of finances in 1801, and of the tribunate, until the suppression of that body. On the creation of the legion of honor, he was made a commander of that order.

Napoleon, who was outrageous at the opposition of the tribunate, resolved to suppress an institution which thwarted him beyond measure; he sent for M. Fabre, who was then, for the sixth time, its annual president, and said to him:

"It is my intention, Sir, to do away with the tribunate, an institution which I deem unnecessary, and at all events, dangerous, as it accustoms the people to think that they may offer resistance to authority and to hold discussion where they have only to obey. I am aware how much I injure you by such a proceeding; it is but just I should repair it.

I am prepared to grant you whatever you may ask not only for yourself but for the other tribunes, your colleagues."

"Sire," replied Fabre de l'Aude, "as respects myself, I have nothing to ask for, and can only thank your Imperial Majesty for the friendly intentions you express towards me; I beseech you, however, not to forget my colleagues who may do useful service to the state."

"Well, then," rejoined the Emperor, "ascertain the wishes of each; they shall all receive appointments, since you deem it useful to the public welfare. As for yourself, I name you a senator;* be pleased, at the same time, to accept this note."

This was a note for five hundred thousand francs, granted to the president of the tribunate as a national reward. M. Fabre de l'Aude hesitated not a moment in declining this tempting sum; and he so earnestly persevered in his refusal that Napoleon was utterly confounded at an act of disinterestedness to which he was unaccustomed. He endeavoured, but in vain, to overcome the reluctance of an upright man to degrade himself by following the example of other courtiers over whom he rose so superior in generosity. This noble trait is consistent with the whole tenor of his

* The department of the Aude had already twice designated Count Fabre as a candidate for the conservative senate.

life ; it is well known that after having filled high functions in the state, Count Fabre only retired with an adequate, though a very moderate fortune.

As a consequence of this conversation, M. Fabre drew up a general list of his colleagues, inserting in a column of observations a designation of the place which each of them was competent to fill with most advantage to the state. One member only declined every imperial favor—this was Carnot; and the following was what occurred on the occasion. It has been seen, in the first volume of this work, how, as a member of the Directory, he had escaped the proscription of the 18th Fructidor. He returned on the 18th Brumaire, and was appointed minister of war. Impatient at his unbending inflexibility, Napoleon dismissed him from his post and placed him in the tribunate, where he distinguished himself by a constitutional opposition, and repelled with all his might the creation of France into an empire. At the time of the abolition of the tribunate, Fabre drew him aside, and inquired what would be most acceptable to him.

" The restoration of the republic," was his reply.

" You desire an impossibility ; but what would you personally wish to obtain from the head of the Empire ?"

" Nothing."

" You are not rich."

" Riches are not requisite to constitute an honest man."

" There are functions which you would exalt by your acceptance of them."

" I decline to fill any, so long as the present system exists. Thank General Bonaparte for his intention ; but I will accept nothing at his hands."

Unable to do any thing with this rigid republican, Fabre mentioned the subject to Q——, who was on terms of intimacy with Carnot, and who likewise attempted to bring him round. He wrote to the ex-director, whose character he highly valued. The following was Carnot's reply, which I have copied from the original letter.

" You desire my welfare, and I thank you for your good wishes ; urge me not, however, to an act which would lower me in my own estimation. By suppressing the tribunate, the Emperor violates the constitution. Were I to accept a favor from him, I should be conniving at his usurpation. I am bound to protest, by my refusal, against an illegal measure, as I did at the tribune against a return to royalty, concealed beneath imperial trappings. It is well that some men should occasionally be found to lay their hearts bare before an ambitious mortal, and say to him : Thou shalt not conquer this. We are dismissed ; I bear the affront, but will not enter into a compromise

with the author of our dismissal. It would indeed be too much to expect that all the vanquished should range themselves among his party. I have the pride of desiring to stand erect before him, as a living protest against his arts, and I hold such vanity to be superior to that which prides itself in being his footstool. Neither my hand nor my shoulders shall help him to raise himself above us.

"CARNOT."

Q—— abstained from communicating to Fabre the expressions of an answer which would have been hurtful to his feelings. He gave him to understand that Carnot remained intractable. The omission of his name in the list of the tribunes who were to be rewarded, visibly discomposed Napoleon. I was informed by Count Regnauld that the Emperor, who mentioned the subject to him, said:

"Carnot, who always refused to sell his vote, has also refused to purchase his retirement."

Every member was provided for. His colleagues were transferred to the Council of State, to the Court of Cassation, to that of Accounts which had just been created, to the Council of Captures, to refectures, to various magisterial functions, to employments in the finances, to every situation, in short, in which a place could be found for them. Count Fabre carried to the furthest extreme, the disinterestedness of which he had given

so signal a proof by the refusal of the five hundred thousand francs. He declined to accept the furniture of the palace of the Tribunate, which the Emperor tendered to him as a voluntary gift. He ordered it to be sold along with the plate, by public auction, and, adding the produce to the money remaining in the chest of the tribunate, he distributed it amongst his colleagues, without receiving for himself a larger share. Such generous conduct raised him in the estimation of one who could fully appreciate a virtuous action. Setting a proper value upon such a man, the Emperor, not only conferred upon him the rank of senator but appointed him attorney-general of the Council of the Seals of Titles.

The Senate summoned him, in 1810, to its high council of administration; forgotten, however, by Napoleon, he received no favour or reward at his hands. Relieved from every duty of gratitude, Count Fabre was one of the sixty-three senators who, on the 1st of April, 1814, voted the Emperor's abdication, and the creation of a provisional government. To him, amongst others, was confided the task of drawing up the new constitution; and King Louis XVIII pointed him out as one of those who should, in conjunction with himself, revise the charter of reform, an act which was a monument of true liberality and perfect wisdom. Set aside, again, by the ministers of this monarchy, he witnessed the persecution

of such of his relatives who held public employments. Napoleon, on his return, named him a member of his Chamber of Peers. Nevertheless, Count Fabre de l'Aude deemed it to be for the well-being of his country that, after the Emperor's second abdication, he should oppose the acknowledgment of Napoleon II; he went further, and, tearing the veil asunder, declared that, from the King alone, the salvation of the country could be expected.

He did not confine himself to what, at that moment, was an act of great boldness. On the arrival of the news of the battle of Waterloo, he pledged himself to the Baron de la Rochefoucauld, that he would make a motion in the Chamber of Peers, the tendency of which should be to send a delegation of peers and deputies to the King, beseeching him to return to Paris ere the coalesced armies could take possession of the capital. Count Andréossi had openly stood forward to second the orator in a project which failed of success, owing to circumstances over which Count Fabre had no control.

The royal government disregarded such good intentions. It punished with severity, and laying down a jesuitical distinction, considered as having resigned their seats in its Chamber of Peers, all the members who had accepted at the hands of Napoleon, functions of corresponding titles; Fabre was expelled, and only returned to the

peerage in 1819. He displayed in that assembly the character of a constitutional royalist. Death, brought on by the cholera, removed him from his family and his numerous friends, on the 6th of June, 1832. Of a kind-hearted nature, delighting to oblige, sagacious and well-informed, he has left many manuscript works, one among others entitled: *On the punishment of death, and on confiscation in all countries.* I have been informed, that the Chamber of Peers was desirous of committing to press another work of this distinguished man, which treated of financial and administrative questions. It is a matter of surprise in the province of Languedoc that his son, a large landed proprietor, should not be summoned to replace him in the Chamber of Peers.

I was well acquainted with him, and felt delighted and honoured by his friendship. I am indebted to him for a multitude of valuable anecdotes, autographs, and copies of documents, with which I now store my historical productions; Cambacérès, Count de Roch.. d'Al...., and himself, are men whom I designate *my historical providences.* Count Fabre was also averse, in 1814, to the return of Napoleon. He advised me to avoid taking any part in the mysterious intrigues going on at that period. I regret not having followed such good advice; feeling, however, unshackled by any tie, having taken no oath, being wholly set aside, though scarcely in the prime of life, I was

disgusted at finding public employments bestowed upon the most ignorant of my colleagues. Among these was a relative of mine, whom Campan and I had so often taken to task at Toulouse to prevent his casting too much ridicule on the costume of auditor of the Council of State, which we wore in common, but which he displayed in the very worst of company, without having any personal merit to counteract the ill effect of his misconduct. He was raised, however, at the Restoration, to the rank of master of requests, and of prefect. This revolting partiality was as offensive to me as the mischievous denunciations constantly levelled against me since 1814, by some of my male and female relatives, who had styled themselves my *devoted servants* in those days, when some shadow of power had fallen to my lot.

Having called one evening upon the Prince, when he was about to sit down to table, and finding him alone, I presented to him a neat piece of paper, glazed, gilt, perfumed, every way calculated to excite curiosity.

"Well," said the Prince, smiling, and deceived by the appearance of the document, "what would you have me do with one of your love letters?"

"Ah! Monseigneur, I am married, and scarcely out of my honey-moon, (we were in December, and my marriage took place on the 1st of August,) can you suppose that I could receive a love letter?"

" What, then, can it be?"

" Be pleased to read it."

He stepped towards a window, and read as follows:

" There was a time when you were as poetic as a troubadour. You were then in love, and you sang the praises of your mistress and your Prince, that Prince for whom you composed the heroic romance: *French soldier, rush to the fight!* To whom did you address the burden of it?

" ' Et sers, en généreux Français
Ton Empereur et ton amie!'

" Your lady-love has become your wife; but your Emperor, where is he? in fetters, and if your lyre is silent, (it is but due to you to own it,) your sword remains in the scabbard. This cannot be laid to the account of ingratitude; for you alone of the whole Council of State, and of all the sub-prefects, have not betrayed your oaths. Do you feel disheartened? The game is not lost; your reply to Wellington has just been put into my hands. This it is which induces me to address you. I withhold my signature; can you stand in need of it to discover who it is that rings these words in your ears: *Tu dors, Brutus!* In that case, P—— d'A—— will guide your steps. No, do not go to him; I am ignorant of his sentiments. Nevertheless, he cannot be unfaithful; he is gifted with talent and virtue.

" Come to see me, and burn my letter.

" P.S.—Let not the *tu dors*, make you suspect that a poniard is in question ; were it so, I should not propose it ; or the proposal would, assuredly, not be made to you."

" Women are all alike," said the Duke of Parma with impatience, whilst rumpling up the pretty billet. " These silly trifles deserve, indeed, to be burnt ; why do you preserve them ?"

" I was desirous of shewing you this appeal ; it is engraved in my memory. Your Highness may now consign it to its doom."

The Prince twisted up the letter and, throwing it into the fire, continued as follows :

" How often have I not beseeched her to remain quiet. The proverb says truly : It is in vain to attempt altering a character or washing a black woman white ; the latter is the easier of the two. She will be caught and sent into banishment ; then we shall hear of her tears and supplications ; if you visit her, you must never return to my house."

I took up my hat without uttering a word.

" Where are you going ? Dinner is about to be served up."

" Monseigneur ; you dismiss me. I have already seen...."

" You are not, then, asking advice ?"

" I was merely stating a fact."

" You have, now, brought yourself under the watchful eye of the public; for all who visit her are marked out."

" What, for a mere visit?"

" But you have committed yourself."

" To nothing whatever."

" What did she say to you?"

" I must acknowledge that, on the receipt of this note, I coloured up with shame, and was at a loss to understand how, having been four months in Paris, it should not have occurred to me to bear to her the expression of my homage. Two persons have a right to tax me with ingratitude. Madame Jacques Delille is the other, but it was my intention to repair this second error to-morrow morning. With remorse thus stamped on my countenance, and a heart bursting with enthusiasm, I went to throw myself at her feet. She shed tears. I will own to you that her example was contagious. She was on her couch, I on my knees, in which humble posture she unintentionally left me, and I unintentionally remained. We spoke of all the world, of him, of that man on whom the attention of all the world was fixed.

" ' You are indeed a true gentleman,' she said to me; ' you are not one of those who, in virtue of your noble descent, have deemed yourself bound to betray him.'

" Alas, I replied, do your duty happen what may.

She was affected at these words, which recalled an epoch of so much greatness; I regretted having uttered them. I represented to her the south of France as royalist in its higher and lower classes; but the whole middling class, with few exceptions, as devoted to Bonaparte; the army, oh! the army still burning with the sacred fire.

" At Carcassonne, Madam, I said, a soldier seated in the kitchen of my brother-in-law's residence, was contemplating with delight a five franc piece bearing the imperial image. An uncle of my wife, a royalist, from no other motive than because fear had, in 1793, made him of an opposite opinion, feigned ignorance of these rapturous glances, and, addressing the trooper, said to him:

" ' Well comrade, are you drawing? you seem to bear great attachment to that man. He made you work like slaves, and never gave you your pay?'

" What is that to you, you beggarly would-be-priest,' replied the indignant soldier, ' if I choose to give him credit!'

" Her countenance cleared up at this ingenious expression, and she assumed a smiling air. Company entered; amongst others, the handsome Countess Regnauld called to pay a visit. I made my escape, I cannot say with an uncaptivated

heart, but at least without any loss of independence."

"Here is another fanatic," replied Cambacérès; "I dare say the Countess Regnauld has the statue, or bust of the Emperor upon an altar raised in her boudoir, whence every other worship is banished: doubtless she decks it with flowers and perfumes it with incense. *Cui bono?* I ask you. Every thing is known; this augments the pervading suspicion, and causes the old imperial court to be looked upon with an evil eye.

"Why, then, Monseigneur, does the new court persist in not strictly carrying into effect the candid intentions of Louis XVIII?—union and forgetfulness. Such is the language of the King, and, perhaps, of the Princes; but all the rest join against us, and forget nothing, except His Majesty's orders. The Countess Regnauld is of distinguished birth; her husband has held the highest functions. She is a prodigy of wit, of grace, and beauty; is gifted with supreme qualities; a lofty, energetic soul; she would adorn any rank to which she might be raised. Well! she only attends the court on solemn receptions and then she is the object of jeers, haughty looks, and sarcasms; at which she grieves and grows impatient. This ill-treatment is not confined to her; the system of calumny is persisted in. Would you believe, Monseigneur, that, sensible of her superior qualities,

Madame Regnauld should not have the feelings of a woman—that she should humbly submit to such humiliation? I believe she never will, and it must be owned, she is a handsome and formidable enemy."

"Women should keep to their distaffs."

"Spinning has given way to conspiring; time introduces new fashions."

"My dear friend, be well advised; return no more to the letter-writing lady; something wrong will happen to you, if you give way to your ardent imagination. You will soon become a father, and owe yourself to your family. Means will be found of bringing the government round in regard to you (I omit the kind expressions he used on this occasion), and you will pursue a career now unfortunately interrupted by a concurrence of circumstances."

"I feel grateful, Monseigneur, for your kindness; but I never present myself a second time. To my question: will you have me? they replied we will not. My pen alone shall, henceforward, come to my aid."

The guests arrived, one of them amongst the rest, whom, though I cannot account for it, I impatiently expected. I had fancied Barras to be a tall man; and consequently I was a little surprised to find that he was of middle height, corpulent, and suffering from the gout, as was indicated by his walk. Though represented to me as ugly, his physiognomy pleased me. His manners

were those of a man of rank, though not one of the most polished class; and he evidently thought himself entitled to take precedence of others. As Cambacérès continued to help himself first, it was curious to watch the negative and mutual struggle of those two personages. Both, accustomed as they were to worldly greatness, were perfectly on a par. The laws of etiquette then required of the one more than he would have been disposed to concede on any other occasion; nevertheless, he aimed at asserting a superiority which the other absolutely refused to admit. No sport ever gave me so much diversion, though I was the only one to notice it.

For the rest, the predominating wish of Barras appeared to be that of winning golden opinions, a fancy which survives all others in the breast of a well born man. The heraldic adage is well known: the Barras, as ancient as the rock of Provence. His conversation was lively and agreeable; but my practised ear could distinguish his southern accent. I know not, and neglected to ask him, where he became acquainted with my paternal grandmother. After Prince Cambacérès had presented me to him, and placed me near him at the dinner-table, he conversed with me in the most unreserved and unassuming manner.

The guests, on this occasion, were Viscount or Count de Barras, Count Fabre de l'Aude, Count Regnauld, the Archbishop elect of Mechlin,

an habitual guest of the house, and myself. M. de Pradt, if I mistake not, came later; it was M. d'Aigrefeuille, or M. de Fesquet, who dined with us.

The conversation was of a cheerful character, and almost free from politics. Theatrical topics were spoken of, and Barras ventured to joke at the Prince's partiality for the handsome Cuisot of the Variétés. The ex-Arch-Chancellor, on his part, made the best possible defence during the second course; but he capitulated when the desert was served up. Napoleon was then passed in review. Barras related, in the language of an idler or a cockney, the pretended anecdote relative to Mademoiselle Bourgoing and Count Chaptal. As it is known to every one, I need not repeat it; and another concerning Georges. I expected he would narrate the true one, but he did not; I reserve it for another occasion.

The Duke of Parma said to us:

"Napoleon's brothers were fond of the fair sex. One of them had visited, incognito, the wife of a captain in the imperial guard; the husband unexpectedly came in, the earnestness of the conversation prevented their hearing or seeing him. He surprised the guilty pair, and jealousy overcoming his prudence he without more to do, drew his sword, and was on the point of running them both through the body. The thoughtless waiting-maid, who had given him admission,

but was close at his heels, placed herself between the irritated husband and his victims; and not knowing how to parry the mortal blow: 'Wretch,' she exclaimed, 'this is the Emperor's brother!'

"This announcement, confirmed by perceiving the physiognomy of —— who turned round, and was recognized, terrified the captain. He hesitated; his wife screamed out, people came to their rescue, —— escaped, and shut himself up in another room. The new Vulcan rushed towards the door, and roared out to the embryo god of war: you shall not quit this place until you have pledged your word of honour that you will give me satisfaction for this injury. The brother gallantly accepted the challenge; preliminaries were arranged for the meeting which was to take place the next morning.

"The report of this adventure was transmitted, an hour afterwards, to the private cabinet of the minister of police. His Excellency ordered horses to be put to a carriage, reached the Tuileries in all haste, obtained admittance to His Imperial Majesty, and requested his orders.

"'Why! whosoever has drawn the wine must drink it. To insult a captain of my old guard, a surly fellow, too... I know the whole story; he is a very brave man.'

"'But, Sire, a brother of the Emperor, cannot accept a challenge!'

"'Very true! but, by all that is bad, why did he

not address himself to the wife of one of our generals. Ninety out of a hundred would have said to him: Many thanks to you, Prince; when will Your Imperial Highness condescend to return? But an obscure captain does not understand matters in the same way as a courtier. Men of their class are supporters of the throne, but not the Prince's friends... Let the injured husband be ordered to attend me."

Then, as if regretting that he had indulged in so severe a sarcasm, he laid hold of the minister's button-hole, and said to him, in a bantering tone of voice: "When I spoke of those who would ask no better than to re-enact the part of the Sieur-Baureau, of happy memory, I was wrong in only alluding to military men; I ought to have included, my civil household, even the council of state, and the ministers, to boot."

The minister of police proceeded to execute his orders. The captain presented himself with a pale and dejected countenance, bearing, however, the impress of inflexible severity.

"Captain," said Napoleon, "I sent for you, to beseech you would grant to your old general the pardon of his guilty brother."

"Ah! Sire, these words harrow up my soul."

"I can well understand that blood only can wipe away so deep an injury; but you would have to slay the brother of Napoleon.... of your sovereign!....This would not be allowed; neither

would you go through the jugglery of cork balls ....in short, you have been made to suffer what you formerly inflicted on some one else! The law of reprisals. ..bear with it!"

"But, Sire!'

"But, captain, have you understood me? I forbid the duel; and I, in person, demand the pardon of my brother....if this does not satisfy you.... Zounds! you will have to deal with me; let us draw, and settle the matter between us!"

The officer burst into tears like a child, and fell at the feet of the Emperor who hastened to raise him from the ground.

"Ah! Sire," said he, "though you do not repair my injured honour, you distinguish me above all earthly monarchs. I release your brother from his pledge! the minister of war will be pleased to accept my resignation."

"Assuredly not, captain; he shall do no such thing; heroes, such as you, should only die on the field of battle."

Immediately after this conversation, the captain departed to join his regiment. No mark of favour was granted him at the moment; but care was taken to promote him as soon as his right of seniority gave him a title to advancement. The Emperor was so solicitous on this subject that the captain was, in 1814, a colonel, and a commander of the legion of honour.

Napoleon then sent for his brother, whom he

reprimanded, and at last said to him with a smile:

"Men in our position should only court a woman with the previous consent of her husband."

I was much interested at this anecdote, which possessed, at least, the merit of novelty at this period when numberless falsehoods and calumnies were heaped upon the Emperor and his relatives. Barras now took up the conversation on the same subject

"I must do justice," he said, "to this man, (Napoleon.) At the time I was in office, we had I must acknowledge, revived the happy period of the merry regency. Ladies swarmed at the Luxembourg, and formed its great attraction. Well! notwithstanding the beauty of some, the graces of others, they found it impossible to subdue this intractable Hippolytus. I believe that, previously to his departure for the African shores, he had not yet attempted to break the conjugal bond. Madame Bonaparte was insufferably vain of this proof of constancy. In the first line of the repulsed, I place the Baroness de Staël. This mad woman had imagined that it was proper for the finest genius of her sex (herself) to form a connection with the greatest captain of the day (Napoleon). He had no sooner returned from Radstadt, than, with ridiculous obstinacy, she clung to him on every occasion.

"Whenever," continued Barras, "she met

him at the Luxembourg, at the minister's residence, or even in a private house, she lavished upon him a volley of affected airs, of soft talk, of witty flashes, of learned sayings, of tender, inciting and encouraging looks. She had even at all times in reserve some subject of high political, moral, or literary conversation, in which she really displayed great superiority. She wrote notes to Madame Bonaparte, which were worded in the most admirable style; accordingly Josephine took them on each occasion to her husband, saying to him:

" 'This, my dear, is intended for you; the mistake was in the address.'

" Bonaparte would shrug up his shoulders and grow angry, for all were vain attempts. He never dreamt of replying by the least act of gallantry to Madame de Staël's repeated advances. Impatient, at last, at this disdain, she fell into a rage which embittered the remainder of her days; she has struggled for fourteen years against Bonaparte, with wonderful perseverance and energy. Gentlemen, a vindictive woman can alone infuse so much hatred and perseverance into her anger. I recollect that, a few days after his departure for Egypt, she said, in my presence, to that odious Prince who presumed to pay his addresses to her:

" 'Avaunt! unless, however, you had the courage to challenge Bonaparte to fight a duel, and were to conquer and punish him.... I know

not,' she continued in a more serious tone, 'what fortune may have in store for him; for my part, should he return to Europe, I shall, without truce or treaty, wage against him a perpetual war.' You all know how well she kept her word."

I might have contributed my share to this conversation, possessed as I was of the manuscripts of her friend, Ozun, containing sundry curious and unpublished facts respecting the youth of Bonaparte, and all the events of his life antecedent to the 18th Brumaire. I cannot resist quoting, hereafter, some fragments of these manuscripts.

Cambacérès, now drawing the ex-director aside, said to him:

"Would you have any objection to favour me with a visit, and to meet Carnot and Fouché?"

"With the first, undoubtedly; I have done him some wrong; his presence would be painful to me. As to the second, he inspires me with a repulsive feeling of a very different nature. I have already refused to receive him, and hope to adhere to my resolve (he, however, overcame his repugnance; these details are found in Fauche-Borel's Memoirs). Both are now conspiring; I know it; they are highly culpable in so doing. France is happy. The King conducts himself with prudence; the royal family is well-intentioned; the amnesties have been faithfully adhered to; I con-

ceive that their benevolent disposition has anticipated every wish."

"I think as you do," replied the Duke of Parma. "It is from my desire to prevent our being involved in fresh commotions that I am anxious you should consent to see Carnot and tear the bandage from his eyes. I am convinced the Duke of Otranto will deceive him; he always fascinated the Emperor, who could never completely dispense with him. During the disgraces which befell Fouché, I have repeatedly found Napoleon regretting that he no longer had the advantage of his services; he would say to me speaking of him: 'He is fitted to be a minister of infernal police;... the very devil would have nothing to teach him.'"

Barras was silent for a moment, and then said: "I will turn the matter over in my mind, and let you know whether I can decide upon holding a conference with the Spartan' (he thus designated Carnot). Barras then related an anecdote on alchymy.

He alleged that, when a director, he was in great embarrassment, as well as his colleagues, as to the means of filling the public treasury, in spite of the oppressive exactions which were made without scruple, he received a note folded up in a mysterious form, sealed in several places, and signed with symbolical figures. It was couched in nearly these words:

" Citizen Director, the chest is empty. The state wants are numerous and urgent; you stand much in need of gold. I am one of those who command the sun; I can lay open to you the bowels of the earth, or provide you with sufficient means for the *poudre de projection* to fill the vaults of your palace with thousands of millions in hard money. Will you receive and hear me? This binds you to nothing. When we part, use no violence to detain me; or I would severely chastise such perfidious conduct. If you thirst after the knowledge of sages, order that a rose-tree in bloom be placed, during three days, from the hour of noon until one, on the last window on the left of your apartment. May the stars be auspicious to you!...." Talismanic signs filled the remainder of the page; the paper was of small size, the characters were very large, and not unlike M. de Châteaubriand's handwriting. I imagined at first that this was one of a thousand and one jests constantly levelled at us, and paid no attention to it. After the lapse of eight days, another letter came to hand, containing these words:

" Are you, then, alike divested of curiosity and an unskilful administrator?"

" In fact, as nothing was asked of me, except the signal I have adverted to, I resolved to exhibit it. On the fourth day, at the hour when I usually remained alone, a door-keeper came to inform me

that the person for whom I had ordered a rose-tree to be taken care of, desired to know if I could be seen.

" Send the person in, I replied, and, whilst we are together, do not allow any one to interrupt me.

" I did not pay much attention to the knave's malicious smile. He returned two minutes afterwards, and introduced a young female who appeared to be twenty or two and twenty years old; she had a Greek countenance, Roman shoulders, a French figure and gait, a German skin, a Scotch complexion and Chinese feet. To complete a description of the various countries from which she had borrowed some physical perfection, I shall add that the expression of her countenance and the fire of her eye combined the vivacity of an Italian with the passion of a Spaniard. I know not even whether she did not recal to mind the virginal voluptuousness of a Greek. She wore an oriental costume; a head dress nearly resembling that one adopted by Madame de Staël, silk trousers, a muslin dress, a gold band, set with diamonds, saphires and rubies; forming a tasteful and splendid tri-coloured favour. Her feet were enclosed in sandals tied with crimson velvet bands fastened by clasps formed of beautiful antique cameos. Costly rings, bracelets of fanciful forms, and exquisitely worked, sparkled on her toes; her

hands, and arms nearly bare; a light silk wadded mantle, of large dimensions, was thrown over her dress; and, when she dropped it on the first arm chair that came in her way, she conveyed to my mind the impression of a goddess, of a sylph issuing from a dark cloud:— an impression the more striking as I expected, from the tenor of the letter, the visit of an old adept, disagreeable, ugly, and offensive, as they all are.

"Nevertheless, I exclaimed, Cagliostro was a fine looking man; and, as to the celebrated Count de Saint-Germain, he had a very handsome and, above all, a very dignified countenance; was extremely well-dressed, and appeared to be between forty and fifty years old.

"He died before you came into the world, said the Duke of Parma to me. You were born at Fesquets in Montpellier; Rue de l'Argenterie; there I saw you for the first time."

I made no reply. Barras looked at me with still more attention than before; and, after I had apologized for involuntarily interrupting him, he resumed the thread of his narrative.

"I was too much a slave to the fair sex not to view, as a piece of great good fortune, the unexpected visit of so fine a woman. I rose, accordingly, with an eagerness, which I never could have shewn to any of the male sex, adept, or miracle-worker, and I advanced towards my fair visitor, saying:—

" Madame, or rather Mademoiselle, are you a Peri, and do you come from the kingdom of Ginistan ?*

" ' What I am is not what should occupy your thoughts ; you should exclusively meditate on what I have written to you.'

" You make gold ! That gold should come to you is highly probable ; but that, by means of an alchymical operation—

" ' Man of little faith,' she said ' adopting the language of Scripture, approach and behold.'

She forthwith drew from a small box, which she had about her, a little apparatus to light a reverberating fire. She arranged her miniature crucible and furnace. Underneath, was combustible matter which, on being lighted, was intended to heat the vases. Perceiving on my table a metal bell which was broken and useless, she threw it into the crucible and asked to be supplied with more materials : ' the kind of ore is of no consequence,' she said. I gave her two or three old keys, which shared the fate of the bell. I cannot say how many minutes it required to melt them, so extraordinary did the whole scene appear ; and when the iron, the copper, and the silver had become a thick liquid substance, she drew from her bosom a box of small size, apparently of very thick

* The Peri are amongst orientalists what we should call genii ; the dirs are likewise, in Asia, a species of male and female demons. Ginistan is the kingdom of the Peri.

gold. Having taken from it a moderate pinch of black powder sprinkled with sparkling grains, she spread it over the amalgamation, and, taking up an ebony paper cutter, she applied it to stir the boiling liquid, then covered it over, lessened the fire by slow degrees, and restored my paper cutter, nearly calcined by the effect of the compound into which it had been steeped. After the lapse of twenty minutes, I perceived that her eyes wandered over every corner of my apartment.

" What else do you want?" I inquired.

" ' Water, to accelerate the operation. Your moments are valuable to you, and I withdraw you too long from your duties.'

" Oh! I exclaimed, can those moments be ever counted which are passed in your company?"

" ' Citizen Director, I have come to perform an alchymical operation.'

During this colloquy, I had filled a large leaden vase with water. She threw it into her composition, which had already recovered its firmness; and, when it had become sufficiently cool to be taken up and placed in my hand, she did so, desiring I would examine and verify it, after which she should return, provided I would again place the rose-tree at my window. I accordingly promised to do so.

" I trust," said she, " that you have laid no snare to prevent my retiring unmolested?"

" Ah! Madam," I exclaimed, " my enemies

calumniate me. I am rigid in the observance of my promise; besides, I could gain nothing by incurring your displeasure, and I should be adopting the worst course to encourage and obtain that confidence which may one day secure my happiness."

"In proportion as my language assumed an air of gallantry, her countenance became stern, and she appeared ill at ease. She then had the look of an angry Juno or Minerva. She is an adventurer, I said to myself; there is a snake in the grass; I am imposed upon by a juggler's tricks; we shall see.

"On her part, her occupation being over,—on mine, feeling apprehensive of saying too much, we separated. I beheld her departure with regret. She carried away her whole apparatus, excepting two large ingots, each a pound weight, which she handed to me. I wrapped them up in paper, sealed the packet, and waited until the following morning ere I would try the experiment required by the stranger, and which I was desirous of confiding to professional men.

"I was unable to attend, the next day, to this matter, which was postponed for nearly a whole week. I fixed at last upon Chaptal and Bertholet, two men of distinguished skill. I begged they would, in my presence, subject these ingots to a rigid analysis. They made the attempt, followed it up, and concluded it; again renewed the same process

at my request. I was assured, after each experiment, that the ingots were of pure virgin gold, free from alloy—that the mine whence they had been extracted must be the richest of any in the four quarters of the globe. They added, if the mine chanced to be in France, and a productive one, the working of it would make up for numerous burthensome taxes which it was difficult to collect."

"I did not deem it proper to inform them as yet of the manner in which I had procured this gold, but dismissed them with abundance of thanks and of courteous expressions. Shall I own that when they left me, I yielded to the most childish joy, or rather to the delight of a statesman, who finds himself possessed of the means of relieving his country, and of undertaking those public works which extend its glory far and wide? I already fancied I beheld the arts assuming a gigantic development, thanks to the works I would cause to be undertaken; our armies supplied with provisions—the naval disaster of Aboukir repaired! I alas! who on the preceding day was incredulous, lapsed on the next into inordinate weakness, and struggled against the impression that there was in the matter some jugglery connected with a political intrigue. So great was my delusion as to make me forget that the ground I trod upon was already giving way. I lost all recollection of General Bonaparte's menacing presence, and passed the whole of a sleepless night, in a state of absolute infatuation

and delight, whilst I should have paid some attention to the sinister reports which, from every quarter, were conveyed to me.

"My first care, when I arose, was to order my valet to place immediately at the window agreed upon the vase full of artificial roses. He did so, and, on his return, so confused were my ideas at this verified miracle that I asked him :

" ' What day is this ?'

" ' This is the 18th Brumaire, citizen Director.' "

On the mention by Barras of that celebrated epoch, in so careless a manner, connected as it was with his downfall, we who had, until then, paid the closest attention to his anecdote, and were all anxiety to learn its conclusion, exclaimed as with one voice :

" The 18th Brumaire, Count ! Of what year ?"

" Alas ! of the year VII ; or, to speak in plainer language, that which corresponds with November 10, 1799 : the very day of a revolution which converted the French republic into an absolute monarchy, disguised under the tinsel and juggling of a consulate and an empire. Now, gentlemen, on the evening of that fatal day, I was obliged to quit the palace of the Directory, was forced to resign, and consequently to leave Paris ; and, as my change of position precluded my being any longer of service to those who had so skilfully managed this intrigue, I never more heard of it."

I here ventured to say to Barras :

" Did you never again behold this beautiful worker of miracles ?"

" No, Sir: she winged her flight back to the cloud which had brought her to this nether world, from the regions of the sylphs which she inhabits, amidst perfumed groves of acacia and pea-flowers."

We broke out into a laugh, but remained confounded, vexed, and almost out of humour. I was betrayed into a wish that Providence had postponed the 18th Brumaire for a few weeks, forgetful that He directs whatever happens to us upon earth.

The conversation then lapsed into that confusion of tongues which recalls to mind the tower of Babel, and always occurs in a drawing room, when the attention, previously on the stretch, becomes suddenly relaxed: each individual then eagerly gives vent to his feelings and speaks his mind on what he has just heard, expressing his conjectures, and giving his opinion. Chaos reigns triumphant; and this is the most favourable occasion for those who have to speak in private, and are apprehensive of attracting to their conversation the ears of indiscreet, or the looks of inquisitive people. Lovers never fail to take advantage of such a moment—even statesmen will avail themselves of it.

We were therefore in that phasis, so well known to an observer, when Barras, drawing near me, and receding at the same time from the rest of the company, said in an under tone of voice :

" Is it true that you have met the Count de Saint-Germain, who is said to be dead, *who is said* ....you understand me; for I am as persuaded as you are that he is alive ? I have seen him."

" To any one else but M. de Barras," I replied, " I should decline giving a categorical answer, and should evade all explanation by means of the many forms of language resorted to in society; but you, Sir, who question me, have a right to learn the truth. Yes, I have seen and conversed with that extraordinary being. Chance brought us together on two, and by no means remote occasions. The first was at Toulouse in 1812; the second in Italy in 1813. He did not make himself known when we first met; but he was more candid the second time, because he felt himself bound by ties of gratitude to be so."

I paused, from the utter aversion I feel at that degree of familiarity which is so irksome to one's superiors, and waited until the old president of the executive Directory should question me, and offer in his turn, if such were his pleasure, details of the same nature as those I could reveal to him. He contented himself with saying:

" I am about to quit Paris, and I was desirous of seeing the royal family. That silly fellow, Blacas, (I quote the very epithet) who, by the bye is my relation, is so apprehensive lest his worthlessness should be exposed to his master,

that he effectually shuts out the slighest ray of light, and prevents the most prudent advice from reaching the King's ears. This great booby fancies that he governs; he may do so, in the anti-rooms of the palace, but as to the kingdom.... Poor simpleton! events will sweep him away at the first shock; his fall will be a heavy one, remember my words. The King had sent an intimation that he desired to see me; well, the ~~ovvis~~ *homo* placed himself as a screen between His Majesty and me. He informed me that the King expected I should first apply to him, the Count de Blacas. I shrugged up my shoulders and replied: I have had to deal with people of a far different stamp. The man who has escaped the clutches of Danton and Marat, who triumphed over Robespierre, who only yielded to the attacks of Bonaparte, deems it beneath him to follow your footsteps as a terrier would do. You are wholly ignorant of the position of France; you rule a country of which you know nothing, except what you learn from the reports of simpletons, sharpers, silly women, and priests. Heaven grant, for your sake, that the Faubourg Saint-Antoine does not make its loud voice be heard, and that the Faubourg Saint-Martin does not respond to it! I shall then see what you can do. I should have fallen very low in my own esteem, if, after having for five years held unaided the helm of the state, in days of so much peril, I consented to receive praise or blame at your hands.

I quit Paris; your conduct drives me away; you are the obstacle to the King's escaping the danger which threatens him. Tremble at the responsibility you are drawing down upon your head! So saying, I turned my back upon him. It would have been worth while to observe his countenance during this speech."

I eagerly thanked Barras for condescending to acquaint me with details of such interest. He was pleased at the warmth of my expressions.

"Gascon or Provençal imagination!" said he, "Providence or chance has cast us in a particular mould. I shall find you on my return, and we will then confide to each other our reciprocal intercourse with the Count de Saint-Germain."

Barras at last glided out of the apartment, as he was wont to do, without saying a word; but the Prince, to whom he could never be an object of indifference, accompanied him as far as the entrance room. He became the topic of conversation, after his departure. A few familiar acquaintances had called, Count Lanjuinais amongst the rest, one of those rare men who have emerged spotless from the revolution. The Count who was born in Britanny, was a distinguished lawyer, witty, learned, playful, full of merit, lively, impetuous, with great energy of soul, and an uncompromising strictness of character; his heart seemed the abode of a volcano, whilst it overflowed with the most sensitive feelings. Too lofty to enact a vulgar

part, which he disdained, because an honest man undeviatingly pursues a straightforward course, he had laid down so correct a rule of conduct for his guidance that he stood in need of no veil to disguise his actions. Highly valued as a civilian, he was equally well versed in ecclesiastical lore, and could make head against the best theologians. He was short of stature, sour-looking, and even ugly ; but his petulancy imparted to him a sort of grace, and his energetic, brilliant expressions tended still further to remove the unfavourable impression he at first created. As harmless as a child on ordinary occasions, he grew impetuous like the storm, and became a hero in the presence of danger. At the dawn of the Revolution, he only saw the fair side of it. He was a lover of liberty, and was delighted at the thought of having at last found the mistress he had so long courted. He accordingly began by acting in concert with men who disguised their real intentions. In the progress of events, however, when each difficulty had the effect of removing the masks which disguised the deformity of those monsters, his error was more and more laid open to him. He had bewailed the fall of the monarchy. The King's death utterly appalled him. Nevertheless, he stood his ground, and, though constantly threatened with imminent death, he as constantly contended against the assassins, with a view to rescue victims from their grasp. At last, the conventionalists of the Mountain

finished by destroying each other one by one in succession, thereby realizing the facetious saying which represents two tigers devouring one another, until nothing was left but their tails. Thus it was that, after the 9th Thermidor, the Convention remained nearly cleared of its impurities.

In 1795, seventy-three departments shewed their sense of Count Lanjuinais' merit, by electing him, on one and the same day, as their representative in the new legislature. Proscribed on the 18th Fructidor, rescued by the affection borne to him by all parties, he was raised by Bonaparte to the conservative senate. The King did honour to his chamber of peers by naming Count Lanjuinais one of its members. He accepted, in the Hundred Days, the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies. On the second restoration, it was deemed hazardous to exclude him from the peerage. His honourable career was prolonged to the 13th of January 1827: thus death spared him the pain of witnessing the events which succeeded that epoch! He, at least, would not have pretended that he had been acting a farce during a period of fifteen years.

The Count had met Barras on the staircase, and, as they were not friends, he could not help drawing our conversation to the deplorable epoch of the reign of terror; and supplied us with valuable details relative to the composition of the revolutionary committees.

"The Committee of Public Safety," said he,

" installed itself in the King's small apartment at the Tuileries. Numerous body-guards, on the side of the garden as well as on that of the Prince's court* indicated the abode of the most frightful and stern despotism:—of cowardly and cruel tyrants, frightened at their own shadows, and who, since the death of Marat, beheld a Charlotte Corday in every young girl who fixed her eyes upon them. Sentinels perpetually in motion forced the crowd to move on, prevented it from stopping under the windows of the committee, and proceeded to arrest any one who, after such notice, persisted in sauntering about the courts.

"A multitude of offices filled the second enclosure. The clerks were composed of two classes; one consisting of idlers and peculators, affecting to be pure *sans-culottes*, never failing to attend each sitting of the clubs, each patriotic solemnity, exclusively engaged in vociferating, denouncing or grinding down the unhappy beings whom necessity brought into contact with them. The other, a timid, laborious class, improperly led, and in perpetual fear, consisted of well educated young men or of others of maturer age who, under the very eyes of the executioner, contrived to escape the scaf-

* Many large buildings obstructed the approaches to the Tuileries; there were wretched streets, courts and squares in every direction. Napoleon ordered them all to be pulled down in the days of the consulship.

fold. It may well be imagined how readily they would take alarm. They but imperfectly enjoyed a security of which the slightest suspicion would deprive them, and were constantly upon thorns; their punctuality and watchfulness sufficiently indicated how anxious they were not to displease their ferocious superiors.

Guns kept ready loaded by day and night at the interior gates, left no doubt of the ungovernable and pusillanimous disposition of those who were thus compelled to protect themselves with a brazen enclosure. Fusileers drawn from the choicest of the Parisian national guard, Marseillais, an impure collection of men imported from the south of France, which was fortunate in getting rid of them, Jacobins in rags, true *sans-culottes* in all the strength of the expression, watched over the safety of the members of the committees, or the execution of their orders. These orders were executed with no less promptitude than rigour; youth, age, virtue, misfortune were unavailing against ferocious beings who were strangers to pity, and perpetually intoxicated with brandy and fanaticism.

An ill-trimmed solitary lamp, placed at the end of a long corridor, imperfectly dispelled darkness. It was a perfect opening to the infernal regions. It would have created no surprise to find that it led to Tartarus, at either extremity, especially when men worse than demons, sud-

denly made their appearance. All the avenues of the Committee of Public Safety were dark, gloomy, and of sombre aspect; one might have thought that its members desired to be surrounded by terror and darkness, even in inanimate objects, owing to a contrast which was not their own work, but occasioned by the locality. The saloons of our decemvirs, which had been those of our ancient monarchs, were decorated with some portion of their former splendour, such at least as had survived the ravages of the 10th of August. The floors were covered with the soft carpetting of the Savonnerie and of Beauvais. Statues, objects of value, gilded bronze, mirrors of gigantic dimensions, shone in every direction. Clocks, alike beautiful from their shape, their scientific construction and their gilding, chandeliers to match, chefs-d'œuvre emanating from the manufactory of Sèvres, consisting of vases, trays, articles of furniture, adorned the chimnies, the tables and the sparkling brackets.

This place, replete with splendour but worse than the den of Cacus, was furnished with rich luxurious arm-chairs, ~~canopies~~ and ottomans: all the comforts of regal gorgeousness now belonged to these hypocritical republicans, who spoke the language of Fabricius, and led the life of Verrès. Each cabinet exhibited trays at all times well stored with every delicacy of the season, in fruits,

cold meats, the finest French wines, and all the liqueurs of our islands; here it was that those blood-thirsty wretches consummated the loss of their senses.

The members of the Committee took their seats round a large oval table, covered with a green cloth, which was afterwards designedly replaced by a red one, and loaded with papers, pasteboard boxes, and every writing implement; seats of equal size indicated their mania for equality. The president could only be distinguished from his colleagues by a previous knowledge of his countenance.

This committee, the terror of mankind, disdained every occupation, the result of which fell short of plunder or a sentence of death. It was composed of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, Saint-Just, Barrère, Lebas, Amar, Vadier, Carnot, (what could he have in common with such a crew?) Antonelle, Fouché, Barras, and sometimes Robespierre, usually met in conclave. The presence of one of the members was sufficient to constitute a sitting. If the subject in question was only the condemnation of an emigrant, or of a prisoner, some ordinary measure, he took upon himself to carry it into effect; more important matters were debated in common.

There was seldom a full meeting until ten at night; they came, not altogether intoxicated, but greatly elevated with wine, heated by rich fare,

and a profusion of liqueurs and coffee. In this condition, they debated on the fate of unhappy beings, they pronounced the destruction of whole cities, not of obscure isolated towns, but of Marseilles and Lyons, the best jewels in the French crown.

The members were dressed each according to his fancy; waistcoats, jackets, coats, surtouts of silk, linen, or cloth, of coarse or fine texture, striped in colours of various shades, in which red always predominated. The slovenliness of Marat and the capuchin Chabot contrasted with the neatness of Robespierre and of Saint-Just. Most of them, wore, instead of a hat, a red cap, resembling those of galley slaves. The waistcoats and facings were of a broad, square and pointed form. Some wore wooden shoes from fancy or political motives; others, shoes with buckles, and even small-clothes. Green, alone, was nearly excluded. A female clothed in white never failed to incur the displeasure of the demoniacs. Robespierre alone ventured to wear an exquisitely clean waistcoat of fine dimity, others occasionally of a rose colour, of light blue, slightly brocaded or embroidered with silver. Any one else dressed in this manner, would have met with a volley of insults, perhaps, even of blows, had he appeared in it for ever so short a time.

When the committee was sitting, the outer gates were barricadoed; the inner ones, on the

contrary, were thrown open indiscriminately to informers, to knaves, to mountebanks, and to the leaders of the revolutionary army. From this spot, General Rossignol took his departure to set the Bocage of La Vendée on fire, and Carrier to preside over the frightful *noyades* of Nantes; here it was that Ronsin, Vandamme, Henriot were greeted, caressed, and encouraged. Detached by his colleagues to carry into effect the decree which annihilated Lyons, Couthon, deprived of the use of all his limbs, compelled to be carried in arms, said, as he embraced Vadier, who was envious of his good fortune:

"I have only my head and trunk left; nevertheless, I am to be the man who is to strike the first blow which will cause the second city of France to disappear."

The pretended conspiracies, denominated *of the prisons*, were hatched in that place. There was prepared the plan of forcibly depopulating the kingdom, which was carried into effect during a period of fifteen months. A map of France, constantly spread out before the decemvirs, pointed out to them in what direction would pass the scourge called the *revolutionary army*, where famine, pro-consuls, and moveable scaffolds were to be sent. A statistical description of each commune accompanied the map, and it was thus sought to discover *how many heads the department could punish.*

"The Committee of Public Safety was the nucleus of all the revolutionary committees of France, who sent thither their public agents and secret emissaries. There subsisted between them an interchange of notes and tokens. They yielded up, and even made presents of victims to one another, and I heard those wretches say, in my presence, that they had *granted* to the Revolutionary Committee of Toulouse, the heads of Count John Dubarry, of the youthful Escalonne, and of the sainted Madame de Cassan, adding: this will be on condition of a like return; *little presents keep up friendship.*"

A thrill of horror pervaded the whole company at these words of Count Lanjuinais. Yes, all were horror-struck, even those who had been more or less concerned in the revolution. We asked him if he were quite sure of having heard these words.

"I affirm it upon my honour;" he unhesitatingly replied. "S——— was the man who uttered them. Allow me, however, to conclude what I have to relate, even though we should die of shame, *we* who too long endured such horrors....To the Committee of Public Safety the other members of the Convention, criminal through weakness, came to beg millions. They were not always admitted, but were often made to dance attendance. Their subsequent patience fed the insolent arrogance of the rest; they respectfully

watched, standing until Robespierre, or some other influential member of the Committee should pass. The favoured few received the fraternal embrace; this was the ceremonial of enthroning. No sooner was it fulfilled, than he became, as Chevalier de Fonvielle termed it, a pro-consul executioner—and a pickpocket, he might have added. Many jokes were exchanged in the den; the murderers affected an air of cheerfulness, delighted in coarse bantering, in words of double meaning. When Robespierre attended the deliberations, they assumed a sterner colouring; there was less jocularity, and perhaps more wholesale murder.

The national government centred in that spot. The business relating to war, finances, administration, and the laws were carried on in those Committees. The plans, after being hastily prepared, were carried to the Convention, which servilely assented to them. A printing-office was established in the cellars of the Tuileries. The avenues, the passages, the halls were encumbered with parcels, with all kinds of objects captured in the various expeditions; this gave the committees of public and of general safety the appearance of an establishment for loans upon pledges,* or rather of a den of thieves filled with booty, which the gang divided with the agents, who were stretched here and there upon mattrasses.

* *Mont de piété*, strictly speaking, a pawnbroker's shop.

"The Committee of General Safety attracted a much greater concourse of people, and was the scene of far greater rioting. Besieged night and day by families in tears, it repelled them with the stern rudeness of subordinate tyrants. It was well known that nothing was concluded there unless the instructions of the Committee of Public Safety had been previously obtained. How many sacrifices of money and of virtue were not previously demanded! It was at once an atrocious and an infamous traffic.

"The Committee of General Safety was the centre where all the revolutionary committees of France terminated; one of its members said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"'Citizens, you don't go earnestly to work. What! only fifty-four arrests in a fortnight! Zounds! if the other committees were all to act with as little energy, they would afford the aristocrats a fine scope.'"

CHAPTER II.

Madame de Staël and General Bonaparte—Letter and reply—M. de la Rochefoucauld—The Marquis d'Escouloubre—Conversation with Madame de Staël in 1789—The Bourbon Genealogy—He robs us of a cannon, an anecdote of the Empire—Tailors' bills—Scenes in the palace—Napoleon's munificence—A superfluity of kings—Strange proposal—Revolutionary ledger of princes put to death, or expelled; of kingdoms lost, created, given away, destroyed, etc.—Sainte-Peur the reigning Queen in 1789—The seven French sages—The old regicide and the youthful sister of kings, an anecdote—Wisdom of *lettres de cachet*—Unpublished verses—The Abbé S———, the Count de G——, and a fine lady—A moral anecdote of days anterior to the revolution.

I HAVE adverted, in the preceding chapter, to the manuscripts of Ozun, and stated my intention to extract some very extraordinary fragments; I now keep my word. I find in them the following conversation between Napoleon and Madame de Staël, which affords a good idea of both personages.

The campaign of Italy had been brought to a termination by the peace of Leoben, at which General Bonaparte had achieved such prodigies of glory.

He was returning from Radstadt, where he had appeared as a hero crowned with a thousand laurels. It was known that he was on the eve of proceeding to a distant land, to assume the command of an expedition of a venturous and mysterious character, which would afford him fresh opportunities of glory. Talleyrand gave an entertainment ostensibly intended for Madame Bonaparte, but in reality meant for her husband. The latter came to it in the plainest costume, according to his wonted habit, and without powder in his hair—a conquest obtained by his wife, and which greatly flattered her vanity.

The Baroness de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and ambassadress from Sweden, did not miss this opportunity of meeting what she most delighted in —pleasure and a crowded company, seeing others, and being herself an object of admiration. She came in a strange garb, as was likewise her custom. It is asserted, by all her sex, that no woman ever displayed worse taste, and at the same time greater pretensions to elegance. Her head was surmounted with a mass of rags dignified by the name of a cap; her ill-made dress of glaring, variegated colours, loaded with absurd though costly trimmings, formed a contrast to her dark, greasy skin. But she brought, as a compensation, a great store of wit. A chair stood empty by her side. Why did Bonaparte take possession of it? he who always made it a rule to shun her. I cannot account for

it. He perhaps sought an opportunity of affronting, and thus getting rid of her. Be this as it may, she was far from suspecting his secret object; and, flattered by the outward act, she exclaimed, as soon as she recognized her neighbour:

"What, General, you at my feet!"

THE GENERAL.—It is an homage which your sex claims from mine.

THE LADY.—Such universality lessens its value. Victory alone has attractions for you; and you have won her.

THE GENERAL (*sharply.*)—Nevertheless, she is a woman.

THE LADY.—You give an unfair termination to my phrase; should a married man hold such language? Your thoughts are so expanded, so varied, that they may lead you to forget the bonds that rivet you.

THE GENERAL.—The many good qualities of my wife, are ever present to remind me of those bonds.

THE LADY.—Your wife is a charming woman.

THE GENERAL.—Her merit is enhanced by your praise.

THE LADY.—You are indifferent to my opinion; you imagine that I have no settled ideas, yet—

THE GENERAL.—Madam, do not introduce the Graces within the sphere of politics.

THE LADY.—I am not over gratified at a mythological compliment. I should be far more pleased would you condescend to talk reason to me.

THE GENERAL.—Are you not one of that sex which bewilders our reason? and can you disdain your power?

THE LADY, (*growing impatient*).—General, do not trifle with me as you would with a puppet; be pleased to treat me as a man.

THE GENERAL.—What, Madam! would you wish to see me in petticoats?

"I was listening," said Ozun, "to this sarcastic conversation, and began to feel apprehensive of an unpleasant termination to it; the voice of each interlocutor had a sharp inflexion which alarmed me. I perceived that Madame de Staël was out of humour; she wished to propound her theories of government to a judge fully competent to appreciate them, and she felt indignant at his perseveringly declining all serious conversation. The last phrases exchanged between them were uttered on the one part with anger, and on the other in pure jest. I deemed it proper to interfere, and did so by throwing in one of those idle remarks devoid of meaning, though calculated to interrupt all bitter replies. Madame de Stael was displeased at this artifice, and said, turning round to me, who stood behind her chair:

"'I forewarn you that I did not call in your aid, though I have a powerful man to contend with.'

THE GENERAL.—It is to my assistance that he

is hastening; he perceives my danger, and wishes to rescue me.

THE LADY.—I have, then, a right to complain of him, since you acknowledge that I have nearly won the victory. He is a valuable friend. His affection does not slumber during one's absence, though such is friendship's failing.

THE GENERAL.—It follows the example of its elder brother.

THE LADY.—Because true love and true friendship are rarely found. Love must be aroused by the echo of glorious deeds and of noble virtues, or he cannot rest content in solitary retirement. A vulgar beauty, without elevation of soul, without sublime actions, or inspirations of genius, loses all her influence by absence. There exists, in this case, an immeasurable distance between two hearts; whereas, when both respond to each other through the intervention of fame, the distance disappears, and the beloved object is ever present to each.

This was, no doubt, an ingenious avowal of the wish to form an attachment with the hero, to whom might be offered an acknowledged celebrity in return. Bonaparte perceived it as I did; but he had no desire to concur in it, and he said with mortifying indifference:

"'In what page of your works have you developed this dazzling system?'

THE LADY.—It ever was the idle fancy of my heart.

THE GENERAL. — Yes ; your philosopher's stone.

THE LADY. —It may be discovered.

THE GENERAL.—Moral alchymy is like the other—a delusion ; idealism leads to an abyss.

THE LADY.—Which is lighted by the torch of genius.

THE GENERAL.—That light will not arrest one's fall. The error of the age is that of wandering into idle speculations. Life is a reality ; our ideas should be so, too.

THE LADY.—You never dream, then ?

THE GENERAL.—Occasionally when I am asleep. Never when I am awake.

THE LADY.—Are you, then, always upon your guard ?

THE GENERAL.—Such is my duty.

THE LADY.—It never can be a pleasure.

THE GENERAL.—There is no lack of pleasure in baffling certain intrigues.

THE LADY.—General, who is, in your opinion, the first of women ?

THE GENERAL (*with impetuosity.*)—The most prolific.

" This put an end to the conversation. Madame de Staël turned away her head in evident ill-humour ; and Bonaparte left her with a deep bow, too formal, perhaps ; for there are occasions when an exaggerated mark of respect borders upon impertinence and raillery.

" I perceived that the last question she put to him, unconnected as it was with the preceding one, was a device which her imagination suggested to the General to be reconciled with her. She expected that, by the gallantry of his answer, the suggestion of which was clearly pointed out, he would heal the wounds he had inflicted. He availed himself of it, on the contrary, to probe them. I regretted it, as he might well have shown his forbearance towards this celebrated woman, without becoming her lover. Fearful is the revenge of genius; it inflicts incurable wounds; and, of all Bonaparte's enemies, Madame de Staël is the one whose sarcasms have aimed at him the deadliest blows.

" Sappho was unable on this occasion to repress her anger. She turned to me who had unfortunately been prevented making my escape, and, breaking though all measure and propriety she exclaimed:—

" ' Bonaparte is a fool!'

" Call him insensible, if you please; but I think few persons will agree with you in considering him a fool.

" ' He is indifferent to my admiration,' she rejoined, ' let us see what he will think of my hatred.'

" From that moment, in fact, Madame de Staël was exclusively bent upon tormenting Bonaparte. She condemned his operations, denounced him to

all Europe for his tyranny, and raised him a host of enemies. She provoked his anger, and he cruelly punished her by banishing her from Paris, the only place in the world that had any attraction for her. I well recollect the effect produced, during their quarrel, by the celebrated letter from the ex-ambassadress of Sweden to Count Louis de Narbonne dated from Switzerland whither she had fled for safety.

" A certain M. Jul...., an amphibious animal, semi-noble, semi-plebeian, an ex-jacobin, a royalist of the present day, a warm friend of every minister of police, to whom he was wont to relate many curious anecdotes, was wandering at that time in the environs of Geneva. He thought proper to pay Madame de Stäel a visit. There was so much to learn in her saloon ! he pretended that he was on his way to Paris ; she deemed him worthy of her confidence, and handed him the letter in question. On arriving in the capital, M. Ju..... instantly repaired to the Duke of Otranto, and, knowing him to be a collector of autographs of women of genius, shewed him the one of which he was the bearer.

" The malicious Duke perused the letter, and took a copy which he forwarded to the Emperor. The original was then carefully sealed up, and M. Jul.... proceeded to deliver it to Count de Narbonne. It was as follows :

" Well, my dear friend, how are you engaged? How much I pity you, when I reflect on the part you might enact, (had no change taken place around us,) and on that you now perform. Is it possible that an historical name should consent to figure in what is now called the imperial court? What am I saying,—an historical name? there are already twenty or thirty such: there will soon be a hundred, nay, a thousand added to your own.

" The Corsican and the Corsairs must be much embarrassed in the midst of you all. It is true that, in some unguarded moments, they are found standing, whilst you are enthroned in their arm chairs. Can it be otherwise in a place where the Montmorencis, the Rohans, the Rochefoucaulds and *tutti quanti* are the servants and waiting women of the male and female citizens of Ajaccio? Excuse my using the proper terms, and not those with which flattery has bedecked those degraded officers. For heaven's sake, my friend, reject honours such as those. Can you stand in need of them? could he need them himself? He would have been so great a man had he remained General Bonaparte! He was then looked upon as a giant; he has dwindled into a dwarf, and he is lost in the ample folds of his Imperial mantle. What a mania, after having soared above all thrones, to stoop of his own accord to take a rank amongst monarchs!

Ah! had he followed sound advice! But he shuns real friends who would have preserved his glory unsullied; he selected those in preference who drove him to imbue his hand in august blood, and to deck his forehead with the diadem of the Cæsars. It is a prostitution of victory to turn it to the purpose of establishing despotism and tyranny. It will be by means of victories that he will consummate the destruction of liberty; in short, he has converted the man into a prince, and he has lost by the change. I predict that his reign, since he is a sovereign, will be disastrous, and will come to a fatal issue. He fancies that he is bringing the revolution to a close; he is renewing it in an inverse sense. He found it in the streets; he has done no more than introduce it into the saloons. The people will henceforward remain quiet, and the aristocracy will conspire.

"I regret that the latter should show a tendency to anarchy; such is the effect of assuming the office of valet. I am informed that Madame de la Rochefoucauld* wears shoes with inner soles

* This lady, by birth a creole of the obscure name of Chatullé, was short of stature and ill-favoured by nature. She was censured for having sent in her resignation on the occasion of the divorce; it was thought, that having adhered to Josephine and partaken of her bounty, she should have consoled her in her misfortune. Madame de la Rochefoucauld may have had imperative grounds for retiring; they are unfortunately unknown. Her husband was the younger brother of the celebrated and virtuous Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt.

which make her appear two inches taller. It were better if, by some ingenious contrivance, she could succeed in checking her husband's ambition. It is asserted that Madame de Chevreuse has ordered an apron with pockets in perfect imitation of a dramatic *soubrette;* that M. d'Aubusson wears his livery with good grace, and that M. de Turenne's will be in exquisite taste, for he is amongst the suitors after places..Oh! I beseech you, not to order your livery, yet.

"I am at work upon *Corinne;* this is my only solace in affliction. This novel, which is really not me, will exhibit a very unusual character; happiness contending with glory. In such a struggle, alas! happiness must be overcome. Celebrity gives a death-blow to inward peace. She whose name belongs to every one, cannot be the exclusive property of herself and her friends. This must dispel the charm of private life. And yet, should we set ourselves aside, and give up the hope of enlightening others, lest the fire that we scatter around should scar us? Would not this be an evasion of vanity disguised under a feeling of modesty?

"We must resolutely fulfil our career, my dear friend; endeavour to make your own an honourable, if not a happy one. Success has charms for us. It is pleasing to reflect that we are spoken of; perhaps it were better for us to have to say that we are beloved. All such questions disturb

the mind, and grieve the heart; exposing us to troubles we might escape amidst the vortex of Paris, but which exercise all their amazing influence in a desert. The continent of Europe is a vast solitude where we only now and then fall in with a congenial spirit. France is the promised land, and her capital is a terrestrial paradise. Gresset is right:

"On ne vit qu'à Paris, et l'on végète ailleurs."

"Adieu! endeavour not to forget altogether who you are, and, above all, bear me in remembrance*.

The Emperor felt displeased at this letter, and, wounded by the sarcasms of that ungovernable woman, from thenceforward, he forbade her return to Paris. She compromised her best friends by bestowing her confidence upon every bird of passage that lighted in her saloons. The greater part

* Unconscious that the secrecy of correspondence had been violated in his case, M. de Narbonne replied to Madame de Staël by the following letter:—

"Madame,

"Your imagination leads you astray in what you write to me, with some degree of anger, against the Emperor, and of injustice towards us, who are rallying round his throne. I cannot see why the *historical* names of France, since your fondness for equality makes you repudiate the nobility, should remain behind hand in the general movement. Every thing must have a beginning: accordingly, when a dynasty is about to be established, whether the name be Pepin, Hugues, or Napoleon,

only sought to reap there a harvest which they might turn to account in another place. She would fain have transformed the dreams of her brilliant

whether it derive its ancestry from a Clovis, a butcher(a) or a *greffier*, these accidental circumstances do not derogate from a great man who claims our admiration or our services, without disgrace, I will add, without debasement on our parts. *Historical names* are to be found in the list of valets who have served Louis XI, Charles IX, Henry III and Louis XV. Do you conceive that it was a noble office to be servants in those days? Were you to assert it, I should be under the necessity of requesting you would permit me to disbelieve the assertion. There was assuredly far less honor in cringing before Cardinal Dubois than in exercising functions in our imperial household.

"Are you conscious that, whilst you have a predilection for equality, you are the champion of hereditary pride? Do the

(a.) Dante, in his fearful poem, assigns to a butcher of Paris, upon what data I know not, the primitive origin of the house of Bourbon. The family of France, besides being the most ancient in the world in point of greatness, has a royal origin; its first ancestor was a Duke of France. History records the name of no upstart who, at that period, rose in France to such high dignity; the prejudices of the times would have opposed it. I believe Robert the Bold to have been both a Merovingian and a Carlovingian. Dante's may perhaps have been nothing more than an emblematical epithet, and have had reference to the ferociousness of the early Capets. The latter have reigned, in France, in England, Ireland and Scotland, in Spain and Portugal, in Navarre: in the Brazils, Peru and Mexico, in India, in Poland and Hungary: on the imperial throne of Constantinople, in Sicily, &c. in Naples, in Tuscany, Genoa, Parma, Lucca, &c. And I cannot repress a smile when I behold petty kings, monarchs of yesterday, lordlings in the XIIIth century pretending to vie with the Bourbons.

fancy into realities, have beheld, every month, the counter-revolution brought about, and loudly proclaimed it, without disguising the names of those

distinctions of citizens, of common people or of noblemen exist in the eyes of a true philosopher? All are equal in his estimation; and unquestionably the Emperor is worth those of former days; the difference is in the greater splendour of his crown, as it sparkles with the lustre of victory and of genius.

"I admit a great fault in him, that of not having appreciated your merit. Ah! if he had but danced with you(a), you might perhaps have been more just in his regard. When I say *danced*, I mean, had he taken your advice; it could have been no other than sound advice, but he dreaded your ascendancy. The great man was frightened at the celebrated woman. Be proud of the grounds of his aversion, for you know him as well as I do. Dismiss your unjust prepossessions. Be not harsh towards your friends, because they wish to have their own way, and are sufficiently free from prejudices to acknowledge that a throne founded upon heroic deeds may well vie with those whose kingly occupants have only had the trouble of coming into the world.

"Should the war continue between the Emperor and you, nothing can be more honorable to yourself. Be assured that hostilities will cease on your first application for a truce: there is no disgrace in imitating the example of every sovereign in Europe, by consenting to a peace with Napoleon. Dedicate *Corinne* to him; he will be flattered by your so doing. Acknowledge, at least, that if you dispute his right to gird his brows with

(a) An allusion to Bussy-Rabutin's joke. In the ball-room at the palace of Versailles, Madame de Sévigné came up to him saying: "Really, cousin, our King is the greatest of Monarchs."—"Who doubts it, fair Marchioness; has he not just been dancing with you?"

who laboured at that object. These names, being repeated to the Emperor, excited his anger, and led him to acts of severity against individuals whom Madame de Staël was thus sacrificing to her love of talking.

She was exceedingly changeable in her affections, and had come round, from a degree of hostility against Marie-Antoinette, (which was even highly ridiculous on the part of the Swedish ambassadress), to a kind of veneration, most natural

Charlemagne's diadem, he has proved himself worthy to wield the sword of that monarch.

" For my part, though you hurl your thunder bolts at your friend, I aspire to serve Napoleon ; I wish to lead a life of comfort in France. I have paid court to so many kings; allow me to court a hero ; heroes are so rarely to be found !

" Will you soon finish *Corinne ?* You owe us a master-piece every year, and yet you allow many to elapse without acquitting your debt. Ah ! were you to torment yourself less, and consent to write more—but, no ; agitation, restlessness, anguish, tears, such are your elements ; you speak of happiness, but would repel it, were it to appear in the company of calm repose. My dear friend, (permit me still to call you by that name) it depends more upon ourselves to be happy or otherwise, than is generally imagined; the will alone is wanting. Why accuse others of what is only the effect of our own obstinacy ? I have a perfect conviction of this truth; I desire to remain quiet in Paris. In furtherance of this end, it behoves me to be prudent. You, on the contrary, desire to be persecuted ; you must needs, then, wander over the solitude of Europe. Determine otherwise, and the paradise you sigh for will be thrown open to you.

" I am, &c."

in itself, for that sainted and unhappy Queen. Who were they, nevertheless, who aimed the first attacks at her? Madame de Staël and her mother. Those two ladies had spent whole years in disseminating falsehoods and calumnies, which were the engines wielded to assail the fame of that august princess, so perfectly spotless, notwithstanding the wickedness of her detractors.

I was told by the Marquis d'Escouloubre, a nobleman of Languedoc, who had been deputed from the nobility to the States General, a man gifted with the highest qualities, that, in spite of his royalist opinions, he often saw Madame de Staël. This was the time when the usurping third estate was about to constitute itself a National Assembly. The court, justly alarmed, accused Necker of having promoted this rebellious spirit. His Royal Highness, the Count d'Artois, sharply reproached him with the deed. The family of the Comptroller General was highly incensed at the imputation.

"I went," said M. d'Escouloubre, "to pay a visit to the Baroness de Staël pending these transactions. I had passed through the first apartments; but, on reaching the saloon, a waiting-maid, who stood there like a sentinel on duty, told me with an embarrassed countenance that she knew me, and that her mistress was too ill to receive me. I desired her to give my compliments and express my regret at her illness. As I was about to retire, Ma-

dame de Staël, who had heard the sound of my voice from the adjoining apartment, cried out:

"Come in, Marquis, come in; I am not sorry you should see the state in which I have been thrown."

I obeyed her invitation. She was half stretched on an ottoman, negligently dressed, and with dishevelled hair. She had a handkerchief in her hand, with which she wiped away her tears. She had neither grace nor beauty, to make amends for this figure: her face was red, and her eyes sparkled with rage.

"Are you aware," said she, "how we are treated, with what insolence my father is outraged, what mortifications he is made to endure? Such odious conduct demands an exemplary revenge; it shall come upon them; they shall see what we can do."

She continued to utter, in my presence, the bitterest complaints, the most ridiculous threats. She accused the Queen; she arraigned the Count d'Artois, whom she designated as her father's chief enemy, and one who evinced the least moderation in persecuting him. I endeavoured to soothe her; it was like throwing oil upon the fire; she seemed to be possessed with frenzy; her extravagant and vehement expressions electrified me.

"Ah!" she continued, "they trifle with the people's friend! They shall see how the people can take revenge. I pray that to you all, gentlemen

of the court, and to the circumstances of the moment, the verses of Aman may be applied :

" Il fut des grands....il fut une insolente race;
Un seul osa de Necker affronter le courroux :
Aussitôt de terre ils disparurent tous."*

The parody appeared to me to be a very bold one ; I hinted this to her, as gently as I could, and endeavoured to lead her into a more correct estimate of the virtues and noble bearing of the Count d'Artois, whom her personal animosity selected as the especial object of her attacks ; she replied :

" Princes only exist when the people consent that there should be any ; when they choose so to will it, princes disappear. Ere long, the Count d'Artois will no longer be thought of ; he will be led farther than he dreams of going: so far, indeed, that he will be for ever got rid of. Because of his elevation, he imagines that he may brave those of plebeian origin ; but a day comes to pass when, undermined at the root, the trunk falls, and all are thenceforward on a level."

Such was Madame de Staël in 1789 ; and Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, was revenging the royal family. I have never commiserated that lady, whose intermeddling and restless spirit, whose domineering mania, and ridiculous pretension of

* Racine's Tragedy of Esther, Act II. Scene I.

influencing government, have injured her literary fame. Nothing in Napoleon could satisfy her; she would not even allow him the talent of animating his soldiers, and of working wonders by their means. I recollect that when listening, after 1814, to a narrative of traits which reflected honor upon Napoleon, she pouted like any little girl who might have heard the praises of *croquemitaine*. Nevertheless, quite enough had been said to electrify all present except herself.

At Austerlitz, and in the hottest of the action, the Emperor, who attended to everything, heard a charge sounded in a shallow ground on his right, and too near him to admit the possibility of any separate general engagement having taken place without his knowledge. Nevertheless, as he allowed no circumstance however trifling to escape him, he called M. de Quatsbourg, one of his aid-de-camps, ordered him to proceed in that direction, and bring him back word what was taking place. The officer started off in all haste; the distance was short; what did he behold on reaching the spot?—Four infantry soldiers, with a well mounted chasseur for their leader, and a drummer, about fourteen years old, beating the charge like a madman. The six were advancing, with measured steps, in the direction of a cannon, the remnant of a dismounted battery, but which was still available, and was, moreover, defended by twelve or fourteen men.

The aid-de-camp rubbed his eyes, wept with

delight, and laughed, at one and the same moment, at sight of that *formidable column*, which was hastening, with fixed bayonets, towards the Austrian redoubt. Forgetting what our valiant soldiers were capable of achieving, he fancied himself in a dream, retraced his steps, returned to the Emperor, at full gallop, and made his report.

" Zounds!" exclaimed Napoleon, " I shall lose these strange fellows. Return, desire them, from me, to desist from the attack, and take down their names. They are mad. What are not these Frenchmen capable of!"

M. de Quatsbourg, who was animated by a kindred feeling of enthusiasm, tarried not a moment, but put spurs to his horse, and overtook *the column* just as it was about to make the attack.

" Halt! in the Emperor's name!" he exclaimed; " *commander*, and you soldiers, I desire you to *take up a position*, and be satisfied with keeping the enemy in check."

At these words, such magic was there in the name of their sovereign, the drummer ceased to sound the charge, the chasseur in command alighted from his horse, tearing off his hair in handsful, and one of the foot soldiers, addressing the aid-de-camp, said to him :

" God bless the Emperor! He is robbing us of a cannon. It is as much as if he were picking our pockets! Officer, just look; there are

only ten men." (There were twelve or fifteen.)

M. de Quatsbourg led those men back in utter despair, and related to the Emperor the grumbler's expression. Napoleon said, with a smile, to the numerous retinue that surrounded him :

" This is the very indecorum of courage."

All those heroes were rewarded. This is what excited Madame de Staël's anger. True it is, she was not a Frenchwoman.

We were much affected at so wonderful a trait of courage. Some one of the company attempted to restore her to cheerfulness, and said to us with that view :

" The Grand Chamberlain, M. de Remusat, an excellent man in all other respects, was rather of a parsimonious character. He made reductions in the accounts of contractors, right or wrong, often without any just grounds. It appears that his fiscal genius assailed, in a more especial manner, the accounts of tailors and robemakers, and that, in the end, he kept them out of their money. These tradesmen applied to the Count de T——, who already aimed at wresting from the first chamberlain the functions of master of the wardrobe, and brought their petition under the notice of the Emperor, who expressed, on the instant, his displeasure. The next day, at the grand levee, Count Remusat no sooner appeared, than he said to him :

" ' Well, Sir, fine doings these! I wear my clothes; my servants pounce upon and sell them, and they are not yet paid for! You thus place me in that foolish and awkward position, in which tradesmen have a right to say to me: *The Emperor of the French should pay for his clothes previously to wearing them.*"

The Grand Chamberlain was silent. A few days afterwards, he was deprived of that part of his privileges, and Count de Turenne was appointed master of the wardrobe. It was in the hands of the latter that I once saw an account of an old pair of slippers newly repaired for the use of His Majesty the Emperor and King!

" The Emperor possessed the art of appearing splendid without prodigality; he was remarkably munificent in his gifts. The pensions, in his time, were usually six thousand francs; it was his wish that a man who proved deserving of his bounty, might be able to subsist upon it. Where is the advantage of granting an income of six or twelve hundred francs to a man of distinguished talent or merit? This is ridiculous parsimony; such a sum is barely sufficient to defray the expense of economical dress and lodging. All the other necessaries of life remain unprovided for, so much so, that since the days of Napoleon a pensioner, upon the civil list, might be compelled to beg in the public streets.

" Napoleon was bountiful in his gifts, because

he well knew upon whom he bestowed them. His presents were never conferred on male or female intriguers. He was apprized beforehand of every circumstance connected with the individual he designed to reward, and paid no regard to obscure services; but, when lofty fame, renowned works, or brilliant actions came under his notice, he then showered gold by handsful.

" At the solemn epoch of his reign, when an appeal was made to literary men, all works which revealed poetical beauties were honourably rewarded. Six hundred, twelve hundred, two, three and four thousand francs were prizes assigned to an ode, a poem of about two hundred lines.

Cambacérès was not eager to reward this species of merit; nevertheless, as often as an author dedicated to him his work, he received a handsome present at his hands, whether a gold snuff box with his portrait, a diamond ring, or a valuable brooch.

There was something truly royal in the customs of the Emperor's court, a theatrical, perhaps, but yet a real display. It was brightened by that crowd of foreign kings and princes who repaired to the feet of Napoleon. I forget what dignitary of the Empire, finding himself a few minutes behind hand, said to him, in his defence—

" Ah! Sire, excuse me if I have not been punctual to the time, but, at the gate of the Tui-

leries my coach became entangled in the crowd of royal carriages, from which I feared it would never be extricated."

The Prince Arch-chancellor once said to me:—"I was applied to, on behalf of all the sovereigns of Europe, after the birth of His Majesty the King of Rome, to request I would ascertain from the Emperor, in a positive answer, what were his intentions regarding the future organization of the continent. They had resolved to come to an understanding with him, to acquiesce in every thing, provided that, when the arrangement was once agreed to, and decreed, he should not at a future time entertain thoughts of again unsettling it. In truth, I had no fancy to undertake what I deemed to be a perilous mission. I declined it, and observed that it was hardly to be expected that a mighty nation should be irrevocably chained down in its policy.

"The answer made to me was as follows:—In such a case, we shall be in perpetual alarm, since we can have no guarantee of our existence. The Emperor, therefore, cannot find fault with our entering into a reciprocal engagement to maintain each other in our respective dominions. This will be a perpetual germ of uneasiness and war.

"I was struck with the observation, and determined one morning to relate to Napoleon what I have just stated to you. He listened to me with profound attention, and then spoke as follows:

" They are in the right, and you were also right in the answer you gave them. Why, good Heavens! do we know what may to-morrow happen to us, what combinations I may be forced to adopt? Circumstances, time, men, bring all things about, and compel us to alter what we had at first determined should be everlasting..This fear, however, will always make them look to England; they will enter into a covenant with her, Monsieur l'Archi.... ; yes, it is a point determined on. My dynasty must become the oldest in Europe. The peace of the world requires it, and the interest of a dozen families cannot supersede that of the whole human race.

" Confounded at all that this gigantic plan made me anticipate,

" Sire, said I, the family ties which connect you with the house of Lorraine will oppose, in your heart, a portion of the vast plan you have formed.

" I know it but too well, Prince. I never cease dreaming of it; but every thing on earth is a sacrifice; and, since Abraham had the courage to meditate the immolation of Isaac, his only son, the Emperor of the French may perhaps have the courage to reduce his father-in-law and relatives to the condition of private individuals.

This expression still increased my astonishment. Napoleon uttered it in a hypocritical tone which filled me with surprise. He then made a calcula-

tion of the royal families to be dispossessed. They were, according to him, less numerous than might be imagined. He could have no occasion to lay hands upon Spain, Portugal, or the whole of Italy; the Low Countries were annexed to France; Holland was equally so; Poland no longer existed; and, when Bernadotte should ascend the Swedish throne, he would be the Emperor's junior.

"Consequently," continued the Emperor, "the families of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark are nearly the only ones to be removed; for the thrones of Saxony, Westphalia, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Sweden, Holland, (if I raise the latter again into a kingdom,) Naples, Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, Tuscany, Spain, and Naples, are also either juniors of mine, or have disappeared for ever. I have breathed upon the Pope, and he has vanished. England alone braves me; but London is within my reach. Europe once subdued, it will be seen whether I may not find a moment for crushing England in its turn."

"I had not reflected upon this scheme; and, in fact, reckoning England and Turkey, which had escaped his notice, there were only six sovereigns in the civilized world which still offered resistance, for it was hardly possible to class amongst them the King of Piedmont, who had taken shelter in Sardinia, or the King of Naples, who would be driven to Sicily as soon as he should cease to receive the protection of England. It must be

owned, that the French revolution had encroached upon all its neighbours."

"Truly," said I to Prince Cambacérès, "it has not proved favourable to kings. Allow me to enumerate to you all the evils it has entailed. Beginning with France, you will find two kings:—the one Louis XVI, assassinated; the other Louis XVII, poisoned; a queen, a princess, (Madame Elizabeth;) the first prince of the blood, (the Duke of Orleans,) likewise put to death. The two younger sons of the latter died in a foreign land. Prince de Conti died in exile; (the Duke d'Enghien) was shot; Prince Penthievre died of grief; a queen, (the consort of His Majesty Louis XVIII) died in exile; as did also three princesses, (Mesdames de France, daughters of Louis XV, and the consort of the Count d'Artois. In Spain, three kings, Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, Joseph Bonaparte, were successively dethroned: in Portugal, a queen, Donna Maria, was driven into exile.

Two Turkish emperors, Selim III, and Mustapha IV, were in turn put to death by their soldiers. A King of Piedmont was at first expelled, and afterwards died of grief; two other brothers who ascended the throne, fell from it, and were compelled to abdicate. Twice, also, the King of Naples, a Bourbon, lost his dominions. Murat, who seized upon them, did more than the Bourbons; he attempted to return unaided; his enterprise failed of success, and he was shot. In Rome, two popes

were dragged into captivity; one of them died a prisoner. At Venice, the doge, degraded by the force of events, was compelled to proclaim his own abdication, and the annihilation of the republic. A grand duke, a king, a queen, a grand duchess, ascended the throne of Tuscany, and fell from it. The Dukes of Modena and Parma were deprived of their sovereign power. The same happened with the republics of Lucca, Genoa, and Venice. The Emperor of Austria found himself dispossessed of a third part of his dominions. The whole nobility of Germany forfeited their independence, and the ecclesiastical electors disappeared. Bowed down with humiliations, the King of Prussia was reduced to a condition below that of non-existence.* The Stadtholder of Holland beheld that power wrested from his grasp, which had been established by his ancestors at so great a cost; he escaped only to swell the number of dethroned sovereigns.

The King of Denmark lost his fleet, and his capital was set on fire.† The Prince of Mecklenburg shared the common lot. A propos of Holland,

* A Prince of his family, H. S. H. Prince Louis of Prussia, was killed on the field of battle. This gave rise to the observation of Napoleon: "Princes are wounded, and taken prisoners, but not put to death." He had not adopted this maxim at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's death.

† By the English in 1809. The Prince of Augustemburg, of the house of Holstein, the first adopted son of Charles XIII, King of Sweden, died of poison.

I am forgetting to draw your attention to the reign of Louis Bonaparte, who abdicated through a virtuous feeling, and for the incorporation of his kingdom in the vast French empire. A King of Sweden, Gustavus III, was assassinated. His successor, dispossessed of the crown, is still a wanderer in Europe, a melancholy instance of the vicissitudes of fortune.* A King unhappily become insane, occupied the English throne. The mighty Catherine died of grief; and her son was assassinated, as her husband had been before him. The order of Malta was annihilated; the clergy, nobility and magistracy, were deprived, in every country, of their privileges; torrents of blood flowed in France, Spain, Naples, in Portugal, and Poland. The revolutionary principles set every country in a blaze, and dealt in wholesale murders. Behold all the crimes they provoked in Africa and India: the massacre of the nobility at St. Domingo. Both Americas, the southern portion in particular, as well as Mexico, were torn by the revolt of factions —the schemes of ambitious generals. The brothers of Napoleon were hurled from every throne which his genius had raised. He was himself twice hunted down, and finally died in banishment. It would be no easy matter to determine whether the progress of

* He was, moreover, deprived of the whole of Norway, which the coalition has ceded to Sweden.

industry, that redeeming feature of success in our revolution, can indemnify us for all its horrors.*

* The following is a general summary of this picture, and includes all events which have subsequently occurred :

KINGS OR PRINCES WHO HAVE DIED A VIOLENT DEATH, &c.

Pius VI—died of grief.
Louis XVI, died on the scaffold
Louis XVII—poisoned.
Duke d'Enghien—shot.
Duke de Berri—assassinated.
Duke of Orleans—died on the scaffold.
Marie Antoinette—ditto.
Madame Elizabeth—ditto.
Madame de Lamballe, murdered.
Gustavus III—assassinated.
Selim III—strangled.
Mustapha IV— strangled.
George III—wounded, died mad.
Catherine—poisoned.
Paul I—strangled.
Alexander I—death doubtful.
Constantine—death doubtful.
Joaquim Murat—shot.
Joseph II—poisoned.
Leopold II—poisoned.
Queen of Prussia—died of grief.
Queen of Naples—died of grief.
Duke of Leuchtemburg, poisoned in Portugal.
Prince of Augustenberg, poisoned in Sweden.

MONARCHS DETHRONED.

Louis XVI.
Louis XVII.
Louis XVIII, twice.
Napoleon, twice.
Charles X.
Louis XIX.
Henry V.
The Stadtholder.
Louis Bonaparte.
The King of the Netherlands deprived of two-thirds of his dominions.
Charles IV, twice.
Ferdinand VII.
Charles V.
The Queen of Portugal.
Don Juan.
Don Pedro.
Don Miguel
Donna Maria.
Don Pedro, in the Brazils.
Christophe.
Iturbide.

This rapid sketch made a forcible impression upon the mind of Prince Cambacérès. He hid his

Presidents of American Republics without number.
Sovereign order of Malta.
United Hans towns.
Norway wrested from Denmark
Electorate of Hanover.
Pius VI.
Pius VII, twice.
Ferdinand III, twice.
Murat.
Joseph Bonaparte.
Jerome Bonaparte.
Elisa, in Tuscany and Lucca.
Prince Eugene.
The Prince Primate.
Three Ecclesiastical Electors,
All Princes abbots.
All mediatised German Princes.
King of Prussia.
King of Saxony, as Duke of Warsaw, dispossessed of some his dominions
Duke of Brunswick, twice.
Elector of Hesse, twice.
Duke of Mechlenberg.
Doge of Genoa.
Doge of Venice.
Standard-bearer of Lucca.
Grand Duke of Tuscany.
Duke of Modena.
Duke of Parma.
King of Etruria.
Four Kings of Sardinia, expelled, or have abdicated.
Switzerland changed in the form of her government.
Selim III.
Mustapha III.

Besides those who have escaped my memory.

KINGS CREATED BY NAPOLEON.

*A * designates the kingdoms created.*

Himself as Emperor of the French
*King of Italy.
King of Rome.
King of Spain
*King of Portugal.
*King of Holland.
*Kingdom of Etruria.
*Duchy of Lucca.
Protectorate of the Rhine,
Mediator of the Swiss,
Prince of Elba.
King of Holland—Louis.
King of Spain—Joseph.
Crown restored to Ferdinand.
*Kingdom of Illyria.
*Kingdom of Dalmatia.

face in his hands, long before I had completed it. What would he have done had I possessed the gift of prophecy, and could have continued the picture down to the period at which I am writing? I should then have added, as regards France, the atrocious immolation of the Duke de Berri, the death, by suicide, of the Duke of Bourbon. In Portugal, a King, Don Miguel, has been exiled; the monarch who took his place, Don Pedro, previously expelled from the Brazils, has died a premature death. The husband of a queen, the Prince Duke of Leuchtemberg, has been assassinated. In Russia, a mysterious veil is yet thrown over Alexander's untimely end. Nicholas has been compelled to defend himself against guilty conspirators, and Constantine has fallen a victim to the effects of the Polish revolution. In Germany, a King of Saxony, and a Duke of Brunswick have been dethroned; an emperor,

King of Naples—Joseph.
*King of Bavaria.
*King of Saxony.
*King of Westphalia.
*Kingdom of Poland, under the title of Grand Duchy of Warsaw.
*King of Wurtemberg.
*Kingdom of Algarves.
*Kingdom of Estremadura.
Grand Duchy of Cleves.
&c. &c. &c.

KINGDOMS CREATED THROUGH THE EFFECTS OF REVOLUTIONS.

Kingdom of the Netherlands.
Kingdom of Belgium.
Kingdom of Hanover.
Lombardo Venetian Kingdom.
Kingdom of Etruria, suppressed.

Iturbide, has been shot in Mexico.* A negro sovereign, Henry I, has perished in Hayti!

Prince Cambacérès, when I had concluded, remained for a time silent, and then said to me :

Your memory serves you well. Alas! had we, in 1789, foreseen those various results, I would fain hope that all would have shrunk from proceeding any further on our course : I certainly should, even could I have anticipated the fortune that awaited me. None of us, assuredly, not excepting Robespierre, (Marat I cannot answer for, as he was a madman) would have incurred so awful a responsibility. I am not a regicide; I hope I am free from such an imputation; and yet how often is not my night's rest disturbed by a species of remorse. I am clear and unstained; errors I have committed; who is free from them? What an epoch! an eye-witness and actor in it could alone have understood or appreciated its character. Those who so loudly sound their own praises at the present day were either concealed in their cellars, or howled when others yelled. I have fallen in with good company at the club of my own section and have heard atrocious motions made or seconded by men of real worth....fear, however, my dear friend, *Sainte Peur* operates irresistibly; few hearts are proof against her power. Thanks be to Heaven! I have not done harm to any one. I should assuredly

* Not the Brazils, as erroneously stated by the author.

not have been spared during these few past months could any thing serious have been laid to my charge; I am not aware of having to dread a single accuser. Yet I admit that both in language and in writing I participated in the criminal follies of the revolution. This will ever be imputed to me. Heaven forgive me those follies; the reproaches of my conscience are a sufficient punishment for them."

I listened, with deep respect, to this remarkable admission of Prince Cambacérès; I treasured up every word in my mind, in order to preserve the recollection of them. They so perfectly accorded with what had dropped from Louis David, in my own hearing, on the same subject, that I cannot but be of opinion that men are what opportunity makes them. The Prince resumed as follows:

"I wish to make you a present. You are writing for publication: you may perhaps avail yourself of what I am about to lay open to your view. A young man, urged on by false friends, formed the design of putting an end to Napoleon; with this strange idea in his mind, he went to consult one of those friends, modern Romans all, most of whom are still of this world; for

"Il en fut jusqu'à sept que je pourrais citer,"

and had with him a conversation worthy of being

related. I was intimately acquainted with his family. The subject had been hinted to me by the minister of police, the Duke of Otranto. I sent for the parents of the foolish lad, who was not more than nineteen years of age. We agreed that without any *éclat* and as a mere measure of prudence he should be confined for two years. This *act of despotism* saved the life of the young madman, and rescued his parents from worse than death, since they would have had to bewail their loss over a premature grave. I dare to assert, as a fact, what men of exaggerated opinions will deem a wild paradox, that every thing considered, the *lettres de cachet* have been productive of more good than evil. The young man, who was on his way to become a Ravaillac, being separated from his treacherous friends, and seeing none but his parents, came round to better sentiments. He conceived a horror of his meditated crime, and was ever afterwards of exemplary conduct. He became an excellent subject, grateful towards me and towards Napoleon who, on learning what we had done, thanked me with an earnestness which proved his genuine goodness of heart; he could find no better language of praise, on the occasion, than the following :

" ' Prince, you have acted, like the father of a family. Ah ! if all had used me as you have done, I should not be represented with the foolish physiognomy of an ogre. But weak minded people

would fain prove their zeal by calling me ferocious, sanguinary and cruel! An act of violence has ever been painful to my feelings; rest assured I never inflicted a blow that necessity did not call for.'"

Great, indeed, was that man, I exclaimed.

The Prince added as follows:

"Our giddy youth, on quitting the prison, withdrew into the country, where he married. From thence it was that, when he heard that Carnot was persecuted in consequence of his pamphlet, he sent to me an account of the very singular conversation which he had with the ex-director, authorizing me to publish it, if it appeared calculated to do good. I was unwilling to divulge a narrative which would have been displeasing to many, and to Carnot himself; nevertheless, I give you the manuscript, and, if you should survive Carnot, you may do with it as you think proper."

So saying, he handed to me, under cover, what I am about to transcribe. M. de M——, whose career has reflected so much honor upon him, and who did not betray his oaths in 1830, will excuse me if I avail myself of his production; it does him no discredit. His conduct, subsequently to the period to which it relates, proves how, with the growth of years, he abhorred republicanism, and its sanguinary principles. I abstain from raising the veil which conceals his name, in order to leave him at full liberty to remove it or

not, as best he may think proper. Previously, however, to divulging the contents of the manuscript, so full of ardour and enthusiasm, I must omit no part of the Prince's conversation on the evening in question.

After returning suitable thanks, I added:

"Monseigneur, you find in France seven Romans, two of whom have died since 1789; you have named one of them; would you disguise the rest from my knowledge?"

"'Why should I refuse to name them; they are worthy of your highest homage; the differences in their opinions will prove my impartiality. These wise men are Malesherbes....'

"Ah! I involuntarily exclaimed; and Romain de Séze?"

"'As for De Séze, his christian name stands as a record of his origin....Carnot, Lanjuinais, Jacques Delille, Boissy-d'Anglas and Lainé.'

"All no doubt men of singular merit, such as are not to be met with in the whole history of a nation, still less at one and the same time. Three titled ecclesiastics, Messrs. D'Aviau, Dubois de Sanzay, de Chevenus, and de Belley; together with Ducis, and the eloquent de Cazalès, might, I think, have been added to them.*

* Further extension may be given to this list. A host of deserving men have honored the scaffold by their virtues; but those who are designated by the Prince Arch-chancellor fully

"'They no doubt are entitled to distinction, though not that sort of distinction which ought to be reserved for those who have acted a part in politics. Your three prelates have faintly appeared upon the stage. Ducis was in some degree a weathercock; nevertheless, I assign to him the eighth place; and Cazales, whom I have frequented, admired, and esteemed, shall be our ninth muse on that Parnassus ... But you uttered an exclamation at the mention of Malesherbes which excited my surprise?'

"Unfortunately, Monseigneur, I replied, that wonderful man, so firm, so spotless, so generous, so worthy of our respectful admiration, fell, nevertheless, into great error. He retained for many years the controul over all publications; he, in concert with the philosophers, suffered France to be inundated with a swarm of productions alike impious, anti-monarchical, revolutionary, obscene, calculated to pervert the heart and the understanding; he was a disciple of Voltaire, and of weak faith. He acted, I am aware, under a conscientious conviction; his error was that of a virtuous soul; in his search after light, he left us a prey to the flames of an all-consuming violence. In this, Monseigneur, originates my

bear, in my opinion, the impress of an antique character. Messrs. T——, C—— and G——, can assuredly claim no pretension to it. There would seem to be less difficulty in translating Plato, than in resembling him, and above all in treading in his footsteps.

doubt of the propriety of assigning to Malesherbes the most prominent place. I admit, however, his truly magnanimous conduct; the dignity of his expiring moments, should blot out his past errors. That man assuredly deserves the monument which sooner or later, the gratitude of the Bourbons will erect to his memory.*"

I now subjoin the promised copy of M. de M——'s letter to Cambacérès.

" To you, Prince, I am indebted for my life, for the happiness I enjoy, for that, in short of all my family. I beg pardon of that childish old man who boasts of his *liberalism*, a system which is, in reality, no better than jacobinism reversed; but my gratitude for your favors has constituted me your *liege-man*. Be not alarmed at this feudality of feeling; neither the charter nor the severest pamphlets can find fault with it.

" In my retreat which I have succeeded in turning into a terrestrial paradise, since I have been rescued from the sanguinary agitations of republicanism, I have become a servant of God and of my King. I learn that M. C—— is on the eve of being brought to trial; he has committed the error of

* The bar have supplied what royalty unhappily left undone; they have raised a monument to Malesherbes in the grand hall of the Palace of Justice. This order should place in the same hall statues, busts, medals, and even inscriptions as records to the memory of such of its departed members as they might deem worthy of such distinction.

sending forth a pamphlet in which he attempts to justify his crime. This attests his conviction of having acted rightly; nevertheless, I am satisfied that his heart, unsullied as it is by crime, tacitly deplores the odious act in which he had a share. I have been a witness to his repentance.

" It is needless to recall to your mind the fatal affair I was engaged in, when, led astray by some wretches, I joined for a moment in one of the conspiracies formed against the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Uneasy at my premeditated attempt, apprehensive of plunging into the last degree of criminality, whilst anxious to tread in the path of virtue, it occurred to me to seek advice from a man who was, assuredly the most upright of all the regicides. I addressed myself to C——. I might have called upon Barrère, or even Barras; I was also acquainted with Vadier, Amar, and two or three more, David the artist for instance. They did not, however, afford me that guarantee of good conduct, that austerity of principles which could alone satisfy me in the individual who should fix my wavering mind. I abstained, likewise, from applying to Thibeaudeau, Quinette, or any of those who held places under the imperial government. I felt too well assured of their answers: they would have recoiled at acting the part of apostates.

" C—— was as much esteemed in his own country as he was formidable to foreign monarchs:

he commanded universal admiration, by his extraordinary talents, by an ardent love of his country, by the signal services he had rendered her, and by a combination of every public and private virtue. He had filled the highest functions during the republic, had obtained his share in a species of royalty, had held the seals of office, without effecting any increase in his private fortune, without the slightest suspicion ever sullying him. He was one of those lofty characters of antiquity reproduced in modern times, the type of which has now wholly disappeared :—one of these pure and incorruptible statesmen who overawe traitors and public disturbers ; and of whom despotism itself stands in fear. Those many and brilliant qualities had, however, their weak side, for none of us can wholly shake off the infirmities of human nature. This superior man had deemed himself warranted in condemning a King ; and Louis XVI was that King !

" When, at a later period, C—— saved his country by skilful military combinations, he met with ingratitude for his reward : when recalled to the exercise of official duties on the occasion of the 18th Brumaire, he did not long remain in place, so impossible was it for him to truckle to tyranny. Though surrounded with grandeur and glory, he selected a modest retreat for his future abode. Like another Cincinnatus, he offered up his ashes for the welfare of that country which he could

no longer save in a more effectual manner; and thus keeping himself aloof, was prepared to answer the first summons he might receive to aid in promoting the interests of his beloved France.

" It was from him, Monseigneur, that I sought the advice of which I stood so much in need. Fully relying in his discretion and his virtue, I felt no doubt of his candid reply to my frank interrogations. I found him alone in his study, revising a work on mathematics, and superintending at the same time the studies of his youthful son: he exhibited the two-fold example of an excellent citizen and of a worthy parent. So solitary was his retreat, that none but remarkable events ever came to his knowledge. He was scarcely aware of the change in my position, but complimented me with great cordiality, and received me, in short, with an affability which was natural to him.

" So great was his penetration that, as soon as the customary forms of society had been gone through, he perceived that my inmost soul was a prey to some painful emotion, to something alike important and perplexing. He had no difficulty in guessing that I did not come to pay a mere visit, but rather to seek the aid of his experience, and to clear up with him an arduous political problem, the solution of which escaped my grasp. He combined too much good nature with his social superiority to refuse affording relief to an un-

experienced reason, which stood in need of a guide. He was, accordingly, the first to advert to this topic, and urged me to speak without disguise.

"My mind, I replied, is disturbed by strange thoughts; I am pursuing an object the most difficult to attain, namely, liberty."

"'What liberty?' inquired the statesman.

"Is there more than one kind of liberty? I rejoined, in great astonishment at his question."

"'Yes, absolute and relative liberty.'

"I desire it unfettered."

"'Where will you find it?'

"Where you formerly sought it."

"Have we long preserved it? Was it not wrested from us by the force of hideous passions? Yet it had been achieved at a costly price."

"Was, then, the price at which you purchased it, one of so great value?"

"He answered the question by a sigh.

"If that price were again required of you, would you grant it?"

"'No.'

"Was it, then, too great a price?"

"'It was.'

"And yet, you once consented to give it?"

"'This would require an answer which would lead us too far; rest satisfied with knowing, that

at the time I assented, I deemed it indispensable to do so. My conscience was at peace; it reproached me with nothing.'

"'Since then, however....'

"' 'Why should a boy like you discuss with me this gigantic theme? It is said that a brilliant career is opening to you; pursue it like an honest man, and renounce all curiosity to inquire into acts, the remembrance of which is far from contributing to my peaceful slumbers.'

"Sir, I replied, with firmness, I am less captivated by the fortune which it is attempted to lay in my way, than influenced by the wish to restore to my country her lost independence. I have expressly come to you with a view of maintaining this thesis, which your scorn would withhold from my knowledge; but, I beseech you, in the name of all that is most sacred, to honour me with a positive answer."

"Surprise was pourtrayed on his countenance at hearing me utter this language, and he thus replied to it:

"' 'Ere I grant you the right to interrogate me on this point, ere I promise you a full solution of it, I must at least know what you desire of me, and require that you should speak to me without disguise.'

"I desire to tread in the path you have followed, to take your conduct for the rule of mine, and to endeavour to procure for France that liberty,

the attainment of which has hitherto baffled your efforts."

" ' This will be a severe task, and the times are unpropitious to you. The nation is still far from ripe for the great work. There is a strange propensity among us to be perpetually endeavouring to lower those above us to our own level, but never to raise an inferior to that level. We call this singular mode of proceeding the assertion of *equality;* the result will be, that true equality will not, for a long time, be naturalized in France.'

" Do you doubt, then, the possibility of a republic?"

" ' Of what elements would you form it? Shall it be, as I have just pointed out, composed of those classes, each of which holds in such disdain the class which it considers so much beneath itself;—that love of feudal distinctions which alike intoxicates the manufacturer and the citizen;—that never dying respect for ancient families, a connection with which is so eagerly sought by the most outrageous jacobins:—that ever growing ambition for what are called genteel pursuits;—that insatiable thirst for gold:—or those military men so prone to mould themselves into servants of the court, and who, on the other hand, have each their individual and their complete code of despotism? Where do we find, in the midst of that eager, proud and grovelling throng, the fit elements of a system of liberty? Some,

I admit, dream of it; but, I warrant them, when called upon to act, they will do as others have done before them. Every Brutus aimed to become a tyrant, and you have doubtless heard how they have treated me, because I would enter into no compact with tyranny.'

"Thus, Sir, if a generous hand should pull down the colossus...."

"'It would be acting for the benefit of a dwarf; besides which, would a single hand be sufficient to overthrow what the whole of Europe was unable to move? I am aware,' continued C...., in a dignified tone, 'how the representatives of a nation, invested with the public confidence, pronounce sentence, after mature deliberation, upon an attainted man accused by a whole people; but I am quite ignorant of the mode in which an assassination is committed. This is a point upon which I cannot give an answer.'

"I acknowledge, Monseigneur, that on receiving this unhesitating reply, in which the guilty act was assumed to be just and right, and which repelled all idea of a murder, my countenance lost its wonted assurance; I bent my head, and said:

"Brutus murdered Cæsar."

"'Yes, and I have condemned Louis XVI. Well, although I then acted in fulfilment of a duty; although my firm conviction was also that of the majority of my colleagues; although France and Paris seemed, with one accord, to join

with us, since the fourty-four thousand communes of the Republic, forwarded to us a solemn act of approbation, I do not hesitate in avowing to you, that the greatest of all sacrifices I could make for my country, would be that of giving a second vote for the same sentence.'

" C.... ceased to speak: he did not attempt to disguise from me, through false shame or self-love, the agitation of his feelings, for he suffered me to read, in his expressive countenance, the painful sensation it had created. I was struck with it; a crowd of new ideas sprung up in my heart, which became still more violently agitated when that great statesman resumed the subject in the following words:

" ' I have said enough to make you understand to what dreadful anguish I should have fallen a prey, had I, under any impulse of fanaticism struck the King with a deadly poignard. Woe be to him who would assume to himself the right of taking the law in his own hands, and set aside human justice, however pure may be his intentions. There is not one of his fellow citizens —not a single man upon earth, who has not a right to call him to account for the blood he has spilt, and the attempt he has made to solve, in his own way, the arduous question of government legitimacy. Can he, in fact, flatter himself that he is sufficiently enlightened to foresee all the consequences of his deed? Now, for instance, when

we are crushed by an iron yoke, is not the existence of France, as a nation, for some time at least, dependent upon Napoleon's existence? Were he suddenly to disappear, what sudden commotion would not be the consequence? Who could replace him? What authority could supply his place? Has any promise been obtained from each ambitious man, that he would keep within bounds? Assuredly not. They would all rush forward with their claims, their pretensions and their partizans. You would suddenly behold them starting up like the thirty Roman tyrants, after the death of Pertinax. They would be the successors of the modern Alexander. We should once more have the wild and sanguinary republic, the old monarchy with its feudality, its priests, its emigration, the federalists and the Bonapartists; for Napoleon's brothers would also have their partizans. You would be threatened with a Prince of Orange or a Duke of Brunswick; and would not Bernadotte throw the weight of his sword into the scale?* Moreau might likewise hasten back from America; whilst a thousand other competitors would labour, in concert, to ruin our common country, and would link to their cause those hypocrites who pretend to have the public welfare

* He was not then Prince Royal of Sweden; but his distinguished qualities inclined towards him the hearts of Frenchmen who dared not indulge the hope of ever seeing the Bourbons, our legitimate kings.

at heart. Such would be the consequences of your murderous blow. Have you duly weighed them? Have you a ready and full solution to prepare for this great problem? You have not even thought of it. The reproach will assuredly never be imputed to me, of desiring to uphold tyranny or the tyrant. Well, I who am constituted an umpire in this hypothesis, do not hesitate to pronounce that man attainted of high treason who should deprive France of her sovereign;—for, whether legitimate or not, he is a sovereign of whom she at present stands in need. As for you,' continued C...., with still greater warmth, and taking me by the hand, 'reflect well, ere you commit an act for which you would be punished by the remorse of a whole life. Never conspire but in an open manner, with the assurance of the future full in your view; and, should the progress of events prove adverse to your wishes, withdraw yourself from the scene, and let Providence and time operate a change.'

"I will acknowledge, Monseigneur, that I listened, with religious awe, to the voice which conveyed so vivid a light to my indecision. I perceived the abyss on the brink of which I was treading, although no change was wrought at that moment upon what I deemed my settled principles. Nevertheless, I felt relieved from an oppressive weight, my youthful reason having penetrated the real sentiments of the man I had consulted.

On his part, he went further, and, without urging any indiscreet questions, without attempting to search more deeply into my secret, above all without manifesting the slightest wish to be made acquainted with my associates, he advised me to act with the utmost reserve, and with an intimate knowledge of the real views of those with whom I was connected. He ended by saying that conversations such as these were no sooner concluded, than they should be dismissed from the recollection. It was his intention to forget it, and he advised me to imitate his example. I thanked him, and we parted. Such was the solution of the meditated attempt at an assassination in the name of liberty, a solution afforded me by the most virtuous of regicides.

"I think I have recorded, nearly word for word, all that passed between us; for, on my return home, whilst what I had heard was still fresh in my memory, I hastened to commit the whole conversation to paper, taking the requisite precautions, in order that this historical episode should appear, to those who might give it attention, a chapter of modern romance. These are the sentiments of a man, who having once wandered from the right path, has soon returned to it. You are at liberty, Monseigneur, to make such use of it as you think proper."

* * * * *

I felt much interest in this written narrative, and

have availed myself of it. Turning now to the wise counsel of Boileau,

Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère,

I will bring upon the scene men of equal note, whom, however, I shall exhibit in a position of less difficulty.

Towards the close of Louis XVI's reign, public morals had grown more and more corrupt. The clergy were not remarkable for much austerity of manners. Those abbés, at least, who had taken part in the revolution were far from exhibiting themselves in the light of true fathers of the church. They evinced a predilection for, and courted, the fair sex, enjoying in their company a relaxation from their political labours.

These preliminary observations lead me to the story I have now to relate. I conceal the name of its hero, whom I have already had occasion to mention; and, by using his own language, shall adopt a more natural and more varied style of narrative. The scene occurred in 1789. The States-General were assembled. The struggle had commenced between the Court and the Third Estate. The oath of the Tennis Court had been taken; the revolution was, therefore, in full career.

"I was in Paris," said my hero, "and seated in front of the first tier of boxes at the Comédie Française, when I perceived, in the second tier,

an extremely handsome young lady, who was alone, for I do not take into account a kind of female companion who attended her. She was evidently none of our society. Great was the distance, at that time, between a lady of quality, and one of inferior degree. But a certain freedom of deportment, a prepossessing air, expressive eyes, a smile which nothing could disturb, made me augur that whosoever might succeed in pleasing her, need not waste much time in useless sighs. I felt, therefore, a kind of sympathy for this lovely creature, and a desire to approach without, however, betraying myself into giddy advances. I perceived in front of me, at the very moment, Count Alexander de Tilly.* I knew him to be acquainted with all the world, with the worst, as well as the best company, the former in preference to the latter, which he accordingly forfeited. I had of late withdrawn myself from his intimacy, which had been made a subject of reproach to me. Each of us insensibly followed his own course; nevertheless the rupture was not an open one, and, when we met, we were lavish in expressions of

* The Queen's page, a man of doubtful birth, of assumed bravery, wholly devoid of character, but of noble bearing, witty and a favourite of the fair sex. In 1815, he committed suicide, on account of the last forgery he had committed. He has written his Memoirs, which will repay curiosity; they load Marie Antoinette with obloquy; the act was a vile one, but the book is entertaining.

friendship. On this occasion, I went up to him, and asked him a tonce, whether the brilliant star before us had a place in his catalogue of beauties. He raised his opera glass to his eye, and carefully watched her.

"That lady," said he, "has been these fifteen months in the gay world; she now goes by the name of Madame Dubreuil, and is very intimate with the Abbé Siéyes."

"Mercy on me!" I exclaimed, "what, with a priest!"

"Yes, and also with Genlis."*

"She really is a very pretty woman."

"Shall I introduce you to her. You will be the third on her list?"

"I do not desire it."

"But you did so once. Well, then, you must indulge her, and dismiss all reserve. Heaven knows what a bitter cup we may not have to quaff ere six months shall have passed!"

Tilly never dreamt that he was prophesying truly; and I, without guide or compass, allowed myself at the moment to be led to Madame Du-

* Count de Genlis, or marquis de Sillery, the husband of the celebrated authoress, and a Captain of the Duke of Orleans' guards. He kept the Duke company in his excesses, and perished along with him. He might justly have said with Figaro, "What if I am better than my reputation?" In forming an estimate of character, the public, who hated his master and his wife the governess, has been guided by the antipathy which it felt for them.

breuil. My introducer had once been in favour. I was well received, for his sake at first, next, on my own account. This was said to me with a charming frankness. I had allowed myself, when at a distance, to be captivated by her beauty ; now that I was in her company, I felt attracted by something which I am more at a loss to explain. Madame Dubreuil's voice, her glance, her smiles, her conversation were bewitching. She was witty, seemed unconscious that she was speaking, talked nonsense in a playful manner, and laughed at others without sparing herself. By these attractions she captivated more than by her personal charms, which did not, at a nearer approach, appear to advantage. But what was wanting in positive beauty was amply compensated by her pretty manners, her lively expressions—those artifices which, by dazzling, withdraw the attention from too searching inquiry.

Tilly left us. I wished to pass the evening with her. This could not be ; she expected some particular friends, and Genlis was to come on the following day ; but an appointment was made for the third night. I was true to the engagement, and had no cause to regret it ; I returned again, and a kind of intimacy grew up between us. The lady anxiously aimed at converting it into a serious passion. I felt satisfied, on my part, with the delight and familiarity of her company ; the individual and the occasion could lay

claim to no more. This intrigue had a peculiar attraction for me. It flattered my vanity, for the lady has had several admirers. All went on well, and the secret was kept for a few days. On the 22nd June 1789, I repaired to her dwelling at a late hour; we felt assured that political occurrences would detain, at Versailles, the representatives of the nation.

I was one evening engaged in a very pleasant tête-à-tête with my new female acquaintance, when Pauline, the waiting maid, came to us in all haste; she felt an interest in me; nothing could be more natural. I occasionally gave her a kiss, and had already made her several presents.

"Madam," she said, "here is the Abbé."

I rose up in haste; but whither could I fly?

"To the bedside," replied Dubreuil. She was so much inured to difficulties, that she was always calm in a moment of danger. "Come, lie down; I take the rest upon myself."

The bed, the bedside were both in an immense alcove lined with dark heavy curtains, which the Abbé had received over and above the quantity of stuff supplied for the episcopal throne of his bishopric. I jumped into bed. The Abbé arrived, sat down in an arm chair, and began to groan at the day's toil. He related what had occurred at Versailles, how a royal sitting was expected to have taken place there on that day, when at two in the morning the King had sent a herald to call up

Sylvain Bailly, the President of the Third Estate, and caused the undermentioned *lettre de cachet* to be delivered to him at the same moment :

" I give you notice, Sir, that the sitting fixed for Tuesday will only take place at ten in the morning, and that the hall will only be opened for that hour. I commission the grand master of the ceremonies to convey to you this letter.

Signed " Louis."

Sieyes then related how the master of the Tennis Court, alarmed at the threats he had received on the preceding night, had refused that morning to lend the hall to the National Assembly.

" We were much embarrassed," he added, " to find a suitable place, and yet had resolved to hold our sitting. The church of the Récollets was proposed to us ; but, being too small, we preferred that of the parish of St. Louis, which the rector offered. We were scarcely installed in it, when an extraordinary noise and cries of rejoicing reached our ears. The dense crowd opened its ranks ; we beheld coming towards us the venerable archbishops of Vienne and Bordeaux, the bishops of Roden, Constance, and Chartres, accompanied by a hundred and sixty clergymen. What a glorious reinforcement ! Conceive our joy ; we opened a concert of

acclamation, embraced, and congratulated each other. The majority of the clergy had now joined that of the Third Estate; the nobility will now become isolated; we flattered ourselves it would ere long fall to pieces. In fact, so it shortly came to pass. Two gentlemen of noble descent, deputies from Dauphiny, to represent their order, came forward at the same time. We burst into fresh transports of joy. The victory is ours, and the court is—" The Abbé uttered an ugly word which I abstain from repeating.

"Oh, what an oath!" said the lady, "is it not a sin?"

I did not overhear the Abbé's answer, but the lady's rejoinder:

"No more of this; I am very ill; you could not come at a worse moment."

In the meanwhile, a ring was heard at the outer door, which was soon afterwards opened with a master-key; and, ere Dubreuil could reflect or resort to parrying measures, Genlis entered the apartment. The Abbé was not a man of courage; he started up in affright from his seat; the damsel did the same; and, on beholding this comical picture, Genlis burst into a loud fit of laughter.

He was witty, well versed in the usages of high life, of graceful manners, which he retained even in the worst company. He was fond of gambling, and partial to every woman except his wife; he even in-

dulged in jokes at her expense, calling her 'Madame Livre.' He was ambitious without an object, an enemy of the court, because he was closely allied to the Duke of Orleans. He possessed excellent qualities, but was in the very worst reputation; he has been too harsly judged, for he was a loyal, sincere, faithful, and devoted friend. He bestowed alms on the poor, was an excellent master, never varied in his sentiments and opinions; was foolishly fond of affecting the airs of a giddy, frivolous, and licentious man. His very intercourse with the Palais Royal made it a law for him to renew the profligacy of the regency. In a word, he was a reprobate, but possessed withal excellent qualities.

"The Abbé Siéyes was greatly his inferior in worth. He was a consummate egotist, and utterly devoid of any trace of generosity. There was an affected display of feeling in his conversation, but no loftiness of soul. His whole conduct was the result of calculation, his patriotism a speculation by means of which he hoped to make his fortune; his first impulse had reference to his personal interest, and the first object he beheld was himself, in all his combinations. Though he never departed from this form of principle, yet he varied it as often as it answered his end to do so. A clergyman, without any of the virtues of his order, he declared against the court, because the court made no advances towards him. An obscure priest, he

wandered in the maze of theories which could never be reduced to practice. He drew up plans of constitutions with the sole view of bringing himself into notice; he claimed to be the pivot around which France must necessarily turn. To his pamphlet, *What is the Third Estate?* he was indebted for his fame. It was then an easy task to compose such pamphlets; talkers were scarce, the Bastille, arbitrary power, and *lettres de cachet* lessened their number. Siéyes never went beyond that first production, and it is not known that any other pamphlet ever emanated from his pen. Nevertheless, he has written much, but the subjects were wild dreams,—political speculations, which it would be impossible to realize. He pursued his career, aided in compassing the King's death, and the man who was so fond of idle prating, plunged into that crime without any apologetic remark. Appointed director at a later period, he evinced, in that elevated station, his incapacity and the little reliance that could be placed on his fine language. He encouraged a frightful depravity of morals, gave free scope to peculators, and equally failed in securing internal peace or success against foreign enemies. The administration was not indebted to him for the slightest improvement. He conspired against the republic as he had conspired against royalty; and when, in spite of his deep genius and experience, he al-

lowed himself to be overreached by a young officer, he consoled himself with his money, with his splendid estate of Crosne, and with honours for the loss of his power, and the overthrow of his fame.

"Genlis was necessarily beloved by all who knew him; Siéyes could only be so by those who knew him not. No two men could form a greater contrast; they were, accordingly, much astonished at meeting together in Madame Dubreuil's apartments, with every appearance of equal right of possession. Genlis, as I have already said, burst into a loud fit of laughter; this was a cheerful way of opening the attack, and he continued it in the same strain.

"'Good night to you, Abbé; do not disturb yourself; you are very properly at your ease. This is an encouragement for me to follow your example. My dear,' said he, turning round to the astonished chamber-maid, 'give me my dressing gown; I am dreadfully tired.'

"He threw himself on the nearest ottoman, without further ceremony, laid aside his coat, put on the light garment he had called for, and seeing that every one remained silent:

"'Pauline,' he continued, 'order supper for three; I had hoped it would only have been for two.'

"On perceiving this freedom of manner, Siéyes

ceased to feel any apprehension. He began to compliment Genlis, with an affected air of cheerfulness. It could easily be seen how much he was piqued at being imposed upon by the damsel. He could scarcely conceal his mortification; for egotists, who are utter strangers to affectionate feelings, lay claim to be loved; they wish others to cherish for them a feeling which they entertain for no one. Combining with this defect an exaggerated opinion of himself, he felt doubly annoyed; nevertheless, he smothered his vexation through dread of the ridicule, the sarcasms and the derision of Genlis. As to Madame Dubreuil, she was in utter consternation. This meeting, which she had hitherto prevented by dint of good management, cunning, and falsehood, presaged to her the loss of a useful lover, perhaps, even of both lovers. Genlis read her thoughts, and calmed her with perfect good nature.

" ' Abbé, is not Madame a delightful woman ?'

" ' Yes, but a faithless one,' replied Siéyes, with a forced smile.

" ' Faithless !' said Genlis, ' why should we reproach her with a breach of promised faith ? What else do we see at the present day ? You, for instance, worthy Abbé, are you faithful ? Do you infringe none of the canons of your faith ? Come, dear shepherd, have some indulgence for this pretty sheep; she feeds at two mangers.

Let us deem ourselves fortunate that she is content with two. Say that you are willing to make it up with her.'

"The Abbé complied, but with a bad grace, which indicated a revengeful spirit, an ill-disguised hatred.

" 'Abbé, let her be the bond of our fraternal concord. Are you not sensible that we are hunting the same hare, and may we not say with La Fontaine:

> Alcyochus avec Alcibiade,
> En même nid furent pondre tous deux?

" 'We have a different aim,' replied the Abbé, 'you merely labour to effect a change in the species of tyranny; whereas, I desire to rescue France from every tyranny that preys upon her vitals.'

" 'Ah! this is wrong of you; you are a republican, and yet no later than yesterday, you were heard to cry: *Long live the King!* What! are you guilty of dissimulation?'

" 'I am what I ought to be, and what, ere long, you will become.'

" 'Not I, indeed! I am a supporter of monarchy.'

" 'But you separate it from the monarch. Thenceforward, hurried along unconsciously, by

the force of events, you will relapse into a republic, since at every step, you will have armed men at your heels, who will compel you to move on.

" ' I do not admit such notions. Let us avert our eyes from the future, into which neither of us can penetrate, and speak of the present. What is your opinion of recent occurrences?'

" ' That the clergy have had the start of you; they have joined us, while you have fallen back.'

" ' It is an act of prudence on our part; we wish to bring the multitude round. Another attempt will be made; should we fail, you may, after to-morrow, number us of your party. To-morrow will be a busy day.'

" ' I think so,' said Siéyes, ' it will not be free from danger.'

" ' Attend to me,' replied Genlis. ' I can inspire you with courage at an easy rate. The Polignacs, the Queen, and the Count d'Artois have urged on the King, contrary to his own conviction. He puts on a bold front in order to rid himself of those who harass him by their importunities; but, when this first ardour shall have subsided, he will relapse into his wonted indifference.'

" ' I know better,' replied Siéyes, ' M. Necker will not appear to-morrow at the royal sitting; so mortified is he at not having dictated every word which the King is to utter. The poor man is as

awkward as he is vain ; this giddy act will prove his ruin; and we shall avail ourselves of it without any advantage accruing to himself for his pains.'

" ' Long live the church ! it knows every thing, and has so many sources of *espionnage* at its command. Nevertheless, my dear Abbé, we are going to pare your nails. An attack will be directed against incumbents.'

" ' What matters it to me ; I am prepared to sacrifice every thing to my country,' said the Abbé.

" He uttered these words in so hypocritical a tone that he made me shudder.

" ' But, my worthy pontiff, how will you manage, in case of need, to support pretty women ?'

" ' There are other resources.'

" ' I understand you ; the country will provide for them ; you will contrive, by some means or other, to fleece it.'

" The conversation was kept up in the same spirit. Genlis ordered supper to be brought into his room, demolished his full share of it, and, on coming to the last morcel, he thus addressed the Abbé—

" ' Now, then, as we are friends, let us bring the sitting to a close with the cordiality of friendship. I neither wish to assert *my own* nor to contest *your* rights ; but, as one of us must

provide his quarters elsewhere, let us draw lots as to who shall do the honours of the house.'

" Surprised at this mad proposal, Siéyes muttered an answer which did not reach my ears.

" ' Oh ! no,' said Genlis, ' all etiquette is banished from this place. Were any to prevail, it should be compelled to give way to you in your character of a member of the clergy: as the church claims supremacy of rank, you would be entitled to precedence. But we have both a leaning for equality; let us then be on an equal footing and draw lots ; such will be our rule for the future, and we will only sup together at Madame's apartments, when we shall have mutually invited each other before hand.'

" Madame Dubreuil, seeing that Genlis was obstinate, now came in for a share of the conversation.

" ' Gentlemen,' she said, ' I have allowed you to laugh at my expense, and I must have appeared very blameable; but appearances were deceitful. I did not in the least expect the pleasure of seeing you. One of my friends, a forlorn woman, came to request I would afford her a night's shelter; she is reposing here, and you would, surely, not attempt to disturb her.'

" ' Well,' exclaimed Genlis, in another fit of mirth, ' I bet it is the Bishop of Autun, or some other holy prelate. The three orders will thus be represented by mere accident—the Abbé for

the third estate, myself for the nobility, and Monseigneur for the clergy.'

" ' No Sir; I tell you again, it is one of my female acquaintances.'

" ' In good faith,' said Genlis, ' if this is the case, matters may be arranged. Your friend will not be more austere than you are; I shall take the Abbé's procuration, or give him mine.'

" So saying, the hair-brained fellow rose, took a candle and came up to the bed. No part of the conversation had escaped me. I was prepared for his visit, and, without feigning surprise, sat up and said:

" ' Good night, Count de Genlis; it is late, and, with your leave, I shall again compose myself to sleep.'

" Would it were possible to paint or express his astonishment, that of the Abbé Siéyes, or the lady's countenance; the group formed a perfect picture. Genlis recognised me.

" ' It is the Marquis de ———,' said he to Siéyes, ' a gentleman of excellent family. My service to you, Sir,' he continued addressing himself to me; ' you have chosen the best place; it shall not be disputed with you. I certainly did not suppose that my prediction would be so soon realized.'

" After uttering this sally, he bowed to La Dubreuil, quietly took off his dressing gown, and went away.

" ' Sir,' I called out to him, ' shall we meet to-morrow ?'

" He turned back.

" To what purpose,' he said; ' you appear to have the best claim to the lady's affections. I endured a friend, (pointing to Sieyes); I am delighted to meet an acquaintance. Farewell, Marquis, I beg you not to disturb yourself. As for the Abbé, you must look to yourself; those Abbés are never immaculate. Now, my dear Siéyes, let us retire together.

" Siéyes, who was bursting with rage, allowed himself to be led away like a child, without uttering a word. I watched his looks, and had no difficulty in perceiving that he would bear me a grudge."

CHAPTER III.

The important mission, a story of 1814—Biography of an honest man—Pauline—A statue—Napoleon in the island of Elba—Singular conversation between a hero and a young man —Autograph opinion of Napoleon respecting Barras—Colonel de Ribes and General Sabatier—Officers in the island of Elba— The Emperor's opinion of Talleyrand, Fouché, and other personages of the Imperial court—Napoleon's return from the island of Elba—Mademoiselle Raucourt the actress—Her funeral—Anecdote of a parish of Paris—Napoleon's sign of the cross—Fouché wishes to discover my secret — Marchangy—Fouché in a third story — Marchangy again— The 21st January of the year 1815—The regal crown buried in the vaults of St. Denis — A singular omen — —Cardinal de Beausset and Cambacérès—The prefect Desmousseaux—The criminal bearings—A female sleep-walker—A physician—M. Mialhe—Human pride—The island of St. Louis and the gambling house, an anecdote—The two quadruples, an anecdote.

THE year 1814 was drawing to a close. We had reached the 31st of December: I was invited by note, to attend an ex-functionary of high rank, and was there informed that an intelligent person was wanted who would consent to undertake a journey to Italy, and that I had been fixed

upon for that mission. Circumstances of a personal nature led me to give, on the instant, a positive refusal. Accordingly, I heard no more of it; such indeed, was my wish, apprehensive as I was that if, after being entrusted with the secret, the project should miscarry, its failure might be laid to my charge.

The first individual who spoke to me felt thwarted at my answer, for he had been long acquainted with me, and knew how much I could be relied on. I observed his disappointment and said to him:

"I greatly regret my inability to meet your wishes; but I have many motives for remaining in France. Though unacquainted with the particulars of this mission, I can well understand its importance, and, if you felt inclined to repose the same confidence in the person I could propose to you as you would in myself, be assured you would not be disappointed."

"This is no child's play," was the reply.

"Therefore, I would not substitute a mere page in my stead, but a man of about twenty-five years old, of obscure birth, but of a lofty character, who has risen by his own merit, and like us both, is an enthusiastic admirer of our Emperor."

I passed such encomiums on our friend, that ——— consented to receive him: men of superior abilities do not long escape notice. The great personage perceived how much might be expected

from one of his stamp, and no longer hesitated to confide in him. I had laid down as a condition that nothing should be imparted to me until after the event, and I perseveringly insisted on the performance of this engagement. But, as every thing was related to me at a subsequent period, I feel at liberty to make the reader acquainted with what naturally falls within the scope of the Evenings of Cambacérès.

Although it has been denied that there ever existed, in Paris, a general council actively engaged in effecting the return of Napoleon Bonaparte from his banishment in the island of Elba, I am enabled to affirm, that such a council was organized almost immediately after the Emperor's departure from France. I knew, and have conversed, with all its members. I could name them, but I abstain from doing so. They have been unwilling to remove the veil which conceals them from view; I therefore respect my oath. I may, however, state that this committee actively exerted itself during all the latter part of 1814 and the two first months of 1815. It extended its communications to the provinces, instituted in every district inferior committees, distinct one from another, and having no cognizance of what was doing in higher quarters.

The superior council had occasion to open a direct communication with Napoleon Bonaparte in December 1814. Since I must state the fact, ——— who was a member of it, and with whom I

was well acquainted, and for many years on terms of the most friendly intercourse, cast his eyes upon me. The other members, who knew in what manner my connexion with the Empire had terminated, deemed the choice a most suitable one, and my former chief was authorized to sound my intentions. He felt disappointed at my decisive and prompt refusal, and expressed the deepest concern, which I partly removed by presenting ——— to my noble friend; for a plebeian born may be a man of noble bearing; and I am one of those who deem nobility to consist in honourable feelings rather than in parchment records.

At the early age of eighteen, my friend had been appointed to an inferior post, in which he demeaned himself in so courageous and disinterested a manner, that his superiors gave him an appointment in one of the public offices where he continued to rise. At twenty-five years of age, he was offered by M. de Polignac, who had just effected his escape, an appointment to a prefecture, provided he would betray the imperial government, by forwarding to the Allies the despatches of Napoleon that might pass through his hands; and another agent offered, besides that high bribe, a sum of three hundred thousand francs. My friend stamped his reply on the face of the dastardly tempter.

No sooner did the restoration take place, than this upright man was discharged. He was

left with his young family, poor, virtuous and with unsullied honour. I no sooner stated what was required of him, than he comprehended my meaning. His wife and children presented themselves to * * * to whom I introduced them. He received his instructions, departed, traversed Lyons, crossed the Alps, journeyed on by land, and reached Leghorn. There resided in that town a poor young man to whom I had been of some service during my residence there; he had requested I would afford him an opportunity of testifying his gratitude, when an opportunity should offer. I sent Theodore to him, whom he received as he would myself, procured him the means of crossing over to the Island of Elba, unknown to the spies of the French police, who were stationed at Leghorn, notwithstanding what has been asserted to the contrary.

Thanks to Angelo Giovanni, Theodore felt no apprehension of being discovered. He landed at Porto Ferrajo, under the name of an Englishman going to visit the great man. He had been previously announced; his arrival was, therefore, expected. The Princess Borghese, who was at that moment with her brother, came to receive him. He appeared before her with a graceful, lively, but reserved deportment; and, in spite of all her endeavours, never would consent to deliver his despatches or utter a single word, until he had seen the Emperor.

The lovely Princess took a pride in attempting to answer him. She resorted to the artifices of her fascinating coquetry, though without forfeiting her dignity. Her address was all in vain; she was baffled by the unshaken fidelity of the young diplomatist. Accordingly she said, when speaking of him to the Emperor—

"He is not a man, but a marble statue."

Napoleon's curiosity being excited, he fixed upon the hour of midnight for the secret audience. "Oh! my dear friend," said Theodore, as he related to me this important episode of his diplomatic life*, how can I describe to you my sensations when I found myself on the point of appearing in the presence of my sovereign in misfortune? My heart beat with a violent pulsation, my eyes filled with tears, I was suffocated by the contending feelings which agitated my soul!

"At last, Count Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the palace, made his appearance, and led me to the saloon where I was to meet Napoleon.

"A few lights illumined a moderately-sized apartment, where a display of gorgeousness had been attempted, that formed a poor substitute for the immense galleries of the Tuileries. Nevertheless, the palace, where Napoleon resided, became a sanctuary, so adequate was the majesty of that ter-

* First fragment of my friend's Memoirs.

restrial god to fill it; he engrossed the attention of all. I entered in a perfect tremor; a feeling of awe overpowered me. He was standing bareheaded, and was dressed in a green frock, with no other ornament than two epaulettes surmounted with an imperial crown above the initial letter N; he was decorated with the plain cross and plate of the legion. I could discover no grand ribands which were perhaps concealed under his close buttoned frock. He wore white small clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles. This was a kind of evening dress, as he had just returned from a party given by his sister.

I noticed, upon some chairs, his hat and grey surtout, both possessing historical renown, and henceforward inseparable from Napoleon. Ah, I was forgetting his goodly sword, which threw Joyeuse and Durandel into the shade.* It hung at his side, and was supported by a plain belt fastened by a costly clasp, a choice present of the Empress-mother, which he had taken that night from its casket, in honour of his august parent. I contemplated, with respect, akin to fear, that broad forehead, those fine eyes which by turns darted the thunderbolt, or drew tears of joy from those on whom they serenely rested, the pure outlines of his admirably shaped mouth, his rosy lips,

* Joyeuse, the name of Charlemagne's sword; Durandel, the sword of Orlando, that emperor's nephew.

displaying his white, small, and well formed teeth; his paleness, the effect of anxiety, fatigue, and study. He was trifling with a pair of gloves, of a dark colour, which enhanced the whiteness of hands, the theme of so much praise, so often described, and which a lady might have been proud to own.

There was in his whole appearance something attractive and fascinating, a simple and unaffected dignity, an absolute superiority so manifest to all, that envy itself was fain to acknowledge it. It was obvious that ridicule must overwhelm any one who could ever pretend to be jealous of Napoleon. He had assumed so lofty a station, as to leave between him and the rest of mankind a distance which no glory, no virtue, no renown, could ever fill up or overleap.

He was motionless when I appeared before him. I longed to fall at his feet; and, whilst making the three customary obeisances, I was inclined to violate the etiquette which forbade my kneeling in the presence of Napoleon.

He observed my embarrassment, and it appeared to gratify him. Great men are not averse to manifestations of the enthusiasm they inspire. He smiled, and I was happy; his harmonious voice then broke upon my ear.

"You come from France?"

"Yes, Sire."

"By sea, or land?"

"I came by the way of St. Bernard, where every thing is replete with recollections of the Emperor."

"Those were glorious days!"

"Ah, Sire, come amongst us to renew them. Your people anxiously look for you; your soldiers await with impatience the signal to win fresh victories."

He smiled, and said:

"Everything in its proper time. Well, what is thought in France of the Bourbons?"

"They do not understand us; and those who serve them multiply their errors. They are not hated; they do no harm. They desire the welfare of all; but the remembrance of you has spread so dazzling a light, that it obscures them from our view, and no doubt prevents our appreciating their value."

"Yes, I comprehend you; they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. . And the Chambers, what is said of them? The peerage, what opinion is entertained of it?"

"It is composed of names mostly unknown, though ancient. But they have lost their primitive lustre, and which have not been tempered anew by modern glory: for the rest—the most conspicuous portion appertains to the senate."

"They will serve the King, as they served me, faithfully, devotedly, until his downfall."

The motion of my lips indicated that I under-

stood the bitterness of the remark. Napoleon's countenance brightened up.

" You are young; you only believe in heroism. A day may come when, like the rest, you will calculate the price for which well earned fame may be bartered."

" Ah, Sire."

" Yes, I knew your reply to the English general. It will be commemorated in history; and, if ever I return, a painting shall perpetuate its remembrance—men of your stamp are scarce."

" They are not courtiers."

" In this they are in fault. Why, if so devoted to their prince, do they keep aloof instead of sympathizing with his errors and failings? Virtue is austere and intractable; it is the only beauty we behold with repugnance."

" Oh that I could have ventured to praise in his hearing, this beautiful expression!"

" Have you seen the Arch-Chancellor?"

" Every day, Sire."

" And d'Aigrefeuille? I hear he has put even his knife and fork in mourning."

" Sire, the joke is unmerited. M. d'Aigrefeuille is an honourable, inoffensive, amiable man. The prince is gifted with distinguished qualities. Your confidence constituted his glory; he is sincerely attached to you."

" Sir, you compliment others without seeking

praise for yourself; this is unusual. Are you candid? what is thought of me?"

"The ungrateful, the selfish and the imbecile, heap insults upon you; the royalists fear you; the rest entertain for your Majesty a feeling beyond admiration."

The Emperor, eagerly, "Pray, what may it be?

"Affection."

"How! The French regard me as they would a mistress! Well, be it so. I have certainly been as a father to them; calumniators alone have called me their tyrant. Let the nation in a body be questioned; does it hate me?"

"Sire, the people are clamorous for the return of their Emperor."

"The nobility is not in my favour."

"Not the majority, Sire; but some nobles, and those the most active of all."

"Then am I the monarch of the rabble?"

This was not uttered without a degree of bitterness; the question was an embarrassing one.

"The whole army and a host of heroes will not easily be mistaken for a rabble in the eyes of posterity. The majority of learned and literary men, of artists, nearly the whole of the commercial and manufacturing population, the citizens of long-standing, the agricultural and labouring classes, who maintain their families by the sweat of their

brows—classes in which deceit and meanness are unknown: they, I apprehend, do not deserve the name of rabble. Lastly, again, the talented and powerful portion of the nobility, the members of the clergy; all these compose the rabble of which the Emperor is the monarch."

I happily succeeded in escaping the difficulty that stood in my way. I could read it in the animated expression of his fine and majestic countenance. How proud did I not feel at my good fortune in pouring a balm into one of the wounds of his noble heart!

"With such a people," he rejoined, "I may well dispense with the rest. Sir, I am partial to the nobility, and can affirm that I have found, under the weight of my misfortunes, most fidelity and consolation from its members. I have done nothing for you; you would derive advantage from betraying me. You have resolved, then, not to be a military man?"

"A man may serve his sovereign and his country in any profession. But, Sire, my weakness of sight—I pointed to my spectacles.

"They caused you to have a contest with my son."

"Has your majesty heard of that?"

"Madame de Montesquieu related the story, to our great merriment, on the occasion. The people are as devoted to us they are uncourteous."

He then inquired after the Count and Countess Regnauld, several members of the Council of State, Counts Gessendi, Berthier, Quinette, Pelet de la Lozère, de Ferment-Boullay, de Gessac, Daru, and Merlin ; the senators Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Lanjuinais, Fabre de l'Aude, Pontécoulant, Boissy-d'Anglas, d'Ambarrère, Desmeuniers, Grégoire, (the latter he named with a smile) Chaptal, and de Brissac, whose open defection seemed to have made a deep impression upon him. On this occasion, he did not mention the names of the Prince of Benevento, nor of the Duke of Otranto ; but he added :

" So Barras, *the Director*, has turned royalist ?"

I mark the word upon which he laid particular emphasis.

" ' Yes, Sire.'

" ' How becoming in a regicide ! what does he expect to obtain ? Office ? His crime has interposed a river of blood between him and court favour ; he never can leap over it ! I understand that he now deals in denunciations against me.. This is enacting a sorry part. . . . I am glad he does so ; for France will now learn that *my* enemies were *her* enemies ; they only hated me, because they foresaw that France and I were one....for the rest, I can forgive Barras, his boasting calumnies, his odious falsehoods ; but that in order to revenge himself on the man who well knows him, he should assail the honour of

a woman, he would deserve to be strangled, if contempt. ..'

" Napoleon paused ; he seemed to regret having dwelt so much upon the subject ; but a warmth of feeling often gets the better of our prudence. He said no more, but dismissed me with a nod, a kind of brief and haughty salute. I withdrew. As I descended the staircase, one of his attendants ran after me saying, that His Majesty requested I would return at eight the next morning.

It had struck two when I retired to rest. As early as six o'clock, the officers of Napoleon's old guard of *grognards* called to awaken me from the slumbers in which I had been indulging. To one of them I was too well known ; he might by his babbling disposition have deprived me of the benefit of my incognito, had not his vanity preserved me from that danger. He did not accompany his comrades, alleging that he would not make the first advances to a petty fellow. On my part, bearing in mind his presence in the Island of Elba, I wrote a line to General Cambrone to procure his removal. He was accordingly soon afterwards sent away, I know not where. I thus escaped meeting him. He has since made a brilliant fortune which he contrived to acquire by very petty means.

" The officers of the old guard questioned me on the state of France ; they all wished I had been acquainted with their families, that I might have

satisfied their inquiries respecting them ; they almost wondered I had not applied for letters from their affectionate relatives. The French are really a singular people. They were heartily tired of the Island of Elba. One of them said to me :

" ' What a country, Sir ! we can engage in quarrels with nobody ; they are forbidden between us ; and there is not an inhabitant that would cope with us, so much are we liked by them. Could the Emperor but lead us into a war with all the world, time would not hang heavy upon our hands.'

" This strange language was uttered with a degree of simplicity as remarkable as the language itself. It appeared quite natural to this officer that he should be led to face the whole world. Napoleon's soldiers admitted the possibility of what was utterly impossible. Time, however, flowed on with its usual rapidity ; and I saw the moment drawing near when I was to present myself to His Majesty. I, therefore, requested these gentlemen to excuse my quitting them. They knew whither I was bending my steps, and did not take umbrage at my reluctant rudeness.

" At the appointed moment, I ascended to the palace. It was a modest pavilion, of indifferent appearance, which nevertheless contained a gigantic being. Napoleon no longer wore his costume of the previous night. He was dressed in a purple coloured silk morning gown, loose trousers,

furred slippers (it was winter); a handkerchief, evidently of English manufacture, was wrapped round his head; and apparently great care had been bestowed on his head dress. When I entered, he was sipping a cup of coffee. He greeted me with his fascinating smile.

"I was questioned respecting the island, as if I had had leisure to examine it; and, as I knew what he aimed at, I answered as if I had inspected it in all its details. Nothing was easier for me. One of your uncles, M. de Ribes, a Colonel of artillery and director of fortifications, who died a commander of the legion of honour, had resided many years in the island. He it was who placed it in a state of defence, assuredly without suspecting that he was at work for the Emperor. That worthy officer, one of whose nephews, the lieutenant-general of artillery Baron Sabatin, justly ranks, at the present day, amongst our modern renowned characters, had often spoken to me of Porte Ferrajo and Porte Leghorn. The proximity of Leghorn, moreover, where I had sojourned, had supplied me with such information as prevented my being at a loss to answer the Emperor's questions. He was so much pre-occupied that he had forgotten the lateness of the hour at which I had left him on the preceding night. This subject, however, having been soon exhausted, he abruptly changed it, and, fixing upon me his eagle eyes:

" ' Sir,' said he, ' in what estimation is the Prince de Benevento held ?

" ' His name will henceforward be deemed unlucky. The people, who only judge by appearances, connect with it the idea of a traitor, an apostate.'

" ' He is indebted to me for his life, on three occasions. I ought to have had him hanged, but could not obliterate from my memory the services he formerly rendered me. The Bourbons owe him a fine oblation. Marmont's guilty defection no doubt did me much harm ; but I have been destroyed by the intrigues of that vile priest. I ought, in my judgment of him, to have been guided by his previous conduct. No priest, who forsakes his order, is entitled to confidence or credit. Licentiousness alone impels him. No man relinquishes the service of the altar to lead an anchorite's life; he does so for the exclusive purpose of indulging his worldly passions. That man has laid hold of my crown, which was still firmly fixed upon my head, and transferred it to the Bourbons. I advise them to treat him well, for should he be set aside, he will not fail to revert to his intrigues, and negociate with me or with any other who may first present himself.'

" I listened to this angry philippic, of which I am softening the expressions, and which I should have suppressed altogether but that I wish to render a faithful account of the Emperor's con-

versation. I listened, I repeat, with emotion. Napoleon's voice was at that moment a voice of thunder. He paused, and then, by a sudden transition, thus continued :—

" ' The King pursued an unwise policy. Is it prudent in him to prevent the residence of the Duke of Orleans in France? All discontented people will go over to him ; the wreck of my party will be the first to do so. Silly republicans will flatter themselves that he will re-enact his father's part ; but he will do his best to deceive them all, and very justly so. You will see that if Benevento becomes dissatisfied he will ere long court that Prince, and some fine morning....but I am at hand ; I shall find out and unmask the cunning fox. I am acquainted with all his tricks, his plots, the characters he has assumed. Should I ever return to France, I will deprive him of all means of subsistence, and, if he conspires, it will be at a distance....What of Fouché?

" He remains quiet.

" ' That man has surprised me. I expected that, as soon as the Bourbons returned, he would make a bustle, boast of his numberless acts of treachery towards me, his correspondence with Hartwell, which was carried on for years, take credit for the protection he granted to the Faubourg St. Germain, to my prejudice for my persecutions :—that he would cast obloquy upon me, and calumniate me, in order to screen himself.

Nothing of this occurred. The wretch has demeaned himself well, with at least apparent reserve, moderation, and generosity. Nevertheless, I perceive where he inflicts a wound. Well! I cannot punish him, and, to complete the deception, he compels me to speak his praise in your hearing.'

" The Emperor here indulged in a hearty laugh. Assuredly, kindness predominated in his character. He then inquired of me if I had seen Fouché.

" Yes, Sire, at the residence of Prince Cambacérès, and in company with Carnot, amongst others.

" ' Oh! Carnot!' said he with a thrill. The Philopœmen, the Cincinnatus of the revolution, with his word too much!*—a bar of iron which breaks, but never bends. He has a capacious but a stern mind. He has all the qualities which supply the want of genius, and which even shrewd men often mistake for talent. His conduct of late has been admirable. He assuredly will not keep aloof if fortune takes me by the hand, and the French people recall me. Mark me, Sir, my wishes would be gratified if the nation, dismissing the Bourbons, without hurting a hair of their heads, should, through its deputation, desire my return, and if, on landing for the second time on the shores of Provence, I were greeted by the

* The Regicide vote.

general applause of a population eager to receive me.'

"Every thing, observed I, convinces me that the Emperor's wishes would be realized, were he spontaneously to show himself to the people. The circumstance most fatal to the cause of the Bourbons, during the revolution, was that their emissaries and not themselves were seen. Had one of the princes of that house landed in La Vendée, he might have overturned the Directory."

"Very true; Henry IV conquered, because he attended to his interests in person. Yes, the master's hand and eye.. We shall see."

The Emperor then commissioned me to convey expressions of kindness to Count Regnauld in particular, adding that he would have felt gratified at seeing him.

I took upon myself to apologize for Count Regnauld, and observed to the Emperor, that he was too closely watched to withdraw himself from Paris without attracting the vigilance of the police; that, on his return, he would have to expect every species of persecution and insult, and imprisonment itself. Napoleon's reserve gave way, on this occasion, to a burst of imprudent language.

"Be it so, then; let Regnauld remain quiet; it shall not be long."

I feigned to be absorbed in thought, and pretended not to notice this remark. Napoleon told me to hold myself in readiness for my departure at

the approach of night. I was to embark on board a Sardinian vessel, which would land me at Genoa. Having contemplated returning by land, this interfered with my plans ; but I was silent, and took my leave. Napoleon condescended, at the moment of my departure, to convey to me through Count Bertrand a gold snuff box with his initials set in diamonds. This present was never brought to France ; and I shall have to relate under what circumstances I was compelled to part with it.

I proceeded to take the commands of the Princess Borghese for Paris. Her anger was not yet allayed ; and I could not but reflect on my unlucky star, which, after the lapse of a year, and nearly in the same spot, had embroiled me with the two eldest sisters of Napoleon, those who were most beloved by him.

Giovanni insisted upon following me to Genoa. We had scarcely got on board the slender felucca, and reached the open sea, when a sudden storm, a perfect hurricane, drove us to the coast of Italy, and we were reluctantly compelled to put into Leghorn, I took advantage of this accident, and of the week's delay, which the master of the vessel solicited, to resume the project I had first had in view. I saw, for the second time, the singular town of Pisa, with her magnificent quays on the Arno, her marble bridges, her small but elegant palaces. I again satisfied myself that the reclining tower is a caprice of the architect, an ob-

ject to annoy the eye, which was at that time considered as a proof of genius, but which pure taste will always condemn.

I revisited the admirable Campo Santo, with its old and singular paintings by Giotto, Bufalmaco, Orgagna or Arcagno, and all those masters who flourished at the revival of art, so sublime in their simplicity. How great is the distance between those poetical works so pure, so full of thought, and the ridiculous imitations of modern incapacity, which aspires at promoting art, whilst checking its progress. Could the old masters have studied the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raphael, of Leonardo, and of Correggio, they would have smiled at the folly of those who, instead of imitating such great masters, could rest satisfied with Cimabue's imperfect productions.

I always experience fresh delight at beholding the cathedral, with its architectural style of three or four different epochs, as well as the Baptistery, and the square of the Knights of St. Stephen, their church and pale. Tower of Ugolino, as I contemplated thee by moonlight, methought I heard the expiring yells of that father still breathing amidst the corses of his children, the victims of hunger. Oh, Dante! how absurd and insipid, in comparison with thy Inferno, does every romantic production appear!

As I passed over the Serchio, I recalled to mind the time when you crossed it wounded, downcast,

suffering, and absorbed by heart-rending thoughts. The name of Viarreggio, that obscure suburb, henceforward joined to the escutcheon of your arms, will remain with that of Leghorn, the war-cry of your descendants. I saw Pietra-Santa (which reminded me of the foolish and mean revenge taken of you by the Grand Duchess Eliza), Sarzanne, Lerichi, la Magra, which the spell of the Emperor's name made you break through, in 1813, as if by magic.

I went round the Gulf of Spezzia, which we had formerly seen occupied by the imperial troops, who defended the approaches to it, and which was now covered with vessels from England, whose cabinet was endeavouring to procure the important grant of it in full sovereignty from the Congress of Vienna.

That congress gave great uneasiness to Napoleon; he apprehended that some despotic measure encroaching upon his liberty, would emanate from it. He had named the subject to me in this point of view, and inquired of me what was the public opinion respecting it. I only knew what could be learned through the newspapers, whilst he had before him the letter of Prince Eugene, whose correspondence was of far greater value than the scanty knowledge I possessed.

A propos of Prince Eugene, I was the first who made known to Europe his heroic letter to the Emperor Alexander. I procured from the Arch-Chancellor, during the hundred days, a copy of it. From

that copy many others were afterwards transcribed; that amongst the rest which the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro, so gracefully enclosed in one of the two vases of Sevres porcelain, ornamented with portraits of Prince Eugene, and of ——, which he presented to his noble and virtuous consort, the daughter of that Prince, who has conferred immortal honour upon the French name.

From Spezzia, I descended into the delightful and perfumed plain of Chiavarri, a perfect Eden, a favoured corner of nature, and which, in default of his own country, the wise man would select for his abode. At last I entered Genoa, that city of marble and gold, ever brilliant, ever decked out as for a festival, the pride of the Mediterranean, one of the gems of Italy, the favoured abode of mirth and pleasure. Go where I may, I shall ever remember the impression which Genoa made upon my mind, and which death alone can efface. I here parted from Angelo with the deepest regret; each of us has since pursued his career, not without recalling respectively to mind the friend we should no longer meet with. Life is a perpetual scene of taking leave of those we love. The road then led me to Sestri di Ponente, and to Savona, where you had been sent on a mission to the Holy Father, Pius VII. I sighed at the retrospect of that period when every thing smiled around me, and continued my journey by Albenga, Final, Villefranche, Menton, Monaco, and Nice.

Having re-entered France by the Var, without experiencing any obstacle in crossing the frontier, I felt eager to revisit Cannes, Lesterelle, Fréjus-le-duc, Toulon, the defiles of Olliouelles, Aubagne, Marseilles, Avignon, Orange, Valence, Vienne and Lyons; then, passing through upper Burgundy, I returned to Paris one month after I had left it.

It was three o'clock in the morning, when I entered that former capital of Europe. I could not but feel impatient to go home, but I wished first to relieve myself of the despatches of which I was the bearer. I accordingly hurried to ———, whom I awoke in affright from a peaceful slumber. The sybarite reproached me for my over eagerness; I chid him in return. He begged my pardon, and was lavish in such expressions of thanks as I hoped to have well earned; I then left him to enjoy his repose, and received an appointment from him for the following day, the 9th or 10th of January. I cannot but retain a vivid recollection of it. I have adopted a strange mnemonic arrangement, to assist my memory, which, were I to make it known, would provoke laughter; but experience now tells me how impossible it is to disguise any thing where we affix our name to an historical production.* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* Here ends the first fragment of my friend's unpublished memoirs.

The month of January 1815 was fruitful in remarkable events. The first was an occurrence consequent upon the death of a woman notorious by her ill conduct, from her earliest youth. The Memoirs, of Bachaumont, the Secret Correspondence, the Correspondence of Grimm, and of La Harpe, the *Nouvelles à la main*, the English spy, all publications, in short, which record the scandalous adventures of the latter half of the XVIIIth century, exhibit a frightful picture of Mademoiselle Raucourt. Her character is stamped with the most shameless profligacy. Her tall and handsome figure called to mind, when on the stage, the traditional descriptions of some of our most celebrated actresses. She usually performed in tragedy, but, at the same time, possessed consummate talent for comedy; she was, however, wanting in genius.

Mademoiselle Raucourt pretended to be a royalist, which proved no bar to her serving the members of the imperial family. She directed, for a long time, the Milanese and Neapolitan theatres, and hastened to Paris at the restoration. She performed at the Comédie Française, but age, ill-health, and the trials inseparable from an adventurous career, terminated her life, at the close of 1814.

She expired in the parish of St. Roch, adjoining the Tuileries, on the 16th of January 1815. M. Marduel, the vicar, who had fallen into the error, in her life time of presenting to her the con-

secrated bread, which, as his parishioner, she requested, refused to render the last honours to her remains. He had apprized the inferior authorities of the circumstance; and the hearse, on leaving the abode of the deceased, took the road to Père La Chaise. A party of actors, who were on the spot, together with a multitude of half pay officers, resisted its passing the church. They resorted to violent means, and the coffin was carried into St. Roch.

An order was given to shut the doors, the principal entrance was closed, but the side doors escaped notice. Through these the crowd obtained admittance; after profaning the sacred edifice by every impious and sacrilegious act, their fury increased, and they threatened to resort to still greater violence. Some more turbulent than the rest recommended that the mob should proceed in a body to the Tuileries. Never was a revolution nearer at hand. The ministers being assembled at the palace, spoke at first of adopting energetic measures, and ended, according to custom, by truckling. I beg pardon of my reader for the vulgarity of a term, which, however, well describes the state of things. The men of the restoration, whose incapacity exceeded all bounds, were so apprehensive of preventing the King from enjoying undisturbed repose (*dormir sur l'une et l'autre oreille*, according to Abbé de Montesquiou's expression), that they brought royalty into discredit, and rendered it des-

picable to men, in whose eyes it was merely a temporary prop.

One individual only recommended resistance. This was the chief secretary of the home department. He spoke of nothing but hanging, shooting, and firing grape shot. The gallows, imprisonment, or the galleys, were words constantly in his mouth. He even considered these as inadequate assistants to a government. But he stood alone in his opinion. The trifling Dandré, director of the general police, the Abbé de Montesquiou who was frightened at a fly, the Count de Blacas, (well aware at that time, of his incapacity, though apprehensive lest an opportunity should present itself for manifesting it) agreed upon the plan of inducing the King to yield to the wishes of the mob.

Instead, therefore, of sending troops to drive from St. Roch the rioters whose impieties were reviving the most disgraceful saternalia, an officer of the King's household brought to the rector, M. Marduel, a peremptory order to comply with the wishes of the populace. When the rector found himself thus deserted, he was panic struck, and caused a solemn service to be performed amidst the obscene songs and frightful blasphemies which echoed through the sacred building.

I reached the residence of Prince Cambaceres at an early hour. The commotion had not yet subsided; the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Honoré

was filled with animated groups, intermingled with a few patroles of the national guard who silently moved in the midst of them.

" What news do you bring?" said the Prince when he saw me.

Nothing very material, Monseigneur, except that the people have attempted to try their strength with the court.

" Well!"

The people may, when they please, excite a commotion; they have no obstacle to apprehend from the court.

" Do you think so?"

Every thing proves it. Oh! if they had seen this morning a marshal of France, even a lieutenant-general coming amongst them, with five or six aides-de-camp, they would have placed themselves under his command, and, happen what may, would have marched forward. Would you believe, Monseigneur, that your name was pronounced in my hearing?

" Heavens! and with what view?"

As a banner round which the people would rally.

" Sir," replied the Prince with trepidation far too sincere to have been assumed, " I neither can nor will figure in a riot. This ill becomes me. I will instantly write to Count de Blacas in order to clear myself of suspicion."

I had great difficulty in removing the impres-

sion which my language had created. I assured him at last that a young man alone had said, adressing himself to me :—

" We should send for Prince Cambacérès, and be guided by his advice."

" What did you reply ?" inquired the Prince with intense anxiety.

That Your Serene Highness was a martyr to the gout and to bodily infirmities, and no longer resided in Paris : that, in short, you were travelling abroad.

" You are a valuable friend," said the Prince ; " you managed admirably well."

Monseigneur, another name was far more generally mentioned.

" Which name ?

That of the Duke of Orleans.

" Oh ! Oh !. . . . he is a worthy, prudent, regular, economic Prince, who took a share in the revolution, and is willing to give pledges to all parties. Do you pay him your court ?"

No, Monseigneur. The Bourbons rejected my services ; I have resolved to keep aloof.

Familiar friends now dropped in. Each one brought his own anecdote. We conluded, from all we could collect, that, could the ardent Bonapartists have foreseen the result of the imprudent conduct of the rector of St. Roch, they would have turned it to better advantage.

" What then ?" said the Prince addressing him-

self to each by turns, " are we standing on a volcano that is undermining us ? is the ground giving way beneath us ?"

Fouché likewise made his appearance: he was taciturn, had seen nothing, heard nothing ; but he questioned the whole company. He enacted his part admirably well, affected astonishment at all he heard, and reminded us that this rector and his uncle bore the same name, which led pious unenlightened women to say :—

" The parish is fortunate ; the Marduels have been officiating in it from father to son, for upwards of eighty years."

Now, the former Marduel, almost immediately after the concordate, had deemed it his duty to refuse christian burial to Chameroy the opera dancer. The First Consul, by means of the archbishop of Paris, the venerable Cardinal du Belley, caused the rector of St. Roch to be sent into retirement at the seminary for three months ; and he remained suspended for that space of time from all rectorial functions. The archbishop even wrote, with his own hand, a note which was inserted in all the public papers, and in which, whilst he severely condemned the conduct of the Abbé Marduel, he extolled the wise tolerance of the minister of St. Thomas d'Aquin, who had consented to undertake the task of interring the opera dancer.

" I recollect," said the Prince, " that the day

after that singular occurrence, Monge ventured to say it was a quarrel between one set of players and another. I must own I would not have been in Monge's place at that moment. Bonaparte treated him with unparalleled harshness and acrimony. He levelled him with the dust, and for two or three years gave him indications of his displeasure. He was unbending on this subject, and has repeatedly said, in my hearing :—

"He is a bad citizen who undermines the religious faith of his country. All religions may, perhaps, be substantially good; but certain it is, that all come in aid of the governing power, and are the essential basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog.

"The Emperor is sincerely religious. Desmarets, one of my subordinate agents, has assured me, that at the moment when he was informed of the conspiracies which Pichegru, Georges, and Moreau, were hatching, and finding his life preserved, owing to their unexpected discovery, he returned thanks to Heaven, by a rapid and very significant sign of the cross. Desmarets, who is still alive, may be questioned on the subject, and will confirm my assertion.*

* M. Desmarets has recorded in his Memoirs this decisive and characteristic fact.

The Duke of Otranto's statement struck us with astonishment. The conversation was kept up on the same subject. Other visitors came in; our meeting bore the appearance of an evening assembly; and, whether owing to instinct, to anticipation, or to mere chance, although Prince Cambacérès was not in any degree carried away by the affected zeal of those who were thus courting the rising sun, he might occasionally have fancied himself restored to the glorious days of his former spendour.

*I was in a corner of the apartment with Marchangy, whom I have until now delayed introducing upon the scene, when I heard my name pronounced by the Duke of Otranto. I quickly turned round, when, coming up to me, he made some unmeaning inquiries respecting a resident of Toulouse, who would assuredly feel surprised were I to mention him; but, as he has done me some injury, and as Fouché's question proved beyond a doubt that this petty provincial nobleman had belonged to the imperial police, a circumstance which may have escaped his recollection, I abstain from fixing upon him so odious a stigma.

For the rest, this was but a prelude to what was to follow, as I found on a moment's reflection, for the Duke almost immediately added:

"You are just come from Toulouse?"

* Here insert a second fragment of my friend's Memoirs. Its reference to Fouché renders it appropriate in this place.

I saw what he aimed at, and, keeping on my guard, replied in the affirmative.

" How is my friend the Primate? Has he given you no token of remembrance for me ?"

" The Lord Primate, a count, a senator, and Archbishop of Toulouse, was a worthy venerable prelate. His episcopal conduct since 1800 made amends for his past errors. The attachment of his flock, his unbounded charity, his modesty, gentleness, and affability, proved what would be the extent of our loss when he might be removed from us. He was succeeded by the former Bishop of Chalons, M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, the very type of self-sufficiency, of ridiculous pride. A man who affected to retain the manners of certain prelates of the old régime.

" As I had not come from Toulouse, I could not have seen my lord the Primate. The official falsehood hesitatingly escaped my lips, when the Duke of Otranto said with a smile ;

" You must needs, then, although just arrived from Toulouse, be content to receive news of your Archbishop from me."

I was put out of countenance, and silenced by this remark, and Fouché continued :

" Everything is known, and to more persons than myself ; you have been seen at Lyons, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Leghorn, *in the Island*, at Pisa, Genoa, Nice, Toulon, and Marseilles."

There was not a word of truth in this allegation ;

but Fouché was such an adept in the functions of minister of police, that he thought proper to throw dust in the eyes of so insignificant a person as I was, by attempting to make me believe that he still had a numerous, active, well-informed agents in the principal towns of Italy, and likewise in the other cities of Europe. He might, possibly, have been apprized of my mission. * * * was at that time guilty of indiscretion, as I shall presently have occasion to show by relating an anecdote, which will reveal by what strange means chance had brought us into contact. Instead, therefore, of expressing my surprise, admiring the Duke's penetration, or his talent in detecting what was carefully kept from his knowledge, I coldly replied :

" Monsieur le Duc will allow me to assure him that I am no Œdipus, and am accordingly at a loss to unravel enigmas."

" Fouché fixed upon me a look of surprise, rather than of displeasure, and said :

" Where do you reside ?"

" In the rue Chabannais."

" Would it, also, be indiscreet on my part to inquire what is the earliest hour of your leaving home ?"

" About noon."

" Would you, then, be at home at seven ?"

" Yes, and probably the only one up at that

hour, for it would not be daylight; and I go to work without disturbing my servants or my family."

"Agreed, then; I shall be with you to-morrow morning at seven."

Had any one else intimated such an intention, considering his age, his rank, and his functions, I should have requested permission to wait upon him; but we all have our antipathies—the Duke of Otranto ever was mine. I could state the cause, and reveal a frightful, atrocious fact. But I am pledged to silence, and, however prejudicial to myself may be my reserve, my pen shall never raise the veil which conceals the knowledge of the appalling secret.

Persons of weak memories may possibly have forgotten the deep impression made upon penetrating minds by the commotion which broke out around the coffin of an old actress. If I may borrow a comparison adapted to the subject, I should say the affair resembled those whistlings, which in dramatic representations denote some sudden and striking change of scene. The spectators bend forward, and, with staring eyes, with breathless anxiety and impatience, anticipate an enchanted palace, a rose bower, the infernal regions, or even the celestial abode! Well, then, on this rebellious outbreak so unexpectedly occurring in the very face of Europe in arms, and amidst the loud echo of protestations of fidelity

and attachment, all looked at one another, and equivocally exclaimed with anxious inquiring looks :

Good Heavens ! is the edifice so recently reared up already on the verge of destruction ? It appears, even now, to be tottering to its foundation !

All this I witnessed in the aspect of the various circles of Parisian society. We were prepared, from that moment, for an impending catastrophe ; that of the 20th March accordingly took us less by surprise than would otherwise have been the case. The charm was broken. The Bourbons were as vulnerable as others ; it thus became an easy task to dethrone them.

To revert, then, to what occurred on that evening. Marchangy drew nearer to me ; he also had something to communicate. He was dissatisfied ; they undervalued his talent, and his eloquence, which were really of a superior order, when he did not aim at singularity. That error, led him into neologism and affectation, which rendered his prose somewhat ridiculous. With this exception, his style was harmonious, elegant, profound, and at times picturesque. He could adapt his language to his subject, soften it at pleasure, and he would doubtless have reached the highest eminence, had he not been bewildered by that inordinate ambition, which ultimately caused his death. I shall have to return to him when publishing my Memoirs, in which he will act a conspicuous part. It

will be painful to me to have to exhibit him as a far less disinterested royalist than he affected to be, at the close of his life; for I shall have to represent him in his real character.

He followed me when I quitted Prince Cambacérès' party, and, when we both reached the street, he addressed me in these words:

"I was not aware of your being on terms of intimacy with the Duke of Otranto. You are a fortunate man, you know all the world."

"Can you," I replied, "mean this language for me, stranger as I am to every one, whilst you are in habits of intercourse with the old and new régimes?"

"Alas, I have much to contend with ere the new régime will adopt me, wanting as I am in what levels all difficulties; I am not a noble."

"Why, good Heavens! of what use can nobility be?"

"Of none, when we possess it; of every use when we have it not."

"The meaning of which is—"

"That a nobleman is on a level with the greatest and wealthiest, and, although he makes no boast of it, his name, as soon as it is known, is sufficient to ensure to him a welcome reception. We, on the contrary, must give proofs of our merit, our talents, and our acquirements; this can only be the work of time and exertions. Should you happen to name me, you will be asked who I am?

Mention, on the contrary, the silliest of the M.., it will not be inquired whether he be clever or stupid; his name will secure to him the first rank, and in defiance of utter nonentity he will never altogether forfeit it. How useful, for instance, has it not been to you all, during Napoleon's reign, to have been men of birth. Often have I read these words, after names inserted in decrees of appointment: 'son of an old magistrate, of an old general officer.' This was often the only recommendation of the person chosen; and Napoleon himself consented to acknowledge its value. What may we not expect at the present day? We shall be crushed by every noble lion. I am an advocate for the old régime, meaning that of Napoleon; for alas! his must now be called so."

"So much the better; we will march under the same banner."

"What, you likewise! I wonder at it; for the rest, our friendship claims of us that we should stand by each other. I know that endeavours are making to bring back the Emperor."

"I have heard something of the matter."

"Well, then, let us try to ascertain the fact; and, if we are called upon, what are your intentions?"

"To wait the coming events."

"You are insincere, I am quite sure of it;... but with the aid of the Arch Chancellor, and of the Duke of Otranto... ."

"The latter appears to haunt you, for you always return to the subject; I give you my honour that I hold no intercourse with him."

"Nevertheless, he is to be with you at the early hour of seven in the morning."

"You must have been listening?"

"Attentively. It is the only way of learning what is going forward."

"Ambitious man!"

"Yes."

"I can assure you, my friend, that I have not the least idea of what he wants with me."

"I shall be with you at nine; you will tell me—"

"Nothing, or else untruth. His secret, once imparted to me, can no longer become yours."

"Promise to name me to him."

"But you never stirred from his presence in the days of his power. I am quite sure he could describe your inmost sentiments, whilst he can barely spell my name."

We now parted company; he displeased with my reserve, and I lamenting that such splendid, genuine, and brilliant talents should be obscured by his fatal ambition, which, like a canker, slowly preyed upon his mind, and at length utterly destroyed it.

Sleep was almost banished from my couch since I had become a diplomatic courier; my peace of mind had fled; I was apprehensive of informers, of

and of the police. I entertained fears for my poor wife, so pure, so virtuous, so prudent, so much a stranger to those frightful politics. She was indisposed, being in an advanced state of pregnancy. Having no greater object of adoration upon earth than her beloved Bourbons, she was ignorant of the cause of my uneasiness, and had imagined my journey to have been connected with private matters... Avoid, my son, whatever may chance to embitter your life, or the happiness of those you love! The wise man, when the storm is raging, contemplates it without plunging into the midst of contending elements. Those to whom we sacrifice ourselves, are seldom grateful to us for the act. Heroism, in a word, is a virtue of dupes; in such a case, however, it is better for you, my son, to be a dupe than a knave.

As the clock struck six, I arose, lighted the candles, and began to write. I wondered at the punctuality of an old ambitious man: the Duke of Otranto made his appearance at seven precisely. The frost, the snow, the piercing chill of the morning, did not deter a personage of his great wealth, and distinguished rank, who already numbered upwards of fifty years, from leaving his home and ascending a fourth story, in order to tear from a young man the secret upon which his fortune and future existence might depend. What could be his object in resorting to this step? I felt perfectly assured he would not impart it to me. But

thought I, Monsieur le Duc, we are a match for one another, and I will endeavour to prove to you, that cunning and treachery are frequently outwitted by rectitude and good faith.

The Duke remained standing; I followed his example. Perhaps it was the effect of pride on his part; it proceeded on mine from politeness. He came at once to the point. He had been informed of the journey I had just performed, of the persons I had seen. He well knew who had given me my instructions, to whom I had brought back despatches on my return, neither was he unacquainted with the contents of those despatches, though they were unknown to me. But he was further anxious to be apprized of what he did not know. He attached great importance to my disclosure. He did not disguise this, and he tempted me by every means calculated to make an impression. He held out as a bait, far greater wealth than I could reasonably expect from the bounty of Providence, thus inflicting a moral torture upon me, for I was no better after all than my fellow-creatures. God, however, supported me, and I extricated myself unsullied from the struggle in which my honour was engaged with so formidable an adversary. Neither did he disguise from me that I might thenceforward consider him in that character.

" Beware," said he, " of the fault you are about to commit. You might have secured to yourself a splendid, I hesitate not in adding, an

honourable career. I desire to serve the Emperor; it depends upon you whether I shall do so with advantage. You deny me your confidence; I will punish you for it, and place myself as an obstacle between you and fortune. I am better informed than you are; reflect well."

"Were it possible for me, answered I, to act the part of a traitor, it would be in the cause of the Bourbon family. My father sacrificed his life in their service, and my personal feelings would have led me to follow his example. They rejected me. I return to the cause of Napoleon: so long as he may be in existence, he may henceforward rely upon me. But I am not a barterer of my sentiments. I do not make a traffic of the important interests which it has been thought proper to confide to me; for I divulge nothing. My heart is a closed sepulchre, as you have now proved by the test of experience. I sincerely regret having to deny your request; but you would not fail to praise me, were it your own secret that I was thus strenuously preserving."

"Enact the part of generosity to your heart's content; you will in six months hence let me know the result. You are blind to your position, are utterly ignorant of its value, and will at a later period have to regret—"

"Never that I did my duty."

"How useless is my attempt to bring a young man to the dictates of reason! How can I convey

a proper notion of it to one who indulges in idle illusions! Farewell, Sir; let us mutually forget each other. I made a silent bow. He withdrew; I accompanied him, against his will, half way down the stairs, and slowly retraced my steps, happy at having succeeded in resisting him; but in reality almost dead with fright at the treacherous blows this man might inflict upon me. Nevertheless, I composed myself with the reflection, "He will forget me."

Marchangy arrived at nine.

"Well," said he, "what news?"

I recollected the epitaph of La Fontaine, and replied by this verse:

Jean s'en alla comme il était venu.

"You have displeased the Duke of Otranto?"

"Yes, my dear friend."

"What folly! Allow me to reconcile you with him. Leave me, with this view, at full liberty to act."

"Assuredly not; you cannot excuse me. But I find my wife is up; let us to breakfast."

He eat sparingly, spoke little, and soon left us. He returned the same evening, and proposed that I should take a walk with him to the Palais Royal. I did so, but made my wife accompany us, which was not what he desired. He found me alone next day, took me to task, pointed out to me the great benefit my family would derive from my con-

senting to confide in the most discreet of men. I am bound to do Marchangy full justice; he was impelled in this business by no other consideration than his attachment for me. As soon as he found that I was inflexible, he also broke off all intercourse with the Duke of Otranto.*

* * * * *

We were now entering upon a solemn week. The hallowed remains of King Louis XVI, and of Queen Marie-Antoinette, which, after their tragical death, had been deposited in a garden near the Madeleine, were to be removed from that honourable resting place to the vaults of the ancient and sacred abbey of St. Denis. This ceremony interested not the royalists only, but all those who, holding the regicide act in abhorrence, eagerly seized the opportunity of protesting against it, in the face of all Europe. Our provinces were participating in this religious act, which we were all awaiting with gloomy melancholy. In my mind, it revived the most painful recollections, for, as I have already said, my father was executed on the same scaffold. Such a ceremony had the effect of expiating a host of crimes!

Those, however, who, abusing a negative mandate had self-constituted themselves judges and plaintiffs, in the question, they, as well as their adherents and families, foamed with rage, despair, and

* End of the second fragment of my friend's Memoirs.

pride. They went about vociferating in all directions that the present retribution, gentle as it was in comparison with the crime, was an insult to the whole French nation. They appealed against it to the last will and testament of that monarch whom they had put to death; as if the act of exhuming the dead, a privilege which every child is at liberty to exercise in reference to the remains of his parent, and which is, under no circumstances forbidden by law, should, in this instance, be regarded as a crime.

M. de Châteaubriand had already, in two articles inserted in the *Journal des Débats*, tranquillized timid minds, by pointing out the real motives of the ceremony. A numerous concourse of people, from all parts of the kingdom, came to protest by tears, sobs, and doleful wailings, against that tacit consent to which the judges of the sainted King attached so much importance.

The weather, on the 21st of January, 1815, was extremely cold. The severe frost which had prevailed for several days previously, fully realized the description given by M. de Lormian, who possesses, in a great degree, the harmonious, elegant, and energetic language of Racine and Voltaire :

> Et le givre en cristaux, en festons lumineux,
> Se suspendait au front des arbres sans feuillages.

A double file of troops, of different corps, extended from the Tuileries to the gates of St. Denis. The national guard, too, was anxious to prove, by its imposing numbers, its abhorrence of a deed which France now stamped with well-merited reprobation.

The populace were peaceable, which is as much as could be expected; the higher classes, dressed in mourning, presented a gloomy contrast to the whiteness of the snow, and the trees covered with hoar frost. From the windows were suspended white flags interspersed with sable spots, with black silk or crape draperies, which nearly covered them. An immense drapery hung from the summit of the dome of the Invalides, over one half of the gilded cupola, and waved with the wind. It was a sight at once gloomy and awful, when the breeze agitated this colossal standard, and undulated its numberless folds; it seemed a hideous spectre of death, rising above the lofty pile to contemplate the gloomy and pious ceremony. All the constituted authorities, the members of the courts of law, and of the chambers of peers and deputies, were present in full costume; for the first time, the dignitaries of the King's household were seen in all the splendour of purple and gold.

A numerous body of the clergy, intermingled with the poor, the blind, the infirm, the grandees of the kingdom, the officers of His Majesty's household, the Princes and Princesses, all moved

in admirable order: all absorbed in one sublime idea, preceded and followed the hearse.

This hearse, which was a triumphal car, was the realization of all that a brilliant and poetic imagination could conceive; it was at once majestic and mournful, and presented a combination of the pomp of life with the nothingness of death. A regal crown of extraordinary size rose on the top of the moving monument. Each one said, as he beheld its approach. 'Alas! how frail are those proud diadems!'

On a sudden, and as if to admonish the King, the ministers, and the household of the plot which was preparing in the dark, by the partizans of another legitimacy, (for Napoleon Bonaparte had also his legitimacy,) the rope of a lamp between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Montmartre, which had not been removed, came in contact with the highest point of the hearse. It became entangled in the crown, shook it, raised it up, and held it suspended for some moments. At length, it fell on the ground, where it was dashed to pieces.

My wife, though indisposed, had insisted upon rendering by her presence a last homage to a King and Queen so dear to her heart. She was the first to see the fatal and ill-omened accident, and drew my attention to it.

"Oh Heavens!" she exclaimed, "the Bourbons —the poor Bourbons—will once more lose their throne! God preserve the King!" She fainted in

my arms. All who were near us participated, more or less, in this emotion. The superstition of forebodings exercises a powerful influence over the sternest hearts. Mournful and silent, uncertain of what I was to think, I was lavishing my attentions upon the royalist so dear to my heart, whilst the procession, detained for a moment in its imposing march, resumed its progress at the shrill and fearful sounds of the doleful tam-tam. The crown was raised from the ground, placed on the hearse, and carried to St. Denis. Owing to some strange inattention, which made a deep impression even on the philosophic mind of Louis XVIII, the crown was lowered into the vault along with the coffin, as if the tomb of Louis XVI, was destined to be the grave of the Bourbon monarchy.

I paid a visit that evening to Prince Cambacérès, who had repaired to St. Denis and assisted at the funeral ceremony. Madame Royale was much affected at this mark of respect, and conveyed her thanks to him through M. de Beausset, the bishop of Alaix, but who was afterwards raised to the rank of Cardinal. He was a man of well-deserved celebrity: a pure, elegant, profound writer, full of tolerance and good nature, austere towards himself, and indulgent to others. His lives of Fénélon and of Bossuet will remain as monuments raised to the glory of the mighty ages. Such prelates reflect credit on the church

and the monarchy; they are an honour to their families and fellow countrymen.

I avail myself of this opportunity of mentioning his eminence Cardinal de Cambacérès, the Prince arch-chancellor's brother, a senator, a peer of France, archbishop of Rouen, grand cross of the legion of honour. He was uncompromising in his resistance to the revolutionary clergy, and he asserted the cause of true religion with all the energy of an Ambrose and an Athanasius; a pious almoner, ever seeking an opportunity of doing good by stealth, and excluding all pomp and display beyond what the dignity of a cardinal required.

Few persons felt themselves sufficiently powerful to hold an argument with Cardinal Cambacérès. I recollect that one evening, at his brother's residence, Baron Desmousseaux, then prefect of Toulouse, a man who possessed no talent, save that of making enemies of all who approached him, having attempted to rally Cardinal de Cambacérès without a shadow of a motive, was roughly handled by him, and with a degree of bitterness, which I regretted on the poor prefect's account, who was for some time cured of the mania of enacting his accustomed part, that of an ox who plunges headlong into the midst of a procession.

Setting aside this endeavour to displease every one, Baron Desmousseaux was gifted with ex-

cellent qualities. He was a worthy parent, an upright man, fond of work though unsuccessful in his efforts. He was, moreover, a rigid moralist, and never permitted the establishment of gaming houses in his prefectures. He who disputed with every body aimed at conciliating the general good will; but he carried such extremes to his propensity for contention that I boldly declared to Count de Montalivet, in 1812, and without fear of being taken at my word, that if there could be found throughout the department of the upper Garonne a single public functionary to whom he had not rendered himself obnoxious, I should consent to acknowledge myself wholly in the wrong.

M. de Montalivet, who was then minister of the interior, was a man possessed of every good quality, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him,—praise the more disinterested on my part, as I have had much to complain of him. He merely replied with a smile that such an inquiry as that above alluded to, should never be instituted at his bidding.

When M. Desmousseaux, on becoming a baron, was under the necessity of adopting a coat of arms, he formed it of the component parts of the arms of those provinces in which he had served as a public functionary—the ship of Paris, on the ground of his having been Attorney-General Syndic of that commune in 1792, the *péron* of

Liege and the cross of Toulouse, in Upper Garonne. His eldest son, now *maître des requêtes*, and formerly a secretary of embassy at Rome, has fulfilled all the promises he held out in his earlier days. Clever, active, industrious, he will prosper in his career, if true merit meet its due reward.

Can it be possible I should have wandered so far from the evening of the 21st January, and from the Prince Arch-Chancellor's saloon, to which I now return? The company there assembled were deeply imbued with the gloom occasioned by that day's impressions. No voter for the King's death was present. This circumstance was remarked, although in a whisper, and with the courteous forms which are in vogue in high life. Circumstancial details were inquired into, and those who were ignorant of the old court etiquette wondered that Louis XVIII did not attend the funeral of Louis XVI. They were told that the reigning King was never present at a funeral ceremony.

One of the company informed us, that at the moment when His Serene Highness the Duke of Orleans was entering the church, an aged woman, who was standing close to him, exclaimed :—

" Oh! there is the King."

She was told of her error.

" What," she replied, " has he not the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand?"

This strange remark, proceeding from a per-

son very decently dressed, and whose deportment gave no indication of her being mad, led to close scrutiny, and it was observed that her eyes were wide open but fixed and motionless. At this moment, a young man and woman came forward and said :—

" Gentlemen, this is our aunt, she came here in her sleep ; she is a somnambulist."

The lady in fact, who was subject to that awful infirmity, was then under the influence of magnetic sleep. She was removed without making the slightest resistance, but the vision, under which she laboured, created great surprise in those who surrounded her.

One of us exclaimed :—

" Where can M. Deleuze be ?"

Another promised to communicate the circumstance to M. de Puységur. For my part, I will acquaint my worthy friend, Mialhe, with a fact which for a considerable time escaped my recollection. Mialhe is an adept in the art of mnemonics. His shrewd spirit of investigation has led him to pursue the most arduous inquiries into the mechanism of our language. He is a physiologist of the first order, whose mind, at once elegant and profound, affords him astonishing power in discussing or explaining. He is a grammarian in the style of those of Port Royal, author of several methods of instruction, and the extensive work he is preparing on the various forms of words will secure to

him a reputation which such exalted merit, virtue and modesty always deserve, though occasionally fail to attain.

It were incorrect to say that he merely relaxes into the study of magnetism from his arduous and endless researches; since he likewise brings a rigid attention to that still unknown branch of science. It is to his pen, his studies and his observations that M. Latour Foissat, a physician, owes all that he has scattered throughout his works respecting somnambulism and magnetism. M. Mialhe handed over the subject to him after having fully prepared it. M. Foissat appears to have lost the recollection of this aid of which it is proper that the public should be apprized. *Suum cuique.*

This affection, this malady of the soul, is singular in its character; though well worthy of being seriously inquired into, it is deemed more convenient to turn it into ridicule. How are we to admit that so many persons of genuine piety, of rigid morals, of acknowledged scientific acquirements,—men of profound learning, many of them holding an exalted rank in society, and whose superior qualities are admitted by all, should on a sudden, by a strange fatality, become either knaves or blockheads, blind and void of sense, on a single subject? This cannot be. Now, then, since they have seen and actually believe, what they have described, are we lightly to reject their conviction, and consider their statements under no other aspect than as bril-

liant inventions with which their religion and gravity contrive to impose upon the public? How can such an assertion be maintained? What! those extraordinary and learned men, so pure, so unaffected, are either madmen or impostors? I am to adopt as positive truths what Hauy, Ampère, or Arago may designate as such; and when Deleuze, Mialhe, or Puységur, men with whose friendship or relationship I am honoured, shall come in their turn to teach me the result of their assiduous labours, of their reiterated experiments, am I to shrug up my shoulders and greet them with a smile of contemptuous pity?

Man is, generally speaking, a strange being in his unbounded pride; whether in the character of a philosopher, a christian, he no sooner fails to understand than he denies. He only admits that of which he can satisfy himself of the accuracy by means of academical calculation. There are, nevertheless, certain evidences to which he must yield assent, though he cannot account for them. He cannot, for instance, comprehend the essence of the Deity; God is, therefore, a chimera. Magnetism to him only appears surrounded with vapours, which conceal its origin; he goes in quest of the latter; but it eludes his grasp. Mesmer is accordingly pronounced to be an impostor, and somnambulism quackery. But man is daily ushered into life; let me be afforded an exact solution of the manner

in which he is created. I am powerless to do so; it escapes my search. Say, then, of God and of magnetism in like manner, —they have no existence. Not so; for I witness man's birth.

Proud diminutive man! you admit what strikes your senses, you deny what is hidden from them. Why not act with more caution, and suspend your judgment until you are better informed? This is the course of an upright judge in a matter beset with difficulties; whereas, in the most serious of all, in that which stamps your rebellion as an act of ingratitude towards the Creator, because the latter is elevated above the reach of your weak intellect, you reduce him to nonentity, rather than humble yourself by acknowledging your ignorance. It is painful, I am aware, to avow to one's disciples: 'This exceeds the reach of the master's science;' nevertheless, how much greater weight will attach to the master's words, after so modest an admission!

The science of Mesmer is of recent growth; it is not yet exempt from the attacks of satire and ridicule; nor has it been attempted gravely to deal with it. Each doctor has his prejudices, his scholastic dogmas, which it is difficult to remove. It is alleged that Mesmer and his followers are not in search of truth, but are merely anxious to be considered wonder-workers, and to constitute a sect. Now, what another has said is injurious; let us disregard it. Genius brought us a torch to illumine

a newly-opened career: extinguish it; let us feel our way. I will guide your steps.

Such is the secret, but real cause of the obstacles which magnetism has to encounter; but those obstacles must have an end. If the science be a true one, it cannot fail of success. There exist enactments of the Parliament of Paris, decrees of the Sorbonne theses of the faculty against the circulation of the blood, and innoculation. Electricity has been turned into a jest; galvanism every way misrepresented; yet time has pursued its onward course. The attacks of the envious, the doubts of the imbecile, have passed away; and we now see the important station which those discoveries hold in the history of science.

But I am wandering very far from the task of a narrator, and presuming to be a professor *ex-cathedra*. I must hasten to doff the doctor's cap, and resign the chair which friendship and a love of truth induced me, for a few moments, to occupy. I return to Prince Cambacérès' saloon, where I met on the same evening, a man of solid merit, whom I had long lost sight of.

After the customary salutations, he said to me:

"I am almost a stranger in the world, for I may say I have but just returned to it.

"Where, then, do you come from?"

"From a distant region, named the Island of St. Louis, at the extremity of the Island of the city."

"In fact," I replied, "you were at no great distance from the antipodes. How could you dream of taking up your abode in that quarter? None but lovers, who, in order to get rid of each other, have resolved to lead an exclusively domestic life; or some trades-people, the nature of whose business compels them to reside in the Island of St. Louis, or on the St. Bernard's quay."

"Be that as it may," said M. G——, "I have engaged apartments in that delightful quarter, where the air is pure, the view delightful, and householders moderate in their charges."

"Very true; but you are uncommonly distant from your friends."

"It may not perhaps be far enough from a certain house in the Palais Royal."

"What house?"

"Number 113."

"Can you possibly be a gamester?

"I had become so. One of my friends, who by no means resembles you, for he passes his life at the gaming table, owed me the sum of three thousand francs, which in the present state of my finances was of great consequence to me. As he was anxious to reimburse me, but would not expose himself to run short on a sudden, he offered to pay me by instalments, a proposal which I accepted. He often appointed to meet me at his banker's,(the gaming house.) I went there, and by degrees was led to follow his example. For eight months I

indulged in that fatal mania, which threatened to ruin my future prospects. My whole existence was passed at the *roulette* table, and I awaited every morning, with baneful impatience in the gardens of the Palais Royal, until the hour of mid-day, when the den was thrown open.

"Chance was neither propitious nor adverse to me; what I lost on one occasion, I won on another. The last week I played, I think the balance was in my favour. On arriving one day for the afternoon's sitting, I was struck with the appearance of a knight of St. Louis, a man about sixty years old. I am an artist, and readily attracted by a fine countenance; his features were noble, expressive, and engaging; and bespoke him to be a man of high honour, virtue, and talent. He quietly took his seat, first emptied his purse, and then his pockets of the gold they contained, and drew from a pocket book a quantity of bank notes, which I calculated might amount to about two hundred thousand francs.

"At sight of this majestic looking personage, who seemed determined to carry on a battle of extermination, I suspended my game, and took as great an interest in what he was doing as if I had a share in the stake. No chance could ever be more unlucky. Gold and paper disappeared in less than two hours. Some fatality seemed to attend all his calculations. Everything turned against him, and the table was shortly cleared of his money.

" I can but faintly describe to you the interest I took in this persevering run of ill luck, an interest much heightened by the calm composure of the person who sustained these reverses, and who appeared to be quite unmoved by them. Would he not at last withdraw from the spot? I desired it as anxiously as if he had been my own father. The idea, in fact, occurred to his mind, for a moment; he showed a disposition to rise; my heart expanded with delight! He paused, sat down again, and filled me with disappointment. This apparent indifference soon vanished; he dived into one of his pockets, and his features became contracted on drawing out two or three notes of five hundred francs each, one of which he laid, with a trembling hand, on the table, to make a stake. He lost! He had previously been playing at double or quits; on this occasion, he was more cautious; four times he tried his luck; but it still proved adverse to him.

" How frightful was the glance which he silently cast at us! That glance, meeting mine, made me shudder, for I fancied I beheld death pictured in his looks. By a sudden resolution, he tore himself away from the fatal table, and retired with a faltering step, overpowered by his excited feelings. He will, no doubt, I said, put an end to his existence. The desire of rescuing him from despair compelled me to follow him; but he had the start of me by some seconds. I lost a few more in putting on my great coat and hat. At last, I

rushed to the staircase. Alas! my promptitude proved more tardy than the impatience of his despair. I had reached the last flight when the report of a pistol, proceeding from the Rue de Valois, made me start. A loud outcry was heard, and several persons, who rushed forward, beheld the lifeless remains of Count de ——— , a man of eminent qualities as a father, a husband, a military officer, or a citizen, but a gambler. He left behind him a widow and a numerous family, to deplore his loss.

" I was horror-stricken, my dear friend, at this appalling catastrophe, and the hideous indifference of the persons employed in the hellish mansion, who complained that too much attention was bestowed upon this act of madness. ' Gentlemen,' said they, ' let us go back; we are losing time!' This sad event inflicted upon me a moral wound. I raised my hands to Heaven, and pledged to my young family a solemn oath that I never would lay my hands upon a card for the remainder of my days; and, as I dreaded the vicinity of that gulph, I formed the resolution of immediately removing to a distance from the frequented quarters of Paris. It was fortunate I did so; for, as I was led yesterday by private business to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, the nearer I approached number 113, the more I felt ill at ease. I suffered mental agony; an involuntary impulse drove me reluctantly forward, and, at the moment when

I found myself in front of the door, the tempting influence was such, that all I could do was to cling to the iron grating of the gallery, and to advance step by step, until I found myself fairly beyond the sphere of attraction.

I listened with a deep interest to the narrative given by the artist with the most vivid and brilliant colouring. To the force of language, he united a power of description which brought to view the unhappy man's transition from a state of calm to that of death, and the struggles of the narrator himself against the fascination of a hideous passion. He has since quitted the Island of St. Louis, and followed a glorious career, having completely subdued his passion for gambling, whilst he regretted that it should have required so frightful a lesson to cure him of it.

We had been overheard by one of the company, who said to M G—— :

" You have just recalled to my mind the recollection of one of my youthful adventures. It happened in 1794, when I had reached my twentieth year. The conscription had sent me to join at the frontiers, the army successively commanded by Dugommier and Perignon. I was shortly afterwards wounded, and removed to an hospital, when, having purchased my discharge, I hastened to the baths of Sylvanes, in the department of the Aveyron, with a view to restore my once flourishing health. I was in indifferent circumstances, took my meals

at the second table, and had no companion to join in my walks. I fell in, on a certain occasion, with one of those fascinating nymphs of Montpellier, so justly extolled by Rousseau, and who are favoured by the god of love, because they multiply his votaries.

"The fair one in question, who was lively, genteel, and open hearted, had come to the waters with her uncle or tutor, no matter which, who was engaged in one of those infernal banks intended to involve invalids in utter ruin. Being much engaged in his odious traffic, he allowed his niece more leisure than she ought to have enjoyed. The women of Montpellier are not less remarkable for the freedom of their manners, than for their personal beauty. We appeared, at our first interview, to suit one another, and she said to me:

"Remove me from this place, which I hold in aversion; take me back to my family at Montpellier. I regret alike that fine city and my relatives. Besides, I am naturally disposed to industry; idleness ruins and destroys me."

"Alas!" I replied, "I am without money."

"Is that all? I have scraped together a couple of Spanish quadruples; go and gamble with them."

"I acceded to this proposition, went up to the gaming table, and selected, by a singular chance, the uncle or the tutor as my adversary. I plunged, like a madman, into the game, dou-

bled, trebled my stakes, and was so fortunate as to quit the table with seven thousand francs and a few gold pieces, besides the two lucky quadruples, each worth from fifty to eighty five francs. We took the road to Montpellier on the following morning, and only quitted that city when nothing more was left in my purse except the price of the diligence, and the means of supporting myself upon the road."

CHAPTER IV.

Approach of the 20th of March—The confessor of Louis XVIII—Unpublished letter of Barras to the King—Its importance—Slight value attached to it—Incapacity of the royal council in 1814—Fright of the Duke of Parma—M. de Sèze—M. de Chazet—M. Dandré—The long-sighted become blind—Letter from Napoleon in 1815—Scene at the Tuileries in 1809—Detailed account of the Duke of Otranto's disgrace—The ambassador and the fish, or another veil removed, an anecdote of 1810—The hammer, female assassin, and the opium, a tragic anecdote.

THE errors arising out of the policy pursued by the government were, meanwhile, on the increase. Count Fabre de l'Aude communicated to me a letter which Barras thought it his duty to write to the King on the eve of his departure for Provence. I am aware that those who feel a political interest in presenting the ex-director under new colours, as certain writers have attempted with regard to Napoleon, will doubt the authenticity of this letter; but it was handed to me by a man of upright character, as soon as he heard that I was preparing to write a cotemporary history. He

assured me that he had copied it from the original, which had passed through Cambacérès' hands. This attestation possesses, in my mind, every requisite value.

Barras was quitting Paris highly incensed against Count de Blacas, who had manœuvred to prevent his coming to the King's presence. This anecdote will be found related in full detail in the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. Now, the ex-director, eager to level a mortal blow at his cousin, had long sought in vain for a person of sufficient standing to approach the King without being intercepted by the favourite. He mistrusted all who tendered their services; chance, however, brought in his way the King's confessor, the Abbé La Roche or Rocher, an old almoner of a regiment of musketeers, a cheerful and indulgent priest, who could enjoy a laugh at a suitable moment, was free from ambition and little dazzled with his office.

Louis XVIII was pleased with the frank though somewhat coarse manners of his confessor. Barras being informed of the character of this worthy ecclesiastic, and knowing besides that he considered Count de Blacas as the scourge of France, owing to his utter incapacity, did not hesitate a moment in confiding to him the diplomatic note which he wished should be laid before the eyes of the King. The Abbé Rocher went at once to his penitent, and presented the paper with the forms which etiquette required, adding these words:

" Sire, I have been requested to deliver this into Your Majesty's own hands. I have accepted the mission. The King has it in his power to affirm that I have faithfully acquitted myself of it."

The King took the letter, broke the seal, and read the contents. He was much displeased with the writer, and scarcely less so with the Abbé. Those who ventured to assail M. de Blacas failed to perceive that the favour lavished upon him by the King was directed by blind prepossession, and that to attempt to thwart it was like pouring oil upon the fire. The letter ran as follows :

" Sire,

" I have a heavy fault to atone for, and this circumstance urges me to address Your Majesty, on the eve of my quitting Paris. You are led to an abyss ; the ground is represented to you as solid and strewed with flowers ; whereas, it is an undermined consuming volcano. A conspiracy is hatching. Fouché is the main spring of it, although he keeps in the back ground. For the rest, he will betray it to you, if you consent to give the price he sets upon it. He will bring it to the desired issue, should you spurn him from you.

" My position is beset with difficulties ; my advice cannot fail to appear in your sight as being self-interested, for I am compelled unceasingly to

repeat to you :—Change your ministers. Appoint, in their stead, men who know the revolution; but, above all, come to an understanding with the men of the revolution. I am aware that this language bears the following interpretation :—Here I am, and at the King's service. Such, however, is not the fact—others would serve you quite as well as I; Messrs. de Cambacérès, Regnauld in particular, Pontécoulant, Soult, Davoust, Pérignon, Cuvier, Lanjuinais, Laplace, Boissy-d'Anglas, Fabre de l'Aude, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and twenty more would adapt themselves to circumstances and save your crown.

" I well know that the King will not renounce any of his rights; this would be highly proper in a time of security and tranquillity. But the King must be aware how requisite it is, during a storm, to throw some of the cargo overboard in order to save the vessel. Vain would be any illusion; when the storm is at its height, such sacrifices are necessary to resist it with effect. One of our southern poets has said, and I can have no occasion to explain to the King a dialect with which he is perfectly familiar

Adroitement cal cambier de canzou
Embé lou lioe, las gens et la sason.*

* Fabre d'Olivat, in the epigraph to one of the chapters of his delightful romance of " Azalaïs and the Gentil Aimar." Th

"Fouché has thrown the grapple at Carnot; they move in concert. Carnot rallies round the party all the upright men of the revolution, who are not few in number. He desired to see me; we met on the Boulevards, between the Porte St. Martin and the Temple: but we could not agree. Whilst I aimed at bringing him over to you without any conditions, he sought to win me over to himself. I should have preferred plunging into the Seine. This would have been a far more honourable course. I can affirm, with a full knowledge of facts, that a conspiracy is preparing. I defy any one to allege that I have been imposed upon.

"Let the King leisurely consider the importance of the disclosure I make to him. I am not an adventurer seeking the reward of imaginary services. I will enable the King to follow up the intrigue through all its ramifications, will point out to him the chief agents. I know where are deposited the documents, the treasure, and the scanty supply of arms which has been provided; for they are plundering Bonaparte, as they plundered Your Majesty, during the emigration. But I can admit of no intervening person between the King and his

French translation of the above two lines which I believe to be by the same author, is as follows:

Adroitement variez vos chansons,
Selon les lieux, les gens et les saisons.

subject. My cousin, M. de Blacas, has not the capacity requisite for directing so vast an enterprise. He falls into numberless errors, displeases every one, and his neglect in keeping a vigilant watch over those who surround him raises a doubt of his own integrity. Cæsar's wife should not even be suspected.

"It would, therefore, be of no avail for him or any one else to call upon me in the King's name; I have no confidence in them. The army is worked upon, the Marshals are tampered with. Let the King be pleased to inquire of the Duke of Ragusa whether an offer was not last week made to him of a full and unreserved pardon, together with payment of his debts, if he would come round to Bonaparte. A similar question was put, a month ago, to the other Marshals, to Soult, Macdonald, Brune, Davoust, and especially to Augereau who has neither given an affirmative nor a negative answer. The wife of Ney has pledged herself for her husband's acquiescence. I was assured of the fact which might easily be ascertained. Certain it is, that the Princess of the Moskawa, the beautiful Countess Regnauld, and a few others complain bitterly of the cool reception they met with at the Tuileries. The remarks made to them in answer to this complaint were—Why do you go, then? Can that be your place? remain at home; let your husbands do the same; form a society within your own circle; and that court, which affects to despise you, will take

alarm, and come to terms. This was sound advice. With respect to the soldiery, they are Bonapartists to a man; the new recruits still more so than the rest, with no other motive than the fear of being treated as novices. The soldiers of the conscription, who do not exceed the age of twenty, are ambitious to be considered as veterans.

"The peasantry are in dread of priests, of tithes, of the nobility, of the restitution of national estates; the fear of encroachment on their property renders them intractable whenever they are threatened. Now, the country squires and seminarists preach or argue day after day on the necessity of restoring what has been legally sold. And some men even dream of a return to the feudal system.

"Send to Provence all the military commanders upon whom you can rely; let Vendean regiments be despatched to that quarter. The country is sound, but it can soon be traversed, and the territories of Dauphiné and of Lyons are good for nothing. Should Bonaparte land, he would only make the attempt at Rouen, owing to the proximity of the fortresses to the frontier and to Grenoble, an all-important town. In that place, as a make-weight for the loyalty of Provence, ten of the inhabitants are Bonapartists, and I would not place too much reliance upon the tenth man.

"These are sad truths; am I aware of it; but, Sire, it is the truth and not falsehood that the King should wish to hear. Flattery and deception will never

be wanting Your Council relies upon the Congress of Vienna ; what, if that congress be broken up ? If Austria be gained over, if. . but the field of combinations is as vast as the field of conjectures ; in either, one may chance to go astray.

" Let the King summon to his presence a few of the individuals, or all whom I have mentioned ; their language will accord with mine. All will, as a preliminary to future negotiations, require the dismissal of M. de Blacas. Should the King have occasion for me, I am at his orders. As to the Duke of Otranto, it were better to buy him off than to have him arrested. He is cunning enough to effect his escape ; should he once be driven to extremities, he is a man which no consideration will keep in check. He has so effectually alarmed Bonaparte, that the latter, who cannot be denied great talents, and a consummate knowledge of the human heart, has ended by giving him full liberty to act. Should the counter-revolution be brought about, Fouché will unquestionably be the principal agent of the new imperial government.

" I conclude, Sire, by beseeching the King not to adjourn important matters till to-morrow, for the catastrophe is so near at hand that the morrow may never be in our power. Matters have come to this pass—I have done my duty, it rests with the King to perform his....

It was by this energetic and menacing phrase that

Viscount de Barras terminated his note, which was, in fact, an absolute impeachment of his relative Blacas. On no other occasion was the part of Cassandra, the despised prophetess, more effectually enacted. I was told by M. Fabre de l'Aude, that having met the ex-director two days previously to his leaving Paris, the latter nearly affected to tears, said to him:

"Sir, I am on the eve of my departure with a heart oppressed with sorrow; and the 18th Brumaire is at hand. I am on my way to Provence, and shall always have a thousand gold louis at command to promote my escape, in case of need. As for the Bourbons, the plot against them is so well arranged that if they be allowed to quit the kingdom, it will only be by Bonaparte's express consent."

Count Fabre, who was on his part no less harrassed with sinister forebodings, repaired to Languedoc.

The King, who was all impatience to communicate Barras' letter to his favourite, said to him:

"Whatever you have done to that citizen-director, he bears you a mortal hatred."

The rejoinder soon followed. It operated as an additional veil to obscure the King's sight. Nevertheless, a council was held for the purpose of determining the measures to be adopted, and what persons it might be prudent to arrest. Now, as they were all tacticians, I leave my readers to

guess upon whom this decision fell. Fouché was the first, and next to him the very persons designated by Barras, as competent to be seated at the council table in arduous times. It is difficult to account for such folly. But, could any act of stupidity excite surprise when emanating from a meeting where such men as Messrs. Dambray, de Blacas, and Dandré were to be found? Not that I entertain any doubt of their sincere but fantastical zeal, I only speak of their diplomatic skill, which was utterly at fault.

Two or three days after this letter had been presented, read, and discussed, the Duke of Otranto called on Cambacérès at an early hour, and said to him, with a smile,

"I am come to recommend your laying in a stock of linen, of nightcaps, of warm morning gowns, of every thing, in short, which a man of chilly disposition may stand in need of in a prison."

The Prince, who had an aversion to jokes, especially on such a subject, seriously requested the Duke of Otranto to explain his meaning without further circumlocution.

"Learn, then, that you stand foremost on a list of persons who are destined to be consigned to a prison, where I shall keep you company; and this, Sir, is to be by way of atonement for the wrong done to you by Barras. He pointed you out to the King, along with Messrs. Boissy d'Anglas, Pontécoulant,

Fabre de L'Aude, Lanjuinais, Cuvier, Pérignon, Davoust, Laplace, and a few others, as conscientious, wise, talented, prudent, sagacious men, and, above all, more competent to manage public affairs than that puppet Blacas and the rest of the cabinet, who are alike strangers to revolutions, and unskilled in the means of turning them to account. This circumstance, which does you honour, becomes your sentence of proscription. No folly ever reached such a height. The subject was actually debated and proposed yesterday in the King's council. Well! what do you think of it?"

Whilst the Duke was speaking, Prince Cambacérès paced up and down the apartment, openly vented his anger, and was utterly at a loss to conceive through what perversion of every rational idea they had reached such consummate absurdity. Fouché attempted in vain to calm him. The Prince ordered horses to be put to his carriage, and went off to M. de Séze, to whom he related the case in all its details, and showed him the note or letter which had subjected him to this threat.

M. de Séze was an enemy of the conventionalists. He was one of those who did not deem Cambacérès' vote so wholly pardonable as it was pretended to be, and who could not, at least, forgive the motion by which he had appeared, unconsciously perhaps, desirous of hastening the sentence upon Louis XVI. But, he was nevertheless struck

with amazement at the effect produced by the honourable designation contained in Barras' letter. He calmed the Prince's apprehensions, promised to see the King and the ministry, and endeavour to clear up a matter in which he could only discover, as yet, a jest of the Duke of Otranto, and dismissed him, if not altogether free from apprehension, at least comparatively more composed in mind.

I dined on that day with the Prince, at whose house I met the amiable M. Alissan de Chazet, whom the Abbé de Félitz wrongfully called the *unavoidable* man, because, as he composed many pretty verses and lively vaudevilles, the latter were every day performed, and the latter inserted in all the compilations of the time. M. de Chazet had often sung the praises of Prince Cambacérès in the days of his power; he had remained true to him after his downfall, and was greeted as a welcome visitor. It was made occasionally a matter of joke at his expense, that, having been the bard of Napoleon, he had become the poet laureat of the Restoration; he would reply to us good humouredly: Whilst praising the one, I learned to compose verses; now that I have acquired the art, I shall break my lyre if the Bourbons fail me."

What is more to his praise is, that he has kept his word; his verses are now exclusively dedicated to misfortune.

I perceived, by the Prince's anxious look, that

something had vexed him. On my hinting it, he condescended to draw me aside, and relateed his incredible adventure, which also filled me with astonishment.

"Ah! Monseigneur, we must pray that Heaven may forgive them; for they know not what they are doing."

"Know not what they are doing!" repeated the Prince, "they know but too well what they are about, since they would attempt to arrest me."

"This is a trick of the Duke of Otranto, who wishes to take advantage of your alarm, in order to draw you into some desperate undertaking."

"If he succeed, he will be a very clever man; I will henceforward close my door against every one; I will seclude myself from the world."

"What! deprive yourself of the society of your friends, and thus draw attention to you! Ah! if you would condescend to take advice from one so ill-qualified to give it, I would recommend your going to speak to the King; he is a prudent monarch, will allay your apprehension, and impose silence on that zealous simpleton."

"The imbecility of M. d'André will be best exemplified by the following incident. Being consulted, when Bonaparte was ill, as to whether it would be proper to grant him permission to come to France, and take the waters, he replied, with canonical gravity of aspect:

" Assuredly the permission should be granted if he can produce certificates signed by three French medical men."

The Abbé de Montesquiou was a man of the same stamp. M. de L —— P—— being apprized, by indirect means, of the chief details of the imperial conspiracy, and of a certain council, in particular, which was held for the last time at M. de Barras' residence, resolved to communicate to the minister what had come to his knowledge. He was to dine with Count de Blacas on the following day. This appeared to him a favourable opportunity for unburdening his conscience of the weight that oppressed it.

He went to the dinner, at which all the ministers were present. During coffee, M. de L—— P——, whilst the guests were scattered in all directions, drew the Abbé de Montesquiou aside, and, in spite of the minister's seeming reluctance, was opening the subject. M. de Montesquiou did not allow him time to conclude, but struck him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, with a smile,

" Are you also, Count, one of the timorous; what have we to fear? what real danger can threaten us? Whilst France is quiet, and keeps up a good understanding with Europe, any one who should attempt to disturb her would be the victim of his folly."

" Such, however, is the case; and you are

wrong not to attach more importance to my words; are you well aware of what is going on?"

"What a question! to be sure we know all; you had better ask d'André, who is here."

The poor creature was immediately called, and the Abbé told him that M. L—— P—— was alarmed. Their excellencies both indulged in a laugh at his expense, and endeavoured to satisfy him that they kept a strict watch, that nothing escaped them; these well-skilled statesmen were nevertheless ignorant of every thing. The conspiracy was progressing with rapid strides, and without disguise; Napoleon wrote, in the meanwhile, to one of his former ministers the following letter. It is scarcely known; I even doubt of its having ever been published.

"My dear Mont—, You are one of my trusty friends; one of those on whom I most rely. I have ever known you to be a worthy man, faithful to your duties, and firm in principle. There are very few of your stamp, especially in France, where friendship and attachment endure but a day; where every thing, even heroism, becomes wearisome; where inanimate objects are criticised for their unchanging aspect, and for their want of novelty. None are more forgetful, more like weathercocks, than the French people. Such as they are, however, their lofty qualities blot out the memory of their defects; nevertheless,

I think it right not to allow them time to become accustomed to another order of things. Should they take a fancy for the Bourbons, should a caprice bring that into favour, all will be at an end; I shall be set aside, as out of date. That is a fact which admits of no doubt.

"Another, and a no less weighty consideration urges me to hasten my return; are you well satisfied that the remnant of the republicans, who join our ranks, are sincere? I have no confidence in them; methinks they cannot act with cordiality. There is something constrained in their protestations, which I mistrust. Those men never liked me; they greedily acccepted my gifts, without feeling gratitude in return. They have ever regretted the power, which they were unable to wield to good account, and were obliged to resign into my hands. I could wish they were watched, in order to ascertain whether they do not indulge the hope of restoring the republic, whilst pretending to promote the restoration of the Empire. Either I am much mistaken, or it will at last be discovered that such is their real intention.

"You, as well as others of my party, cannot keep too vigilant a watch over those intrigues. It would be a grievous error to assist in promoting their views, whilst fancying that they are rendered subservient to us. Do you imagine that Carnot, for instance, is sincere in professing to desire my

return? Is not his past conduct a sufficient proof that he dreams of a chimerical equality? He is a stern republican, whom we must convert, by some solid feudal title, into a partizan of the Empire. I take upon myself, on my first resumption of power, to unpopularize him by a diploma emanating from the manufactory of the council of the seal of titles. Merlin, Réal, Barrière, Thibaudeau, Ramel, are in reality no better than he is; were they allowed to have their own way, they would revert to their first errors. Do not, therefore, trust those people who have grown old without improving; make use of them, but not in too conspicuous a manner. Endeavour especially to render an agreement unnecessary; it would be painful to me to have to afford guarantees to them.

"I have little reliance on Davoust or Suchet; none whatever on the Dukes of Belluno, Treviso, and Dalmatia. Masséna will become my right arm. With respect to Savary, what would you have me do with a man who could resolve to come and see me at Fontainebleau, so apprehensive was he of compromising himself? I know the value of his attachment; Heaven preserve me from the like! (Nevertheless, he restored Savary to his functions.) His conduct, however, does not surprise me; he is devoid of talents, and is only fit to assume the direction of the police.

"I recommend you to have a right understand-

ing with Madame Na—, whose intentions are excellent. See the Queen of Holland; we cannot avail ourselves of her, since she is allowed to remain in Paris. Beware of neglecting the Countess Regnauld, whose energy of mind is equal to her graceful manner; she is a perfect Eponine, with her heroism and lovely countenance. It needed a revolution to form a correct judgment of her. Tell her that I esteem, as much as I admire her. Her husband shares with you my full confidence; I place you both in the foreground. It is for military men to wield the sword; but civil administrators determine the success of every undertaking. You must also secure literary men to our party. The Restoration treats them in a mean and disdainful manner; it will lose their support. Its partisans are vain and grasping men, whose power is immense. I believe that by the channel of the public papers, a single pen would, in the end, put the whole world in commotion: whereas, a single sword would never succeed in effecting that object.

"The royalists have won over the most inefficient of our party, Bouilly, Pain, le Prévost d'Iray, Campenon, all the men of obscurity. They have left us Daunou, Tissot, Etienne, Lormian, Jouy, Arnault, and numberless others, who are the pride of France. Tell them not to bend the knee too readily before the new idols, adding, that I shall arrive in time to reward them for the privations

they have been made to endure; encourage also young men to write in my favour. Virgin lyrics are the most honourable."*

"I am giving you many commissions; but I know what you are and what you think. The King of Naples has written to me. He acknowledges his atrocious folly, and desires to have it in his power to atone for it. I confide nothing to him; he is a madman, only fit to march at the head of an advanced guard; he would make known, in his vain boastings, what it is so much my interest to conceal. Endeavour to prevent his receiving any communications from Paris. Farewell; you may converse in perfect confidence with the bearer of this letter."

"Whereupon, Count de Mont——, the present having no other object, I pray that God may have you in his good and holy keeping.

Signed "NAPOLEON."

Notwithstanding Napoleon's repugnance to form any close connection with the republicans, it appears certain, that with a view to induce the latter in ranging themselves, for a time, under his banners, his agents were compelled to sign a sin-

* It behoved me to pay respect to the text, but I must record its unfairness. Those literary characters, whom Napoleon designates as living obscurities, are all men of merit, of talents, and virtue.

gular treaty, in virtue of which they bound their master to reign at the head of a provisional government only. On the conclusion of a general peace, it was again to revert to a republic, and he should be allowed, as a compensation, the whole of Italy. He was, moreover, to receive Belgium, Holland, and certain portions of the north of Germany, in order to indemnify the House of Naples, (Murat,) and the ruler of Florence.

This disgraceful and false course of proceeding is connected with an intrigue, which I am as yet apprehensive of unveiling; but I purpose leaving after me a work in which, banishing all reserve, I shall pourtray men as they are, and events as they actually occurred.

Prince Cambacérès was preparing to write to the King, when Count de Séze, on returning his visit, gave him an assurance that his tranquillity should not be disturbed, that he was not thought of, and that what had been related to him was pure fiction.

The Prince was then assured of his own safety, but greatly irritated against Fouché, whom he accused of having deceived him. He cast bitter reproaches upon him, when they next met; the latter calmly allowed the storm to blow over, and then replied:

"Really, Monseigneur, I could not have supposed you would so readily place reliance on what is told to you on the part of the court. Those people have deceived M. de Séze, when they have

affirmed that no harm to you was meditated. The deliberation of which I apprized you was really brought under discussion; I grant that those artful politicians may have admitted the absurdity of such a step. Rest assured, however, that I would not, without good grounds, have come to tell a mere fiction, and to subject you to imposition."

On this occasion, the Duke was perfectly correct; but it is ever the fate of a man of the worst reputation, that he cannot be believed, even when he tells the truth. Neither Fouché's protestations nor his oaths, could prevent the Prince from suspecting him of having attempted, in the present instance, to embroil him in some difficulty. The Duke of Otranto went away; he had no sooner turned his back, than the Duke of Parma said to us:

"On the return from the celebrated interview at Erfurth, where the Emperors of France and Russia mutually deceived each other, Napoleon, who had not invited the Emperor of Austria to take part in the interview, suspected the latter of preparing for a fresh campaign. Count Regnauld had called to transact business with him; as soon as it was over, the Emperor spoke of his intercourse with the cabinet of Vienna, and said to his minister:

"The Emperor of Austria appears out of humour, and seems to threaten me. If he but stir a single step, I shall make him disappear for ever from the list of

sovereigns. (Ah, had he but kept his word!) He refuses to recognise my brother Joseph as King of Spain; be it so. I will, in my turn, refuse to recognize him as King of Bohemia. He would have wished to come to Erfurth; I objected to it; what part could he have acted there? He would have obstructed us; we have negotiated without him."

Fouché came in; the Emperor said to him in a bantering tone:

"What news have you to tell?"

"Not much, Sire."

"Ah! you reply like a man whose portfolio is full of curious notes."

The Duke of Otranto hesitated to speak. Count Regnauld prepared to leave the apartment.

"Remain," said the Emperor. "What the Duke is about to tell me, may, I presume, be heard in your presence. What is it?

"Monseigneur de Metternich is prowling about my branch of the administration, and is endeavouring to penetrate into the offices of the war department."

"Yes, he is now in his element. He is a perfect Figaro; money and intrigue. Who may he have won over?"

"None that I know of."

"None! this is affirming a great deal; I fear, then, when in despair of success, and unable to obtain any information from the clerks in office,

he will apply, with better chance of success, to their excellencies themselves."

"This would not surprise me," rejoined Fouché, with a composure which petrified Count Regnauld.

The Emperor maintained greater self-possession. A mere ironical exclamation escaped his lips; he then continued:

"Who would you suspect?"

"Oh, Sire, there are men whom you would never wish to find guilty."

"Prove their crime to me, documents in hand, and you shall see."

"Does any one ever risk his signature, or the impression of his seal?"

"What, then, can you allege but vague groundless charges, such as those very persons may possibly have to urge against you."

"I cannot help their doing so."

"It would, moreover, be an act of injustice," replied the Emperor, in a tone indicative of displeasure, "for you cannot deny their right of revenge."

Fouché was not pleased: he had come to take the Prince of Benevento by surprise, and found himself caught in his own snare. There subsisted between these gentlemen much hatred and ill will. Nevertheless, as he felt himself stung to the quick, he rejoined:

"It is certain, however, that as often as M. de Talleyrand attends a council, or is informed of any

matter, the Austrian ambassador immediately receives intimation of it."

"This would be an undeniable proof, were I to impart the secret to him only; but you, Sir, and the other ministers are acquainted with it; why then—"

"If the Emperor does not vouchsafe to us his confidence," said Fouché, trembling with anger, "we ought no longer to serve him."

"Come, do not affect to be angry. Were you not such an enemy of the Grand Chamberlain, I should credit you when you speak against him. Thus it is with the Prince of Benevento; as often as he can edge in a word in your favour, he invariably strips you to the skin; the result of all this is, that were you both to betray me. I should allow you to have your own way, for I could place no confidence in your mutual allegations."

"Be it so; it is, nevertheless, true that he corresponds with four cabinets: those of Vienna, of St. Petersburgh, of London——"

Fouché stopped short: Napoleon was smiling; but, on observing this reserve, his countenance darkened, and, suddenly taking up the conversation:

"Well," said he, "which is this fourth cabinet that is favoured with the gracious communications of the Prince of Benevento?"

"That of Hartwell, Sire."

"Never," said Count Regnauld to me, "had

l so great a desire to be at a distance from the Tuileries. Such anger, or rather such rage, was depicted in Napoleon's countenance, that Fouché, who had raised the storm, grew pale with apprehension. But his fear was of short duration. The Emperor, taking counsel from prudence, became calm, and continued with a bitterness of tone which he vainly endeavoured to suppress:

"Sir, I have already told you that when you wish to ruin any one in my opinion, you must have sufficient proof of their guilt to avoid incurring the risk of passing sentence upon yourself. I wager, that if I send for M. de Talleyrand, he will have full as much to say to your prejudice."

Fouché, unable to contain himself, promised the Emperor that he would shortly satisfy him, beyond all doubt, of the Bishop of Autun's culpability; he then withdrew, without apprehending that the blow which he aimed at his adversary would recoil upon himself.

The Emperor had long suspected him of carrying on underhand dealings, and of double-faced intrigue. Determined not to be imposed upon, or taken by surprise, he had him watched by a counter police, under the direction of the Duke of Rovigo. The latter, encouraged by the hope of attaining the rank of minister, kept a vigilant watch, and at length succeeded in discovering that the Duke of Otranto was negociating a peace in London, without any special authority from his sove-

reign, and making proposals in his own name, as if France and the will of the Emperor were in his keeping.

Overjoyed at finding himself possessed of this information, Rovigo hastened to communicate it to the Emperor. The latter sent for me to St. Cloud, where he had also summoned my colleague Prince Lebrun, (the Imperial treasurer), the Prince of Benevento, the Duke of Bassano, and Count Regnauld, to meet in privy council. The Emperor withdrew, and, to my great astonishment, ordered me to preside at this novel ceremony. When we had taken our respective places, Napoleon, assuming the functions of solicitor-general, said to us :

" I have summoned you, to make you acquainted with an extraordinary fact. I have in this portfolio unquestionable proof that I am betrayed by a high dignitary of the Empire, who keeps up a correspondence with England, without any authority from me for so doing. I desire that each of you will give me his advice, and state the degree of punishment I should inflict upon the criminal."

This speech, uttered in a slow and solemn voice, intimidated the council, all the members of which turned their eyes to Prince Talleyrand, presuming that when it was a question of intrigue, he must be the guilty party. Nevertheless, we soon had to acknowledge that, in this case, he was clear from imputation. He, moreover, maintained an admirable

firmness and self-possession. I was requested by all, as with one voice, to speak first, contrary to the usual practice. I therefore inquired of the Emperor whether the documents in his possession were of so decisive a character as to be deemed sufficient to afford grounds of condemnation before the tribunals, and whether, previously to our being called upon to express our opinions, it would not be advisable to acquaint us with the name of the accused. " It is important, I added, " that we should be clearly informed on both points; no decision can be adopted in the matter whilst we are ignorant of the name of the party and of the nature of his crime."

Napoleon who, in spite of his bursts of passion, naturally yielded to the dictates of justice, felt that my observation was founded in reason. He accordingly, though with evident reluctance, named the Duke of Otranto, and placed at the same time before us the documents which, in his judgment, established beyond a doubt the minister's treachery. But Fouché, as I anticipated, had acted with consummate caution. Nothing that was to be found in those papers afforded means of bringing a direct charge against him. In the negotiations so mysteriously opened with the English cabinet, he seemed to aim at no other object than to pave the way for a treaty of peace, and to discuss its attainable basis. The plot, in a word, was laid with so much art that the council

could not discover in it any clear proof of crime. Having myself entered upon a close examination of the documents, I frankly declared, that although this intrigue bore an appearance of criminality, yet these documents if they were published, as they must necessarily be in the event of the minister being put upon his trial, would not only prove harmless to the Duke of Otranto, but might raise him, on the contrary, in the public estimation.

The Prince of Benevento coincided in this opinion, and even went further. This was much to his credit, for he personally detested Fouché, of whom he always had reason to complain. He recommended that the Emperor should maintain the Duke of Otranto in the office of minister of general police, and confine himself to exercising a rigorous watch over him, in order to check him in time if he carried his underhand dealings to greater extremities.

The Emperor had no intention to retain in so high a post a man of whom he had such cause to complain. But, unwilling, to disclose the inward workings of his mind, and perceiving, on the other hand, the privy council unanimous in opinion that the proofs were inadequate to afford grounds of openly prosecuting Fouché, he broke up the sitting, saying that he would reflect upon the subject.

I withdrew with the other grand dignitaries, but had scarcely left the apartment when a verger of

the cabinet hastened after me and called me back by command of the Emperor. I retraced my steps, and found His Majesty with the Duke of Bassano who had not left with us, and who had been many days acquainted with the business under consideration. The Emperor said to me that, having resolved to dismiss Fouché, he desired I would, on the instant, mention some person to him as a proper minister of police.

" Sire, I replied, however anxious I feel to comply with your Majesty's wish, I cannot name at this moment a man worthy of an office so wholly confidential in its nature. I require time for reflection, and beseech Your Majesty to let me take a turn in the garden, and consider more at leisure of the choice it might be most to your advantage to fix upon.

" Napoleon consented; we were in an apartment on the ground floor, from which I stepped upon the lawn.

" The Duke of Bassano, in the meanwhile, was inwardly chuckling at this manœuvre, relying upon his ability to procure, at a moment's notice, the minister whom feeling reluctant to take upon myself the responsibility of proposing, I hoped to find in the suggestions of a solitary ramble in the park. The skilful secretary of state had already named to Napoleon the Count de Sémonville, a senator connected with the old régime, and formerly a counsellor of the parliament of Paris. As the Emperor

had neither given an affirmative nor a negative answer, Maret deemed the matter so decidedly settled that he had summoned to his residence at Sèvres the Count de Sémonville, who, in his costume of a senator, was waiting in expectation of being called upon to take the oath of office. A carriage and horses were in readiness in the stables to convey in all haste the future minister ; and a servant of the Duke of Bassano was at St. Cloud with his horse already saddled and bridled, prepared to start and require M. de Sémonville's attendance.

" I had no sooner retired to the garden than the secretary of state, taking advantage of my absence, renewed his proposal and warmly recommended M. de Sémonville.

" ' The choice would be a proper one,' said the Emperor, ' but, previously to deciding, I must have the arch-chancellor's opinion.

" ' Sire,' replied the Duke, ' I will go for him.'

" He rang, ordered his servant to start off, then hastened in search of and overtook me, for I was near at hand. He communicated to me the proposition he had made. It did not at first appear to me advisable ; but he so earnestly urged it that he won me over, and we returned together to the imperial cabinet.

" Napoleon no sooner saw me than he said :— ' Prince, I sent for you because I wish that, conformably to the duty of your office, you should

witness the oath about to be taken by the new minister of police. Duke of Bassano, you will draw up the act accordingly.'

" He then rang; on the summons being obeyed he said:—

" ' Shew in the Duke of Rovigo, who is in the adjoining apartment.'

" ' But, Sire,' said M. Maret ' I imagined....'

" He stopped short; Savary made his appearance, and was informed that he had received the appointment of minister of police; he was already aware of it, and the oath was now administered to him.*

* The following are fragments of the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs upon the subject. On the 3rd of June, mass was performed according to custom....Having been left alone, I fancied myself forgotten by the Emperor, and went to ask a dinner of the Duchess of Bassano, desirous as I felt to be at hand in case I should be sent for, and of not taking my departure until the Emperor should have retired to rest. Madame de Bassano resided at a country house, in the front of the bridge of Sèvres....Whilst waiting at Madame de Bassano's the return of her husband, we saw him arrive, bringing the senator Count de S——— in his carriage. Accustomed as I was to see portfolios taken out of the Duke of Bassano's carriage, it escaped my attention that on this occasion the portfolio of the minister of police was amongst them; but I did not fail to notice that there was removed a parcel belonging to Count S———, which contained a senators' dress, with all its appendages, a sword, and a hat and feathers. Having seen that senator at mass the same morning, I could not understand why he had returned to Paris, since he had to retrace his steps to St. Cloud. I put the question to him, and he replied that he had

" Disappointed at such an unexpected result, the Duke of Bassano turned away to overtake Sémonville, who, on seeing him, stopped his carriage, alighted, and was expressing his thanks...., when he was interrupted.... They alone could impart to us the tone and tune of their subsequent conversation.

" The Emperor never told me," added Cambacérès, " why he had so gratuitously trifled with the feelings of two men whose attachment was well known to him, and for whom I may venture to assert that he felt a real regard. I relate to you

visits to pay to old dowagers at Versailles, and was only waiting for his carriage.

The Duke of Bassano had some business to arrange with the Emperor before dinner, so that we were under the necessity of waiting for him.....M. de S——— informed me that the control of the police department had just been taken from Fouché, and that the Duke of Bassano was then returning to the Emperor the minister's portfolio. I now began to comprehend the meaning of the parcel, the sword and cocked hat....As we were taking a walk, a servant arrived in quest of me. I reached St. Cloud ....I was no sooner announced than the Emperor drawing me aside, said with a smile :—

" Well, Savary, great news for you; I appoint you minister of police; do you feel yourself adequate to the charge?"

He summoned the Duke of Bassano, who gave me the formula of the oath, which I took....I returned with the Duke of Bassano to dine at his house. The senator and the lady of the house inquired of him the news. I heard him reply pointing to me :

" There is the minister of police."

The senator gave up his intended visit to the dowagers of Versailles, and took the parcel back to Paris.

a positive fact; the several actors in the same scene will assuredly never deny it.

" For the rest, pursued Cambacérès, "the Duke of Otranto himself had been summoned on the preceding day; and the god of Olympus in his anger does not thunder more loudly in a storm than did Napoleon when taking him to task; he attempted to exculpate himself, but could not edge in a single word.

" On the 3rd of June, 1810, on which day the ministry of police was taken from Fouché, the Emperor wrote to him as follows:

" Duke of Otranto,

" The services you have rendered to us in your office, are the inducements for our confiding to you the government of Rome, until we shall have provided for the due execution of the Article VIII of the constitutional act of the 8th February last. We have determined, by a special decree, the extraordinary powers with which it is requisite to invest you, under the particular circumstances in which those departments are placed. We trust you will, in this new station, continue to afford us proofs of your zeal for our service, and of your attachment for our person.

" (Signed) NAPOLEON."

Though assured of his downfall, Fouché was not

the less overcome on receiving the intelligence of it. He replied to the Emperor in these terms :

" Sire,

" I accept the government of Rome, to which Your Majesty has been pleased to raise me, as a reward for the humble services I may have had it in my power to render you. I cannot, however, disguise the expression of unfeigned regret at absenting myself from Your Majesty. I am at once bereft of happiness, and of the knowledge which I daily derive from my intercourse with you. If any thing can mitigate this regret, it is the thought that my perfect resignation, in the present instance to the Emperor's will, affords the strongest proof of my unbounded attachment to your person.

" I am ....."

Paris, 3rd June, 1810.

This government of Rome was, however, nothing better than a gilded pill. Fouché never discharged its important functions. His renewed intrigues may, possibly, have filled the measure of Napoleon's resentment against him.

His first juggling trick was aimed at his successor. Fouché, being taken unawares, had not had leisure to burn or conceal a mass of important papers; and he requested the Duke of Rovigo's permission to remain for a few days at the office of the minister of police. Rovigo acceded to this request, and

Fouché employed his time in throwing everything into utter confusion. He withdrew, burnt, or concealed whatever he could lay his hands on, destroyed all means of information which might have proved useful to Savary; and was particularly careful not to leave with him the secret list of the mysterious agents through whose instrumentality he had conducted the high external and internal police. This act of deception, which Savary admits with much hesitation in his Memoirs, proved a great annoyance to the latter.

The Duke of Otranto, having no further occasion to remain at the hotel of the ministry, left it at last, to prepare for his journey to Rome. He proceeded, in the first instance, to his estate of Ferrières, because the Emperor had intimated to him that he need not hurry his departure for Italy.

At this abode, where the secret funds and the gold surreptitiously drawn from the gaming-houses had been metamorphosed into canals, gardens, bowers, and artificial mountains, the Prince of Wagram came to pay him a visit.

"What fair wind blows you to this quarter?"

"By no means a fair one, my dear Duke; the Emperor is inquisitive; the department of the police is searched in vain for a multitude of valuable documents. He considers that you must have kept them in your portfolio, and I am come to demand them."

"I shall feel great regret at not being able to

afford the Emperor this fresh proof of my submission to his will; but, as long as I was a minister, I made it a rule to burn all the documents connected with any business, when I had brought it to a close; there would otherwise not have been found heaps, but mountains of papers. There are others, indeed, which relate to acts in which I have participated; these I retain in my possession, for I may possibly want them at a future day for my own justification."

"You are wrong to feel any apprehension for the future; the Emperor is in reality attached to you, and will never give you annoyance."

"I believe you, but he is mortal; and, after he is gone—"

He never departed from this ground of argument; and, as Berthier was no match for him, he returned, and related the failure of his mission.

"Very. well," said Napoleon, "he wishes to impose upon me, and make me fear him; this shall not be. He is playing at fearful odds."

Berthier inquired if he should return to Ferrières.

"No," replied the Emperor, "you are the dove, and he is the serpent."

He fixed upon me for the negociation, which I would gladly have declined; but how could I refuse? I took my departure. On reaching Ferrières, I was received with great attention, and returned the courtesy. I was asked to go over the man-

sion, but my business was with its owner. He conducted me to his study, and, as I was about to speak, he opened the conversation by saying :

" Monseigneur, the journey you have been ordered to undertake will not be attended with any result."

" Why do you think so, Duke? You do not know its motive."

" Yes, I do! The Emperor wishes me to surrender up documents on which my safety depends, with the view of afterwards bringing me, bound hand and foot, before a special court. That shall not be. I will keep possession of my papers, for an *en cas*, as Louis XIV. used to say."

" But the Emperor insists on having them."

" He shall not have them."

" His displeasure is to be feared."

" My resistance is not less so."

" He is all-powerful."

" He would not surely have another Pichegru affair."

" The Duke d'Enghien was shot, you know that very well."

" Be it so. I cannot defend myself against an act of violence; but, instead of preventing it by surrendering up my papers, I should only accelerate it. The Emperor knows the importance of those documents, and, as long as I possess them, he will not proceed to any extremity; I am well assured of that."

"Well, in the event of your refusal, my orders were to acquaint you that you are dismissed from your post of governor of Rome, and that you must repair to your estate at Aix."

Hitherto, the conversation had been maintained in a tone of dignity suitable to two great functionaries; but, when I communicated the imperial command which I have just now cited, he exclaimed, with true republican bluntness,—

"The devil take him! Is he not content with preventing my going to exhibit him in his true colours at Rome? Does he want to bury me in Provence. But let him do his worst; I tell you once again, he shall not thrust his nose into my portfolio."

"You are a prudent man," said I, "therefore I need not caution you to be on your guard. Do not carry your resistance too great a length."

"I will hazard any thing, rather than give up my means of defence. The fact is, I know very well the real cause of his displeasure."

Thereupon, he told me some nonsense not worth repeating; and, finding I could get nothing from him, I returned to the Emperor. I endeavoured to appease him, and, after some difficulty, I succeeded. He was exceedingly anxious to obtain the papers. I know not what they contained; for the Emperor did not make any communication to me on the subject; neither do I know why he did not send Fouché to Aix. He suffered him to

remain in France; and, in 1813, he made him governor of the Illyrian provinces. He was there at the period of our late disasters, which prevented him reaping his advantage from them."

When the Prince had concluded these curious details, I related to him an anecdote of the same period and of the same person. It is as follows:

"Chance introduced me to the acquaintance of a young gentleman who described himself to be a Parisian. I never positively knew who he was. But no matter. He was gentlemanly, agreeable, and intelligent, and possessed extraordinary talent for drawing. He led a very retired life; having no acquaintance except myself, and a young man whom he called his cousin. I met him first at the *Comédie Française*; and afterwards I saw him drawing at the Musée on private days, and I used to see him regularly at Lambert's, the restaurateur, where I usually dined. We often conversed together—our sentiments coincided, and for the space of two years we saw each other frequently.

One day, about the middle of the year 1810, he called on me, and told me, with an air of deep regret, that he had come to take leave of me.

"Are you going to quit Paris?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"And when do you return?"

"Heaven only knows! But ask me no ques-

tions as to whither I am going, or for what purpose?"

"My discretion precludes any such inquiries. It is for your friendship to determine what you may confide to me."

"I deeply regret that circumstances compel me to withhold my confidence from you. If I return, you shall know all."

"Then I am to understand that you will not write to me?"

"Oh, no! I will write, but I shall not date my letters; and they will be delivered to you by the *petite poste*."

"And how are mine to reach you? I shall be desirous to prove that I have not forgotten you."

"Give your letters to my cousin; — no, on second thoughts, you had better address them to —— *poste restante*. That will be the best plan."

This mystery displeased me, though I did not say so to Urbain Leroi, for such was the name of my young friend. We bade each other farewell, and he departed. For the space of two months, he wrote to me without intermission every week, and my letters, addressed in the way he had directed, reached him regularly. His cousin positively assured me that he knew not where he was, and that he corresponded with Urbain in the same manner that I did."

About sixty-four or sixty-five days after our separation, the cousin, Onesime Duval, came to me, quite overjoyed, and said, "Leroi has returned, but he is greatly fatigued, and very ill, and has been obliged to go to bed. He is exceedingly anxious to see you." I hastened to him. I found him pale and haggard, and breathing with difficulty. He smiled, stretched ont his hand to me, and having given his cousin a commission, for the purpose of sending him out of the room; he thus addressed me:

"I am a solitary being; my only protector is the Duke of Otranto. He provides me with the means of living; but he has never employed me in his police. I could have been of no use to him, for you see how I shun society. Before I left Paris, which is now something more than two months ago, the Duke called on me in my humble abode, and told me that he wished to send a secret and trustworthy agent to England, and that he had cast his eyes on me. I was not a little surprised at this mark of confidence, and assured my benefactor that it should not be misplaced.

"Very well," resumed the Duke, "I know how to judge of people's merits, and my confidence in you is a proof of this. Know, in the first place," pursued he, placing a packet of papers on the table, "that here are authentic documents which prove you to be the descendant of one of the noblest families in Dauphiny. Do not be afraid that

your namesake will dispute your rank and title; he has been dead these dozen years, and his father, mother, and uncles are in their graves. My interests render it necessary that you should be connected with the old noblesse. Those fools, the English, with all their pretensions to philosophy, estimate men only in proportion to the antiquity of their titles. You must repair to Havre, with this passport, which purports to be delivered by me to the Ex-Vicomte de D——. When you get to Havre, read this note, which will direct you in what way you are to proceed to England. On your arrival in London, go immediately to the minister for foreign affairs. As soon as you are in his presence, address to him these two lines :

Bonne ou mauvaise santé,
Fait notre philosophie.*

And then add : ' this couplet is not by Homer, but by M. Dubois.' The minister will then understand that you are my avowed agent, and you will be permitted to remain in London. You will next deliver to the minister a letter and a packet, which will be left for you at No. — Soho Square, where you are to reside.'

" The Duke of Otranto informed me that I should receive in London, the requisite instructions respecting the mission I had to execute. He

* These lines are by Chapelle.

then laid on the table five hundred louis, or, to speak more correctly, one hundred French louis, and four hundred English guineas, adding that I should receive in London, along with his despatches, a letter of credit for twelve thousand francs, which he desired I would accept, even though I should not stand in need of the money.

" I set off, and, as I proceeded on my journey, I could have persuaded myself that my orders were executed by enchantment. My passports had a private mark, which rendered me an object of respect to the gendarmes: indeed I was somewhat embarrassed by the marks of honour they shewed for me. At Havre, I found a vessel in readiness to receive me ; and, after a speedy passage, I landed at Portsmouth. From thence, I immediately repaired to London. On arriving at the hotel, at which I had been directed to put up, a packet of letters was presented to me ; and it was only then I learned that the Duke, wishing to seek a place of refuge out of France, was anxious to know what reception he was likely to experience in England. But the government of that country, not having, it would appear, much confidence in my patron, maintained a cool reserve, and I was dismissed. In short, my negociation failed.

" My instructions directed me to return by the way of Hamburg, which I accordingly did. On my arrival in Paris, I immediately waited on the Duke. He received me kindly,—but an enemy,

whom I will not name, fearing something which I cannot guess at, has poisoned me."

At this extraordinary disclosure, I uttered an exclamation of horror.

"I am poisoned!" repeated Urbain.

"Impossible!" said I; "but tell me, have you not called in any doctor? Have you revealed the matter to the Duke of Otranto?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because my murderer enjoys his entire friendship."

"I will instantly send for medical aid."

"It is useless, I assure you; nothing can save me."

Without minding what he said, I hastened to Dr. A——, who immediately accompanied me to the lodgings of the invalid. After examining Urbain, he positively assured him that no poison had been administered to him, but that he was suffering from a severe derangement of the gastric organs."

Urbain Leroi replied solemnly, "I am poisoned."

The doctor, with the view of humouring his fancy, administered some pretended antidotes. However, his illness baffled the aid of medicine. He grew gradually worse, and died at the beginning of December, 1810. His last words were:

"I die of poison."

I know that the Duke was much attached to

him, and was deeply grieved at his death. I am unable to throw any light on the mystery. After the Restoration, I said to Dr. A——:

"Well, doctor, now that Fouché and his satellites are no longer to be feared, tell me what was your opinion of the illness of Urbain Leroi?"

"That he was mad. It is my sincere opinion that his death was not caused in the way he imagined, but that it was the result of a disorder of the stomach, which had been improperly treated at its commencement.

Ten years ago, the doctor repeated to me the same assurance. Certainly, he cannot be considered among Fouché's partisans; and yet I should find it difficult to persuade myself that Urbain Leroi died a natural death. I may add that, to my certain knowledge, the Duke of Otranto was of my opinion, but that being unable to avenge the victim, without compromising himself, he preferred letting the crime pass unpunished.

Cambacérès listened to this story with deep attention, and, when I had ceased speaking, he said:

"The number of crimes which are committed and which human justice cannot punish, is unfortunately very considerable. The story I have just heard reminds me of a circumstance which I will relate to you, and which I hope you will bear in mind, if ever, when separated from your wife,

you should be inclined to fancy yourself a bachelor.

" About the close of the government of the Directory, the keepers of a *hôtel garni*, in the Rue de l'Université, waited on the minister of police, and in a state of great agitation, stated that one of his lodgers whom he named, had been murdered on the preceding night. He had engaged the lodging about six o'clock in the evening, describing himself as an inhabitant of Melun, who had come to Paris for a day or two on business. After ordering his chamber to be prepared for him, he went out, saying that he was going to the Odéon, and would return immediately after the performance. About midnight, he returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by a young and beautiful female, dressed in male attire, whom he stated to be his wife, and they were shown to the apartment which had been prepared. In the morning, continued the hotel keeper, the lady went out; she appeared to be fearful that her husband should be disturbed; and she desired that no one should enter the room until her return. Several hours elapsed, and she did not make her appearance; at mid-day, considerable surprise was manifested at her prolonged absence, and the servants of the hotel knocked at the gentleman's door, but without receiving any answer. It was now discovered that the lady had locked the door, and carried the k-v

away with her. The door was broken open, and the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed. A doctor was sent for, and he declared it to be his opinion that the man's death had been caused by a blow of a hammer adroitly inflicted on the left temple. The female never again appeared; she was sought for in vain.

"In about a month after, a similar murder was committed. The victim was likewise a man from the country, and his death was produced in the manner I have above described. The affair excited considerable consternation in Paris. Within another fortnight, a third crime of the same kind was committed; and in all these affairs the mysterious female in man's attire was involved. It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that eighteen or twenty of these extraordinary murders were committed with impunity! In every instance, the little that was seen of the woman rendered it difficult for any one to give a minute description of her person: all the information that could be obtained was, that she was young, very pretty, little, and well formed. This description of course answered that of many women in Paris besides the murderess.

"Meanwhile, Napoleon arrived from Egypt, and possessed himself of the reins of government. Being informed of the atrocities which had been committed in the capital, he directed that active measures should be taken for the detection of the criminal. He spoke to Fouché on the subject. At

that time, the capital was filled with Fouché's spies. One of these spies, a fine looking young man about twenty, was one evening accosted in the street by a person, whom he at first supposed to be a very handsome youth. He passed on ; but suddenly the thought struck him that the person who had spoken to him was a woman in disguise, and he immediately recollected the female assassin.

" ' It is she !' he exclaimed, ' I have discovered her, and my fortune is made.'

He turned back, and entered into conversation with her. She at first denied her disguise, but finally acknowledged it, and the young man prevailed on the nymph to accompany him home, in the character of a young relation from the country.

" ' Where do you live ?' she inquired.

" He named a hotel in which one of the mysterious murders had been committed.

" ' Oh, no ; I cannot go.'

" ' Why ?'

" ' Because I am known there.'

These words confirmed the suspicions of the police agent. He alluded to his property, and mentioned two hundred louis which his uncle had given him, of which he said he had not spent the twentieth part, adding, " Well, then, if you will not go to my lodgings, where else shall we go ?"

The female mentioned an hotel, to which they immediately repaired. The young man was about

to leave the room to order supper, when the woman called him back.

"Will it be safe," said she, "to leave your money all night at your lodgings? Is it not likely you may be robbed? Suppose you go and bring it here."

"Ah!" thought the young man, "the veil is now raised;" and then, without the least appearance of suspicion, he thanked her for the prudent hint, and went away, under pretext of going to fetch the money.

"He immediately repaired to the office of the police minister, and gave information of the discovery he had made. Furnished with the sum of one hundred and eighty louis, he returned to the house where he had left the woman. He was accompanied by several agents of the police, who stationed themselves at the door of the apartment. The murderess and her pretended lover sat down to supper. She requested him to reach her handkerchief, which she had left on a *console* behind his chair. He rose to get it, and during the instant his back was turned, she poured a powerful narcotic into his glass.

He did not perceive this, and drank off his glass of wine hastily; but he had no sooner swallowed it than he exclaimed, "What wretched wine!" The lady made the same complaint. A second glass was poured out, and pronounced to be better.

Meanwhile, the young man felt his head becoming confused, and his limbs growing stiff. With well-acted concern, the woman rose, and threw her arm round his neck, apparently with the intention of supporting his drooping head. At this moment, he mechanically raised his hand, and he felt the fatal hammer in the side-pocket of the coat worn by the female. He felt conscious of the danger of his situation; he attempted to rise, and leave the room, but his strength failed him. He tried to speak, but his tongue was paralyzed. By one desperate effort, he made a faint outcry, and then fell on the floor, in a state of utter insensibility.

The woman drew the little hammer from her pocket, and laid it on the ground. She then searched her victim, took his purse, and deposited it in the pocket of the waistcoat she wore. She placed his head in the requisite position to receive the deadly blow, and she had raised her right arm for the purpose of inflicting it, when the fatal hammer was suddenly arrested from her grasp. The police agents opportunely entered the room at that moment.

"Ah! Monseigneur!" I exclaimed, "surely you are narrating fiction, and not fact. But, of course, this monster, in woman's shape, paid the penalty due to her crimes."

"That which occurred after her arrest," pur-

sued the Prince, "is the strangest part of her story. On her first examination, she gave the following romantic account of herself. She was of a respectable family and of irreproachable conduct; but having bestowed her affections on a young man, who had treacherously forsaken her, she had from that moment vowed implacable hatred against all the male sex; and the murders she had committed were actuated by no other motive than vengeance for the injury inflicted on her feelings. Would it be believed that there were persons weak enough to pity this unfortunate victim of betrayed affection? The sensibility of the world, especially of the great world, is often very ridiculous, and sometimes very blameable. An effort was made to screen this wretched culprit from the punishment of the law. When asked why she committed robbery, as well as murder, her defenders could give no satisfactory reply. The criminal, however, underwent the penalty of the law; and certainly society had reason to rejoice that the punishment of death had not been abolished."

"Monseigneur," observed I, "the abolition of the punishment of death is one which demands the most profound and mature attention of the legislature. For political offences, the punishment of death has always appeared to me to be barbarous."

"No doubt it is. But what do you think of it in application to the case I have just mentioned?

Here was a young female of five-a[illegible] whose hands were stained with abou[illegible] murders. Twenty families were thus th[illegible] the most painful state of affliction. Dea[illegible] the punishment justly due to the crimes of the robber, the assassin, the parricide, he who commits murder from hatred or revenge, the poisoner, and the incendiary. Let us leave a wise latitude to the judges, but let us not abolish the safeguard of society. I can never understand that society has any interest in preserving the life of a ferocious murderer. To spare his life, only that he may drag on the remaining portion of it in a continual alternative of physical and moral torture, would be a barbarity no less revolting than the crime it would be intended to punish. If the criminal be doomed to perpetual imprisonment and labour, at stated times, I see but little difference between his condition, and that of many deserving members of society. The latter are frequently obliged to labour to an extent injurious to their health, whilst the health of the felon is carefully attended to. Suppose he escape from his bondage, and commit another murder; his punishment is still imprisonment, and nothing beyond it. In short, to abolish the punishment of death would be to hold out a premium of encouragement to murder."

CHAPTER V.

Approach of the 20th of March, 1815—A conversation in the gardens of the Palais Royal—Marchangy — The murder of General Quesnel—The Abbé de Montesquiou—His cat and his portfolio—A visit to Madame de Genlis—Her ingratitude to Napoleon—Her proneness to calumny—Difference between her precepts and her example—Her slovenly mode of dressing——Prince Cambacérès and Count R—— — The secret revealed —An interesting scene—Curious particulars related by Count Regnauld—The Emperor's remarks on government—An unpublished letter of General Bonaparte—His opinion of journalists—News of the landing of Napoleon in 1815—Paris on the evening of the 5th of March.

THE month of February, 1815, was advancing to its close; and the most painful anxiety pervaded all those who had any knowledge of the conspiracy. The last messenger had been sent off; he who was to return only with the Emperor himself. The signal was given, and we were about to launch into a new course of revolution. As the critical moment approached, even the boldest felt apprehensive of a reverse of fortune, and the just vengeance of the Bourbons. During this anxious

month of February, the weather was miserably bad. We had frost, snow, rain, and fo[illegible]

I was no less uneasy than others; for [illegible] was clouded by sombre colours. I was [illegible] gether satisfied with the path I had marked out for myself, and yet I felt that I was at perfect liberty to offer my allegiance wheresoever I thought fit. I had occasioned great surprise to my family, when, in the month of January, I sent for the official dress which I wore when auditor of the Council of State. On this subject, one of my relations wrote me a letter full of good sense and just foresight; he assured me, that the whim I had taken into my head, and at which others of my friends merely laughed, excited in his mind, the most painful forebodings. He begged I would write and tell him the truth. I abhor falsehood; therefore, I returned no answer to his letter.

On the evening of the 16th or 17th of February, I returned home early. I had been out with my wife, who, feeling herself indisposed, returned to bed. It might be about half-past eight o'clock; and I sat down to write. About ten o'clock, I heard the bell ring, and in a few minutes my servant informed me that a gentleman wished to see me; that he was waiting for me on the staircase, where he begged me to go to him, and to take with me my cloak and hat.

I obeyed this summons almost mechanically. I went out, and found —— waiting on the stair-

case. At seeing him, I felt a little uneasy, and I exclaimed,

"Are you in danger?"

"Not exactly," replied he. "But I have presentiments. I do not feel myself quite at ease,—

Vers le temple des Juifs un instinct m'a poussé

"That is to say, to my lodgings," observed I, laughing.

"Yes, I wish to have a little conversation with you. Let us go and take a turn in the gardens of the Palais Royal."

I entertained so much deference for—and was so much accustomed to, regard him as my superior, that, without hesitation, I complied with this request, and we walked out together. At that time, the Palais Royal was not the brilliant place it now is: there was no magnificent Orleans gallery—no blaze of light diffused from millions of lamps—no forest of elegant pillars—no garden ornamented with statues, and illuminated so as to rival the light of noon day.

For the information of those who did not know the Palais Royal at the time I here refer to, I may state it was a gloomy, dungeon-like, place, divided into two parts. The *Four* and the *Camp des Tartares* were the names given to two long hideous wooden galleries, having nothing but the damp earth for their floor, whilst the rain filtered, drop by drop,

through the old tiled roof. These galleries were the resort of a multitude of idlers, intermingled with bad characters of every description, both male and female. At a late hour in the evening, the gardens of the Palais Royal became the resort of all the refuse of Paris.

My companion and I entered the gardens. We made choice of the most solitary avenue, where, assured of not being overheard, we conversed in confidence.

"Do you feel at ease?" said my companion.

"'I do not,' I replied. 'What is your opinion?"

"The nearer we approach to the fatal hour, the more I am agitated. We have taken upon ourselves a heavy responsibility."

"'I do not admit the *we*,' said I.

"What! would you withdraw your stake from the game?"

"I have no such intention. But, I had no share either in forming or executing the plan; and I am only anxious that every one should reap what he sows. Were I in your place, my despair perhaps would know no bounds."

"Do you then repent having joined us?"

"I may answer that question by yes or no. I am harrassed by a strange undefinable conflict of feeling. I would lay down my life to serve the Emperor, and yet in my heart I love the Bourbons. I am attached to them by a thousand circumstances,

some of them of a personal nature. They are so eager to do good. The peace which they brought us so perfectly ensures the happiness of France."

"I have said all this to myself a hundred times," observed my interlocutor; "but, with Napoleon, we shall have glory, and finally peace. Besides, a man of honour must abide by his word."

"He must. Mine is pledged, and I will keep it."

He then asked me whether I had any intimate knowledge of Marchangy.

"I know as much of him," replied I, "as one can know of a clever man, who wishes to draw a light veil of concealment over his real sentiments.' "

" 'He has offered himself. There is good material in him.'

"Brilliant! admirable! But, is it to be trusted to? That will depend on a reverse. Marchangy is ambitious.

Mon bien premièrement.....
Et puis le mal d'autrui.

I need not finish the quotation, Monseigneur. If we triumph, he will be of vast importance to us. He is a magistrate of a superior order; one who is evidently destined for a brilliant future. He possesses talent, eloquence, and extensive erudition."

" 'And you may add, bad taste.'

. . . . .

I shall not transcribe the remainder of this remark. I condemn Marchangy only on account of the exaggeration of his royalism after the second Restoration. I feel pleasure in rendering homage to his merit. He was a very remarkable man, endowed with talent greatly superior to that which his writings indicate. Under other circumstances, his conduct would have excited admiration.

He next spoke of General Vandamme and others. He expressed his horror at the murder of General Quesnel, who, according to all appearance, had fallen a sacrifice to one of those thousand factions of the imperial conspiracy; for, let it not be supposed that the conspiracy was the work of a single mass actuated by a uniform spirit in all parts of France. The impulse being given, those who gave it held themselves aloof to observe its working. Fanatics and zealots, in their respective spheres of action, had laboured hard: they had summoned and assembled recruits from among the half-pay and disbanded officers of the army, the youth of the civic corporations, and, above all, the working classes.

It is a fact not to be doubted, that in the month of January, 1815, the best organized police might have expended vast sums of money, and multiplied spies, and yet could never have adequately watched the innumerable secret associations then existing; associations which were strangers to and indepen-

dent of each other, but nevertheless advancing in concert towards one and the same object.

It is possible that some branch of this labyrinth, fearful of seeing its mysteries betrayed by the unfortunate Quesnel, formed the atrocious scheme of putting him out of the way. This murder was sincerely deplored by my friends. The Emperor, too, spoke of it in terms of extreme indignation, declaring, that those who sought to support him by such crimes were unworthy to be attached to his cause; that he disavowed such supporters, and would certainly punish them if ever he returned to power.

Whilst I was conversing with —— Count P—— passed by us. He was walking with a sort of *grisette*.

"There," said ——, "that is the way his money goes; and, if we were to ask him for a hundred crowns for the furtherance of the great work, he would say he had not a *sou*, and that his wife holds his purse-strings."

—— spoke of the Duke of Parma. He suspected nothing, and it was deemed prudent not to let him know anything; for it was apprehended that his alarm would cause him to quit Paris—a proceeding that would have excited great suspicion.

We walked till after midnight in the galleries, having retired from the gardens at eleven o'clock. I returned home, very low spirited, and much more anxious than when I went out. Though unable to sleep, I threw myself on my bed, and fearfully

awaited the approach of daylight. On rising, my surprise was extreme to receive a letter from the minister of the interior, the Abbé de Montesquiou, who requested that I would wait upon him immediately, and supply such information as I might be required to give.

I concluded that all had been discovered. Before I went out I sat down and wrote a few lines to ——, which I directed should be forwarded to him immediately. My note was as follows:—

"I do not know why the Abbé de Montesquiou has sent for me. He says he wants information, and he shall have it. I will not forget my friends. Will you wait for me in the café at the corner of the Rue de Bourbon and the Rue de Bac? I will meet you there, if I should be permitted to go at large. Adieu....."

I doubted whether I should be suffered to remain at liberty. I found myself in a perplexing situation; but I made an effort to conquer my uneasiness, and set out resolutely. When I presented my billet, the doors were all thrown open to me, and I gained free access to his excellency. He saluted me with the words, "*Bon jour, mon cousin,*" which I thought augured well; "You seem displeased," added he, smiling.

"Monseigneur," replied I, "when I see the selections which are daily made, I cannot help ren-

dering justice to myself. I have not power to contend against this host of competitors."

"'Truly, we are overwhelmed in all quarters. We have, at this moment, no less than two hundred kings or queens in France.'

"And what becomes of the true sovereign among them all? But, Monseigneur, you wish to receive such information as I can supply you with?"

The Abbé made some remarks, in which he acknowledged that I had reason to complain of being unhandsomely treated; but he recommended me to be patient, assuring me that I should be appointed to a prefecture at the first opportunity.

"Monseigneur," said I, "the offer will come too late."

"'Why?'

"I cannot accept it."

"'Indeed! Then why do you complain?'

"I have not complained to any one. But you wrote to me."

"'Yes.'

"He went to the table, turned over a number of papers, without finding what he wanted. He lost all patience, rang the bell, and desired the servant to tell Monsieur somebody to come. The gentleman entered, and helped the Abbé to look for the lost paper, but without success. The contents of six desks were turned out, but the note was no where to be found. Whilst I was laughing within

myself at these proofs of official order and regularity, I observed a cat playing with the minister's portfolio under a large arm chair. I could have wagered that that portfolio contained the note whose loss had thrown the minister and his secretary into such perplexity.

At length, other eyes than mine espied the audacious cat. The hue and cry was raised, the terrified animal relinquished her plaything, the portfolio was picked up, and found to contain the lost document, which was drawn forth somewhat torn and crumpled. The secretary withdrew. M. de Montesquiou glanced over the note, and then said to me :

" ' You see Cambacérès pretty frequently?'

" I go very often to pay my respects to the ex-chancellor of the Empire, not having forgotten what I owe to his friendship."

" ' You frequently meet there —'

The minister stopped short, and awaited my answer. Then, as if surprised at my silence, he added :

" ' You did not hear me ?'

" I am not in the habit of naming unnecessarily the individuals I meet in the houses I visit."

" ' Well, since you are afraid of helping my memory, let me ask you whether you ever meet the Duke of Otranto among the visitors of Cambacérès ?'

" I have met him once or twice."

" ' Have you met Carnot ?'

" About the end of last year, I perhaps met him there twice."

" ' Have you met Barras ?'

" Never."

" ' Count Regnauld, Treilhard, Thibaudeau, Defermont, or the Duke de Bassano ?"

" Seldom, very seldom."

" ' Do you know Monsieur M—— ?'

" Monseigneur, am I undergoing a judicial interrogatory here ?"

" ' By no means ! But I am informed that M. M—— has been at the island of Elba, and it appears to me, that if you know the fact, you will not hesitate to avow it to your relation."

I thought that this recognition, like the offer of the prefecture, came rather late ; and I was on my guard against this snare as well as the other."

" I have heard," replied I, " that M. M—— being called by business to Leghorn, made a journey thither."

" ' And he extended his journey as far as Elba ?'

" Monseigneur, I think that had any circumstance drawn you so near to Napoleon, you would have been the first to have turned a little out of your course to have seen him in his exile."

The Abbé made a grimace which convinced me that he would not have felt any particular curiosity to see the hero, and then he added :

"'M. M—— has, I believe, brought letters from Bonaparte?'

"He has not shown them to me."

"'I do not mean to allege that he has; but I have been given to understand that you know all the particulars of this intrigue.'

"Monseigneur, Fouché has misinformed you."

"'Who told you that Fouché was my informant?'

"A word sufficed to assure me of the fact. He has denounced me; I know not for what object. But such information as I have to give you will be of no service to him."

Though the Abbé was very anxious to conceal that he was the mere tool of the Duke of Otranto, yet he could not subdue his dissatisfaction so far as to disguise from me wholly that which he wished I should not know. Being assured of his ignorance of any important facts, since he knew nothing, except what he had learned from Fouché, I resumed complete confidence. Wishing at once to mystify the Abbé, and to punish him for his ill intention towards me, I said:

"Monseigneur, the Duke of Otranto is resolved, at all hazards, to resume his political career. He has deceived every successive government, and now he has set about deceiving you. He has heard (I know not how) of M. M——'s visit to Italy. You are aware, that, about a year ago, M. M—— filled an important official situation in

Italy; and it is possible that his precipitate recall may have seriously injured the interests of many individuals. By this circumstance, his journey to Leghorn may be very naturally explained. But the Duke of Otranto has made it the groundwork of a formidable conspiracy. A visit of curiosity to Porto-Ferrajo, together with a few letters from Captain Loubers, and others, to their relations in Paris, are circumstances on which Fouché founds his pretence of saving the monarchy. Monseigneur, all he wants is, to get possession of your portfolio; be on your guard against him. With respect to M. M——, as I am his only friend, I pledge myself, within the space of a month, to prevail on him to confess all he knows of the conspiracy."

It may perhaps be imagined that it was not very prudent to undertake the fulfilment of this promise within the short space of a month. But it must be borne in mind a month was to us an age. Besides, I confidently believed Napoleon to be already on his way to Paris, and, recollecting the fable of the ass, the king, and the adventurer, I thought that, before the expiration of a month, the Abbé Montesquiou would have other matters to trouble his head about. As to the poor Abbé, his foresight did not extend so far; and he plumed himself on having, by his exquisite tact, extorted such a pledge from me.

"Well, my dear friend," said the Abbé de Mon-

tesquiou with a most self-complacent air, "I am delighted to find that you have returned to our ranks. I assure you, you will be rewarded. But how is it possible any thing can be done for you whilst your friends at Toulouse declare you to be a furious Bonapartist? You must clear yourself of this charge."

The Abbé, who now seemed to be fatigued by this long conversation, wished me good morning, though he had not got through half the questions which he intended to ask me. M. de Montesquiou had conceived an invincible dislike to business; and it was extremely amusing to observe his anger and impatience when any thing occurred to rouse him from his *benedetto far niente.*

I took leave of him with my mind very much at ease. I felt assured that the government had received no information beyond the reports current in Paris, and that we had no reason to make ourselves uneasy. I proceeded straight to the Café Militaire, presuming that —— would be there waiting for me. I found him, along with three or four of the most influential members of the committee. They were at his lodgings when my note was delivered to him. The note had produced a most astounding effect. They thought that all was discovered, and they were preparing for flight.

My story revived their spirits. Some were of opinion that I had committed an error in accusing the Duke of Otranto; but I felt confident that my

suspicions were correct—and his friends informed me, that the last messenger from the Isle of Elba had brought intelligence that it was Napoleon's intention to sail with the first fair wind. "Perhaps," said —— "he is now at sea, and we may every moment expect to hear news of his landing.

After taking leave of these gentlemen, I went to pay a visit to the Countess de Genlis. As usual, her conversation was all about herself, intermingled with complaints of Mesdames de Staël and Cottin, whom she could not endure. She expressed herself much dissatisfied with her old pupil, and offended at her coldness. Madame de Genlis alluded to the firm royalism of which she herself had given such abundant proofs during the terrible period of the revolution.

"Madame," observed I coolly, "you ought to disavow the first edition of the *Chevaliers du Cygne*."

"'Alas!' replied she, "my enemies have so often reprinted my works, and inserted in them so many attacks upon different persons, that I no longer feel any interest about them.'

"I know some one, Madam, who possesses your correspondence with Pétion."

"'All those letters are forgeries,' replied Madame de Genlis, with imperturbable confidence; "I never wrote more than two or three short notes to Pétion in my life.'

By this sort of bold disavowal, she used to try to clear herself of all disagreeable recollections. She

would overwhelm Napoleon with bitter invective, unmindful of the favours he had heaped upon her. He gave her a superb suite of apartments in the Arsenal, a pension of six thousand francs, with an equal amount in extraordinary gratuities, and he purchased numerous copies of her works, whenever a new edition appeared.

During the imperial reign, Madame de Genlis solicited the favour of being permitted to write a letter every week to Napoleon. Judging from the very scanty share of christian charity apparent in her Memoirs and her conversation, it may fairly be inferred, whatever she says to the contrary, that her correspondence with the Emperor was injurious to the interests of many individuals, especially to M.M. Hoffman and Feletz. These two men, so distinguished for their literary talent, were her scapegoats. If she had dared to accuse them of the most atrocious crimes, she certainly would not have hesitated to have done so; but the purity of their private lives afforded no pretence for calumny. She, therefore, contented herself, in 1810, with stigmatizing, them as royalists, and subsequently with denouncing them as Bonapartists. She did not spare them. There never was a woman more fond of setting herself up as an example; and certainly it would be difficult to imagine one possessing less right to arrogate such a superiority. On reading her works on education, in which she so strongly recommends personal neatness and elegant simpli-

city in dress, who would not imagine that she was herself an example of the precepts she inculcates? But how widely the reverse! She always had a dirty appearance; and, as to her caps, they were as black as if they had been exposed to the smoke of a kitchen chimney for several weeks.

My wife, who had heard a great deal about Madame de Genlis, felt an eager wish to know her. "Let us go and call on her," said I.

"'Oh no,' she replied, 'I should be afraid to move or speak in her presence. She would inspire me with such awe. But yet I should like to see her.'

"You may easily satisfy your curiosity," observed I. "You attend mass every day at Saint Roch Madame de Genlis is as regular in her attendance there as you. Look among the old women for one who is very upright, very much wrinkled, and above all, very shabbily dressed, with an old gown and bonnet, and a horribly dirty cap, and be assured that is Madame de Genlis.'"

Two days after this, when my wife returned from church, she exclaimed good humouredly,

"'I have seen Madame de Genlis, or your portrait has strangely deceived me.'

She gave me a description of her dress, and about two o'clock I made a call on the illustrious authoress, under the pretence of taking a book which she had requested me to lend her. I found her dressed precisely as my wife had described. Afterwards, in her visits to Saint-Roch, she was much interested in

observing Madame de Genlis, whose dress was always remarkably shabby and slovenly.

On the occasion of a visit which I made to her about the end of February, 1815, she uttered a great deal of invective against the Emperor.

"'Take care what you say, Madam,' observed I. "It is reported that he will soon be back to France; and you know his anger is that of the lion."

"'There is no reason to fear that the monster will ever leave the Isle of Elba,' said she; 'but, if by any fatal chance he should return, I will instantly fly from this polluted land. I will follow the Bourbons and die with them. Why is not a marriage arranged for the Duke de Berry? He must have heirs; and, if a governess were to be selected to superintend their education, I do not know, thank Heaven, any one in France worthy to dispute the appointment with me. I presume they would never think of giving the preference to Madame de Staël or Madame de Campan.'

To plague her, I said that I had heard from the Countess de Goyon that Madame Campan entertained some hope of getting the appointment. Heavens! what a blaze of anger I kindled! Madame de Genlis sadly forgot her christian charity in her bitter remarks on the *surintendante* of Ecouen.

I know not how long she would have continued on this theme, if M. de Courchamp had not hap-

pened to call in. His appearance saved poor Madame Campan from farther abuse.

M. de Courchamp was the bearer of good news. He informed us, that Napoleon wished to proceed to the United States, and that he was very shortly to leave Europe for that destination. I could have made some errata on M. de Courchamp's information; but prudence counselled me to remain silent.

When I took leave of Madame de Genlis, it was still early, and I went to pay a visit to Prince Cambacérès. I found him pacing up and down his room in a state of great agitation. I inquired what had occasioned his uneasiness.

"Oh!" said he, "I am doomed to be plagued by fools or madmen. This morning I have had a visit from Count R.... He has been disclosing to me a host of absurd and even criminal schemes. He wishes me to unite myself with a party of fanatics. According to his account, they are playing a sure game, and only want me at their head to direct their movements. I was exceedingly irritated, and I said to the Count: 'The greatest mark of friendship I can shew you, is to conceal from the knowledge of the government the disclosure you have just made to me. Have you reflected on the consequences of this enterprise? Do you flatter yourself that it would succeed? What can drive you to a course which might be natural enough in a desperate man, bereft of fortune and honour? Think of the abyss which restless and insatiable

ambition would open beneath your feet! Do not suppose that such a project would be supported by the nation. You mistake the murmurs of a few turbulent spirits for the expression of public opinion. Be assured that the fallen sovereign will never again grasp his lost sceptre. The Bourbons will hold firm possession of it. They are sure of the fidelity of a great portion of the French people, and they may reasonably count on the assistance of Europe. The armies of the Alliance are not yet broken up. They are encamped on our frontiers, and will rush down upon us at the first signal. Woe to France if victory should a second time be theirs! I do not believe that Napoleon's star will triumph on this occasion. Peace, which he has so often disturbed, will now array against him numerous enemies; and those enemies will unite to crush him, for they will always hold him in fear. On whose assistance does he build his hopes? Can he suppose that Austria will declare herself openly in his favour, at a moment when all the sovereigns of Europe are assembled in her capital, where another coalition may be formed in a few hours? A second fall will be more terrible than the first. Take my advice, renounce this dangerous project. The allied powers have consented to leave us unmolested. Do not give them reason to repent that indulgence, and let us not forfeit the friendship which has been so sincerely offered."

"Count R... ," continued the Prince, "though

a little shaken, was not overcome by my philippic. He was of opinion that I was exaggerating our disadvantages; he wished to prove to me, that his party was not without supporters; and he concluded by asking me whether I felt so satisfied with my present situation, that I should stand firm amidst the conflict.

" ' You must shield yourself against suspicion,' pursued Count R.... ' Whatever may be your conduct in this juncture, the royal government will accuse you, and will give you no credit for your refusal to unite with us. As soon as we raise the mask, you will be placed under arrest, and either as an object of suspicion, or as an hostage, you will be lodged in a state prison. There are times and situations in which a man cannot remain neutral; in such a situation, and by not satisfying any party, you will dissatisfy them all.'

" Count R..... reasoned in vain. I was not to be caught in such a lure; and we parted not very well pleased with each other. What do you think of this extravagance? It is inconceivable. But you are silent. Do you know any thing of the plots that are brewing?"

I found myself in a singular position. Formerly, the Prince scarcely distinguished me in the crowd of his acquaintance, and never condescended to ask me for information. I was absolutely ignorant of state secrets, whilst he knew them all. But now the scene was changed. He was

in the dark, and I was enabled to point out to him what he could but imperfectly distinguish.

But these reflections, which I am now noting down, did not at that time occur to my mind. My thoughts were wholly engrossed by the approaching catastrophe. The impressive words which the Prince had addressed to Count R.... still vibrated in my heart, and created a feeling of discouragement, I may even say, of remorse. This feeling was so forcibly depicted in my countenance, that it was observed by the Prince, who put to me the pointed question I have just noted above. I was embarrassed and mortified, and would fain have remained silent; but, when imperiously interrogated by one whom I had long been accustomed to esteem and revere, I could no longer conceal the truth, and I said:—

"Monseigneur, all that you have heard from Count R—— is true, quite true. Napoleon is not only preparing to return, but there is every reason to believe that he is already on his way. To-morrow, possibly, we shall hear of his landing."

I then entered into full details. I concealed nothing; hoping that my present candour would make amends for my past dissimulation. Prince Cambacérès listened to me with deep attention, mingled with feelings of grief and astonishment. His acute perception enabled him to see, at a glance, the future in its full extent. He saw France exposed to new catastrophes, and a prey to

convulsions more violent than any she had heretofore suffered. Perhaps, too, the Prince foresaw that his own destiny would be imprisonment or exile.

He suffered me to conclude my story, without interrupting me, even by a sign. When I ceased speaking, he was plunged in melancholy reflection, whilst I stood before him, like a criminal caught in a snare. Prince Cambacérès sighed, raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and, in a voice faltering with emotion, he said:

"Here is a plot, truly! and hatched by Frenchmen! Is it possible its authors can be aware of the awful responsibility they have incurred? Well, we may all take our knapsacks on our backs, and beg through Europe; if, indeed, that indulgence will be allowed us. I thank you, Sir, for your candid explanation; but I should have been still more grateful if you had informed me of this six months ago."

He said no more, but walked in an agitated manner up and down the room. I saw that he wished to be alone. I took my leave of him; and, on this occasion, he did not, as was his custom, request me to prolong my visit. I was much pained at the thought of having displeased him. I walked slowly homeward, and, as I passed the Tuileries, I could not help seriously asking myself what France was likely to gain by the

second fall of the legitimate occupants of the venerable palace.

On the following evening, my wife and I had an engagement to go to a ball given by a lady of our acquaintance to celebrate the happiness which France had enjoyed since the return of the Bourbons. This fête was little in unison with the state of my feelings; and I was almost pleased to find that a slight indisposition of my wife furnished us with an apology for not attending. We, accordingly, staid at home, and I employed the evening in arranging my affairs. Hesitating to present myself again to Prince Cambacérès, I sat down, and wrote to him in the following terms:

"Monseigneur,

"The consciousness of having incurred the displeasure of your Serene Highness has deeply affected me. I have yielded to the power of old recollections, and of that fidelity, from which no new pledge had released me. I did not take the oath of allegiance to the new government; therefore, I have violated no engagement. My fault consists in my want of candour towards you, from whom I ought to have concealed nothing. I ought to have appealed to your advice; but I conceived it to be my duty to keep the secret that was entrusted to me. The continuance of your displeasure would be a most severe punishment for

my offence. Pardon me, and I shall again be happy."

I despatched this note by a messenger, whom I directed to wait for an answer. The answer was an invitation to dine with the Prince the next day. It was the last day of February. The Prince received me with his usual kindness. A little explanation made me feel perfectly at ease.

"I know all," said Prince Cambacérès. "We are standing on the brink of an abyss. A volcano is about to open upon us."

In the evening, several visitors dropped in, and the conversation, as usual, consisted of discussions and anecdotes on various subjects. We all listened with interest to the following particulars, related by Count Regnauld.

"Napoleon, having reached the summit of his power, was unwilling that his work should be exposed to the risk of perishing after his death. He was fully aware that the crown would never be consolidated in his family, unless he had children to wear it after him. At one time, he was disposed to adopt as his heir the eldest son of his brother Louis; but the death of the young prince thwarted that intention. It was then that the Empress Josephine, probably foreseeing the fate that awaited her, wished to prevail on the Emperor to make a formal adoption of Prince Eugene as his successor to the thrones of France and Italy. She

had several times suggested this plan to Napoleon, and she entreated that I would undertake to negociate with the Emperor the difficult and dangerous question.

"I was summoned to Malmaison, where I had a private interview with Josephine and Eugene. We discussed the subject in all its various points, and finding that the adoption of Prince Eugene offered better pledges for the security of the Empire, than the adoption of a son of Prince Louis, I consented to undertake the negociation. I was chiefly influenced in this decision by the high military reputation of the son of Josephine.

"Having come to this resolution, I sought a favourable opportunity to break the ice. One day, when I was engaged with the Emperor in making some arrangements relating to the communes, I turned the conversation on the indispensable necessity of consolidating a number of institutions, the advantages of which would not be felt or appreciated until after the lapse of a very considerable time. To speak of stability to the Emperor was to place him on his favourite ground. He eagerly entered on the subject, and made a thousand remarks, which I had often heard him repeat. I replied to them at first with indifference, and then, with a certain air of impatience, I exclaimed,

"But after the Emperor, where shall we find a genius sufficiently vast to attempt the execution of these lofty conceptions?"

" 'Ah!' replied Napoleon, 'the man is yet to be formed, perhaps he is yet unborn.'

" Do you think, Sire," said I, " that a child, nursed in the lap of imperial splendour, could rally round him the French people, and repress foreign enemies, should a calamity, which we scarcely dare look forward to, deprive him, before his majority, of the support of your genius?"

" 'And yet that must be,' he replied, 'in something like a tone of dissatisfaction. One cannot improvise a sovereign."

" I confess," resumed I, " that the thing is not easy; yet, in this respect, your Majesty is more advantageously situated than other monarchs. You have an adopted son, now in the vigour of his age, and whose talents and courage have endeared him to the French people.

" Napoleon saw the point at which I was aiming, and, without circumlocution, he said,

" Prince Eugene wishes to become my successor; but that is impossible. There are too many obstacles in the way of such an arrangement. Besides, there is the constitution.'

" It leaves to your Majesty the privilege of appointing your successor. And, even though it did not, who would dare to oppose so wise and important a resolution?"

" 'Count Regnauld, I do not attach very great importance to the circumstance of having an heir

of so ripe an age as Eugene, and so fully prepared to receive my inheritance.'

" Sire, the virtues of the Prince are sufficiently known. You have had ample opportunities of judging of his respect and love for you."

" ' Yes, Eugene is, even now, the most obedient and affectionate of sons; but who can say what he would become, if he were surrounded by a crowd of courtiers all interested in seeing him reign in my place? I should like my sceptre to descend to heirs, who, being born of my blood, would await, without impatience, the inheritance, of which my caprice could not deprive them.'

" The Emperor then dismissed me," pursued Count Regnauld, " and I hastened to report the ill-success of my mission to those who were most deeply interested in knowing it. Josephine shed a torrent of tears. Her noble-minded son received the intelligence with his accustomed fortitude.

" ' I have no right,' said he, ' to inherit the throne; and, even had the Emperor preferred me to his brothers and their children, it might have been regarded as a sort of usurpation on my part. However, this cannot in the least degree diminish the affection I bear to His Majesty.'

" I could not refrain from repeating Prince Eugene's words to the Emperor, who, on hearing them, immediately said:—

" ' Eugene is endowed with truly noble qualities.

In the character of my adopted son, I might perhaps have reason to fear him; but, in his present position, nothing will ever turn him from his duty.'

" On another occasion," added Count Regnauld, " when we were approaching the late catastrophe, Napoleon, in a moment of confidence, made the following remarks to me in reference to his son-in-law:—

" If my brothers, if my marshals were like Eugene, I should be invincible. He is the only individual on whom I can rely as on myself; and in the hour of danger he would be the only one who would not betray me. He combines the virtues of Epaminondas with the chivalrous feeling of Gaston de Foix. He is the model of a true Frenchman.' "

The conversation of Prince Cambacérès and his friends still continued to turn on the Emperor, his good qualities, and his faults. The Prince observed that Napoleon had invariably been the advocate of monarchical government.

" I cannot understand," said he, " how any one can believe that he ever was a republican. No man was ever more fully imbued with the sage maxims of royalty. I remember one day at Malmaison, when he was yet only First Consul, he said in the presence of myself, Count Fabre de l'Aude, and M. de Fontanes:—

" ' The grand fault of Louis XVI was his re-

spect for legality. A sovereign is lost when he suffers his subjects to reason on his power, and on the extent of their respective rights. A nation, to be happy, must obey its rulers in silence—like a child for whom rules are made without its interference. Nobles, magistrates, priests and citizens, ought all to be placed on the same level. This is the secret whereby public peace and the stability of the throne are to be insured. There is one fact, which has always struck me as remarkable: it is that those states in which the tribunal of the inquisition rules with an iron hand, have never been the prey of revolutions. This renders it worth while to consider what advantage a government may derive from that terrible engine. At the bare mention of the inquisition, the Jacobins and our *badaud* politicians would of course raise a terrible outcry. No matter, I know better than they do, the danger which that institution presents. That danger is the power it would give to the clergy. The inquisition of Venice, which was wholly political, worked well. Our police ought to resemble it in operation and effect; but that cannot be; because our police is despised more than it is feared. In Venice, the inquisition was an object of respect; therefore, it was at once redoubtable and useful."

Count Regnauld affirmed that he had heard Napoleon make the above remarks. M. Denon, who was present, repeated from memory the tenour

of a letter written by General Bonaparte when in Italy, of which he afterwards gave me a copy. I here transcribe it :

Leghorn, 12th Messidor, Year IV of the Republic.

" My dear Friend,

" I am surrounded by a cloud of calumny, unfounded accusation, falsehood and turpitude of every kind. Those who are mortified, because they cannot see me beaten by the enemy, assail me with the atrocious arms of envy. I am the object of hatred both to underlings and high functionaries. To the former, because I will not let them plunder, and to the latter, because I will not connive with them and share the spoil. Petty aspirants dread great aspirants. They raise the cry of injustice, as it were, in anticipation, lest I should one day demand the reward of the services I shall have rendered. The severity of those who have no claims towards those who have them, is incredible. A stranger may pass without examination ; but every word and action are subject to the most rigid scrutiny, in the man whose name is echoed by the public voice.

" I cannot endure the insolence of these envious blockheads. The Directory spares them, and suffers them to overwhelm me with insults and accusations. I cannot regard this turpitude as the exer-

cise of a right; it is an attack upon the life and honour of a citizen. This sort of treatment would make me hate the Republic and liberty, if that were possible. I shall never be satisfied, until these cowardly assailants receive their merited punishment. What? I who triumph over sovereigns, who make laws for Italy? who maintain the Majesty of France? am recompensed by *lazzi*, by abusive pamphlets, by denunciations which tend to make it be believed, that I am a robber or a traitor?..This shall not continue. I am capable of any thing, if I do not receive speedy satisfaction. Demand it in my name, and let it be so decided, that my base enemies shall be covered with confusion.

" Addio, Signore,

" BONAPARTE."

After Denon had described this letter to us, Prince Cambacérès remarked that the Emperor had a great dislike to journals and journalists; and that he never omitted any opportunity of manifesting his antipathy to them.

" I have heard him say, oftener than once," pursued the Prince, " that four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a hundred thousand troopers in battle array. The worst recommendation that any man could have, in Napoleon's eyes, was to be a newspaper writer. I recollect

that, shortly after the 18th Brumaire, Fabre de l'Aude, who was always a favourite of Napoleon, solicited, in my hearing, an appointment for one of his acquaintance.

" ' What has he done?'

" He has been a journalist."

" ' A journalist!' repeated the First Consul. ' That means a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. The *cabanons* of Bicêtre are the fittest places for people of that stamp.'

" But, First Consul," resumed Fabre, who always spoke out freely, " you every day employ men who have been journalists."

" ' If they were nothing better, I would soon rid myself of them. I know that they possess eminent talents, yet, in spite of that, I employ them with repugnance.'

After a short pause, he added :—

" ' Sovereign power is a wheel, which must incessantly be turning. Every thing that retards or impedes its movement is dangerous. It must have free scope ; the concurrence of all, and no resistance. Without these conditions, it vacillates, and has no confidence, either in itself or in others. How can the agents of a government be expected to be blindly obedient, when the government to which they owe that blind obedience is the object of censure, insult, and ridicule? The silence of subjects constitutes a considerable share of a monarch's power.'

Count Regnauld proposed that we should conclude the evening by a visit to the *Théâtre des Variétés*, where the entertainments were rendered particularly attractive by the performance of Potier, Brunet, and other celebrated actors. Several of the company acceded to Count Regnauld's proposition, and I was one of the number. In spite of the gaiety of the performance, we found ourselves oppressed by a feeling of melancholy which we could not shake off. We had been some time seated, when a tap was heard at the box door: a stranger entered, and inquired for Count Regnauld.

The Count rose and left the box. He was absent about three quarters of an hour. We were surprised, and, in some degree, uneasy at this circumstance, for we knew that the Count's private affairs were at that time much embarrassed. About ten o'clock, just as I had determined to go out in quest of him, he made his appearance.

"Ah! here you are at last," we exclaimed. What has been the matter?"

"Oh!" he replied, "they do not leave me a moment's rest. To-morrow, before it is noon, I must be at Val,* to arrange some legal business at which my presence is indispensable. I must set off at four in the morning; for I must write all the

* The Count's country seat.

way in my carriage. Excuse me, therefore, if I wish you good evening."

As he uttered these last words, he pressed his foot against mine. I understood the signal, and followed him. As soon as we were in the corridor, and the box door was closed, I said:—

"In the name of Heaven, Count, tell me what has happened? If I can render you any assistance, command my services."

The Count whispered in my ear,

"'He has landed.'

I uttered an exclamation. The Count placed his hand before my mouth.

"'Hush!' said he, 'we are observed.'

"When did he land?" inquired I in a whisper.

"'On the 1st of March. He is now on his way to Paris, and will be here on the 18th or 20th. To-morrow, vigorous measures will be adopted by the government. I wish to avert the possibility of a capture; and I have prepared a secure retreat. Farewell! Take care of yourself.'

He departed, and left me transfixed to the spot. On recovering from my surprise, my first thought was to go and communicate the event to Prince Cambacérès; but a moment's reflection altered my intention. I sauntered homewards in a most anxious state of mind. I felt, as it were, a sort of surprise at the quiet and solitude of the streets. It seemed to me that all Paris ought to know the event which

occupied my thoughts. But that evening the Parisians were laughing, dancing, and singing, and had retired to their beds as gay and careless as usual.

On the following day, the scene was changed.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the 6th of March, 1815—The Count de Blacas—Dissatisfaction of the army—The Journal des Débats of the 6th of March—A visit to Marchangy—A curious conversation with him—Visit to David the painter—Marigné—Public feeling respecting Bonaparte's return—Count B.....—Talma's appropriate quotation—The two actresses—Tardy and obscure announcement of the Journals—Diversity of reports—Paris on the memorable morning—Effect of the news on the King—His remark to M. de Blacas—Marshal Soult—The Duke de Damas-Crux and the Baron de Vitrolles—The Dukes de Bourbon, Angoulême, and Orleans—Error committed in sending Monsieur to Lyons—Napoleon's remarks on that subject—Louis XVIII. and the Baron de Vitrolles—Confusion in the Tuileries—The Count de Barruel Beauvert—Scenes of violence.

On the memorable night of the 5th of March, 1815, I slept but little, or, to speak more accurately, I did not enjoy a single moment's repose. The words, "*He has landed!*" filled my thoughts, and produced the effect of a night-mare. "*He has landed!*" What did not these words presage? What would be the effect of the astounding intelligence when it came to be generally known through-

out France? Would the French people prove their satisfaction of the existing régime, by taking part with the Bourbons; or, seduced by the glory of the Emperor, would they rally round the eagle?

These questions were not easily answered; though even on the 5th of March, it was not difficult to perceive, that the chances were in favour of Napoleon. M. de Blacas had ruined the royalist cause. The man, to whose guidance the destiny of a great nation is entrusted, must be endowed with genius; without that quality, fidelity and noble sentiments are insufficient. In the talent requisite for forming a statesman or a diplomatist, M. de Blacas proved himself as deficient in 1815, as M. de Polignac in 1830.

M. de Blacas fell into the error of fancying that all France was reflected in himself. Because he adored the King; because he would have laid down his life for the august family of his sovereign; he imagined that every one would do the same. The dissatisfaction, which prevailed in the army, was excited by the unfavourable sentiments of the marshals. With the exception of the Duke de Belluno, de Reggio, de Feltre, de Treviso, de Ragusa, and Count Pérignon, all the rest, even Augereau, would have preferred their old general to their new sovereign, had they been free to choose. Almost all the lieutenant-generals and field-marshals were devoted to him, and ninety-nine out of every hundred of the subaltern officers and privates [illegible]

short, the military of all ranks were indignant at the little estimation which was attached to their glorious victories; and at seeing the Tuileries thronged with arrogant upstarts, who would have crouched at their feet, had not the elements and treason conspired to crush courage and genius.

All the persons who filled the subaltern situations in the government offices were for Napoleon; all the police agents wanted him back again; commerce, always ungrateful to the Bourbons, disavowed the prosperity created by their return; the citizens were offended at the silly vanity displayed by many of the restored *noblesse*, male and female; and the peasantry, who had gained so much by the revolution, viewed the return of the royal family with distrust; expecting soon to see the re-establishment of seignorial rights, the *corvée*, tithes, and the restitution of national property.

I rose on the morning of the 6th, melancholy and low spirited. I could not resolve to pay a visit to Prince Cambacérès. I dreaded the first explosion of his displeasure; and I was aware that he was already much dissatisfied, because I had not sooner made him acquainted with what I knew. I was unwilling to incur his reproaches, the more especially as I knew I did not deserve them; for, though aware of the conspiracy, I had taken no active part in it. On this point, my conscience is clear, and I defy any one to assert to the contrary.

I went out, and took a walk along the boulevards and the quays. In those places, perfect tranquillity prevailed; the fatal news was yet unknown. I entered a café, where I saw the Journal des Débats. It contained a paragraph which, to the mass of the public, might have appeared of little importance; but which was very significant to me. It was as follows:

"In consequence of the situation of Italy, and the movements which seem to be preparing there, it has been deemed necessary to assemble a corps of observation between Lyons and Chambéry:—several regiments have received orders to march for that destination."

Having read these obscure words, I said *in petto*:—"It is then true:—the terrible colossus has reached our shores!" This served only to increase my agitation. A sudden thought struck me, and I hastened to call on Marchangy, who then filled the post of deputy procureur du Roi.

Marchangy was a singular being, both in mind and person. From his excessive thinness he might have served as a subject for anatomical study: and he was altogether exceedingly ugly, with the exception of his eyes, which beamed with intelligence and vivacity. But this unprepossessing exterior concealed an elevated mind, and a bold and ambitious spirit. His eloquence was at once energetic, and insinuating. His talent and

genius rendered him a favourite, even with the fair sex in spite of his personal disadvantages; and he used to boast of his conquests without the least reserve. He was gay and witty, an agreeable companion, a *bon vivant*, a frequenter of the theatres and all places of amusement;—and he passed his life alternately amidst the silence of his cabinet and the tumult of the world. Marchangy would have been a writer of the highest merit, had he only obeyed his own inspirations; but, as his writings were always at variance with his feelings and opinions, they bear the impress of constraint and embarrassment.

I found him at home, and, as soon as I entered his apartment, he said, after the usual salutations:

"'Is there any news?'

"Will you place me under arrest if I tell you what I know?"

"'What do you mean? You are aware of the duties of my post—but you are my friend—is there any conspiracy on foot? Do you know of it? If so, confide the secret to me; and your fortune is made.'

"Hear, then, the secret, said I; Napoleon is in France."

Marchangy could not turn pale, ill health and physical suffering had imparted to his countenance the hue of death; but he reddened, compressed his lips, and the wild glare of his eyes was terrific.

" 'In France?' he repeated in a faultering voice.

He seized a pen—then threw it aside.

" 'It is false. It cannot be—where is he concealed?'

" At the head of an army. He landed in Provence, and is now on his way to Paris."

" 'Impossible!'

I perceived the Journal des Débats lying on the table.

" Read this!" said I.

He eagerly snatched up the paper. I pointed to the paragraph which I have quoted above. He read it attentively. Then, after reflecting for a few moments, he threw down the paper, and said:—

" 'What is to be done?'

" I came to ask your advice."

" 'Oh! as to you, your task is easy. You are a private individual. Wait patiently, and do not show yourself. On the day of victory, you may appear; boast of what you have done for the conqueror; appeal to the testimony of persons who are playing the same part as yourself, and you will have a large share in the rewards. But I, who fill a prominent situation, and cannot withdraw, what is to become of me? It is horrible to place men in places in which their inclinations and their duty are at variance.'

"With whom do you mean to side? inquired I, jokingly.

Marchangy fixed his eyes on me with an expression which I shall not easily forget.

"'Is it a friend's part,' said he, 'to ask such a question? Is it kind to aggravate the perplexity of my situation? Farewell! I must go and concert with my friends what course it will be advisable to adopt. Adieu! We shall see each other soon.'

He left me. The clock struck ten. Where was I to go? I was like the woman in La Fontaine's fable. My secret was a burthen to me. I made a visit to David the painter, who then lived in the Rue d'Enfer. I found him seated at breakfast with his wife.

David had not heard the news. When I told him what had occurred, he was astounded. He asked me whether he should fly; for he regarded Napoleon's return as an event that threatened his safety.

"'What will become of us?' he exclaimed, in a tone of anguish.

"'You will still be first painter to the court,' replied his wife.

"'And afterwards hanged,' said he.

"Fie!" I exclaimed; "what a terrible presage. Take my advice: get your fine pictures all in readiness to be shewn when the proper time comes."

" ' Oh, Monsieur ! I must act with caution. I shall be suspected, taken and imprisoned. The safest course for me, will be to see nobody.'

I could not help feeling surprised at his want of spirit.

" Is it possible," thought I, " that this man was a revolutionist ? What strange sort of fever was it which infused so much courage into those who really had none ?"

As I was passing through the Rue de l'Odéon, I met M. de Marigné, who filled some post in the University. He came up to me, and, seizing me by the button-hole, said—

" ' Oh, Monsieur ! Have you heard the news ? Bonaparte has broken from his banishment, and has returned to France. The traitor ! But I trust he will be taken, and hanged.'

" Has he got a hundred thousand men with him ?"

" ' Only five or six hundred, possibly less.'

" Oh, in that case, it is very likely he will be hanged. It is the act of a fool, to come with a handful of men to attack a powerful monarch."

I pretended to doubt the news, and begged Marigné not to propagate it ; but he spoke of it openly, wherever he went.

The intelligence excited strong agitation in all quarters where it became known ; and imagination conjured up evils without number. There were, however, many who consoled themselves by reflections such as the following :—

" What have we to dread? What is there so very fearful in a man, who is merely acting the part of a corsair? The handful of troops, who are following him, cannot make a stand against a regular army. A single well disciplined corps would disarm and make them prisoners; and to shoot them on the spot would be at once an act of prudence and justice, and would operate as a lesson for the future. What signifies multiplying measures of resistance? The King has only to speak a word, and all is decided. If the traitor has not been seized in the gulf of Juan, no matter; he will be arrested at Digne or at Vizille:—and if, in defiance of all probability, he should succeed in getting as far as Grenoble, he will certainly never enter the town."

Consolation of this sort was mutually offered, and received at the Tuileries; but a different feeling prevailed in other places. I called on Count de B——. He received me, compass in hand; a map of France was spread on the table before him.

" ' See!' said he, ' this is the Emperor's route. I have been making out his itinerary. He will sleep at the Tuileries on the 22nd of this month, at latest.

" But the obstacles?"

" ' There will be none. We are all agreed.'

" And the royalists?"

" ' They have never successfully resisted a

serious attack I have ordered my *valet de chambre* to brush up my costume, and I shall be in readiness to receive the Emperor. Follow my example.'

" Oh,' observed I, ' I have had the start of you. The fact is, that when I saw how matters were going on, at court, at the end of last year, I sent to the country for my auditor's robes. I have them all in readiness.

" ' Really, Europe seems to be turned upside down. The magnitude of the enterprise so dazzles us, that we cannot foresee its results.'

That same evening, I went to the *Comédie Française*. The performances were *Les Templiers*, and *Le Mercure galant*. I perceived Talma in his box, and went to him. He received me with a cordial embrace, whilst he repeated the following lines from Esther :—

> Il fut des juifs, il fut une insolente race ;
> Un seul osa d'Aman affronter le courroux :
> Aussitôt de la terre ils disparurent tous.

Behind the scenes, I was witness to a sharp altercation between two charming actresses, the one a Bonapartist, Mademoiselle M———, the other a Royalist, Mademoiselle B———.

" ' The tyrant !' exclaimed the latter. ' Did he not prevent the Emperor Alexander from coming to see me when he was in Paris ?'

" What of that, Madam ?" observed I. ' Surely

that was not half so bad as if he had refused to dance with you!"

Mademoiselle B—— recollected the remark made by Lauzun to Madame de Sévigné. She smiled, good humour was restored, and the quarrel between the two ladies was at an end.

I returned home about eleven o'clock. I found my table covered with letters and billets from various friends, all relating to the great event. It was amusing to observe the indecision which pervaded some of them. In more than one instance, I could see fidelity wavering. Great anxiety was expressed to know what the *Moniteur* would say next day. Next day came, and the *Moniteur* was silent. In common with all the other journals, it contained only the following announcement:—

"Monsieur departed this morning at five o'clock for Lyons. It is said that Monseigneur the Duke de Berri, and Monseigneur the Duke of Orleans, will set off to-morrow; the former for Besançon, the latter for Lyons. The health of the King continues to improve. His Majesty presided at the council."

Nothing direct was said on the subject, which, from the very first instant, ought to have been circulated throughout the whole kingdom. Thus was kept up that absurd and criminal system of deception, the inutility of which is daily acknowledged, though it is nevertheless perpetuated.

But the intelligence which the government so

cautiously concealed was promulgated throughout Paris by the hundred mouths of fame. On the Tuesday morning, it was known that Napoleon had broken his exile, *rompu son ban*, to use the royalist phrase, and that he was advancing, by forced marches, through the kingdom. He is arrested, said one. He triumphs, said another. He is deserted by his troops—whole regiments are joining him. He is pursued by the armed peasantry. In every village through which he passes, he is greeted by the title of Prince and Liberator. Beaten, deserted, and pursued, he is seeking refuge in the Alps. Victorious, without a battle, he is about to enter Grenoble; and Dauphiné has hoisted the tri-coloured flag.

These contradictory reports were circulated, according to the diversity of places, persons, opinions, and interests. The streets were thronged with groups of people, all engaged in animated conversation. Some gave utterance to feelings of hatred and distrust. Reproaches and disputes ensued, and the hostile parties mutually charged each other with being the cause of Bonaparte's return.

But this feeling was not confined to the streets. It pervaded the saloons, and even the court itself was roused from its habitual quiescence. Certain courtiers, too, began to be less lavish of their flattery, and, ere long, servility was superseded by arrogant ingratitude.

A strange *coup-de-théâtre* took place in the Tuileries on the morning on which the Lyons telegraph announced the landing of Napoleon. I was informed, on unquestionable authority, that M. de Blacas evinced unreserved satisfaction. The King covered his face with his hands, and listened despondingly to the feeble consolation offered by the Abbé de Montesquiou and the Prince de Poix; but his Majesty saw clearly the extent of the disaster.

"The revolution," said he, "has recommenced. What blindness has brought us to this? I was counselled to slumber, and I have slumbered, like Pliny the elder, over a volcano, which will destroy me, as Vesuvius destroyed the Roman."

Count de Blacas tried to speak lightly of the event.

"My dear Count," said the King, "you are a clever man; but I was sadly deceived when I measured the extent of your talent by that of your devotedness."

The King made another mistake when he conceived distrust of the minister of the war department. Marshal Soult had rallied round the new monarchy, and was a sincere royalist. Envious mediocrity, however, represented him as a partisan of Napoleon, and as a participator in the conspiracy. Influenced by these false charges, the King dispensed with the services of the Marshal, and thus relinquished his last prop of safety.

On the fatal day, Marshal Soult waited on the

King, and informed his Majesty that he had taken the necessary measures for surrounding Napoleon and his force. But experienced generals were wanting, and the Marshal did not conceal that the troops were dissatisfied at seeing important commands entrusted to unskilful courtiers. These observations were cited against the Marshal as proofs of his treachery. It was, consequently, determined that the Duke d'Angoulême should take the command of the army in the south, having under him Count Damas-Crux for active service, and Baron de Vitrolles for the commissariat. Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans were to have the supreme command in the east, with the Duke de Treviso under them. The Duke de Bourbon departed for the west (Brittany), and the Duke de Berry was kept, as it were, in the back-ground. This was another serious error; it looked like a depreciation of the merits of a prince who was, in reality, the pivot of the monarchy, and on whom rested the hopes of all the friends of royalty.

The Count de Damas-Crux, was a man of devoted loyalty: he was capable of dying for his King; but incapable of serving him. The Count was distinguished by virtue, piety, chivalrous loyalty, courtly manners, disinterestedness, in short, he wanted nothing but talent, that quality so indispensable for success in all great enterprises. "Let them give me what appointment they

please," said he, " I will lay down my life for my sovereign ;" but he ought to have said : " Let them appoint others, who can be more useful."

The Baron de Vitrolles possessed energy and spirit ; but he, like many others, was intent on gaining the end, without considering the efficiency of the means. He might have been useful, had he been capable of rising to a level with the exigency of affairs. But he was narrow-minded and suspicious ; and got entangled in his own nets. In his attempt to take a giant's stride, he fell prostrate.

As to the Duke de Bourbon, he was devoid of every requisite qualification. He passed his time between the sports of the field and the society of his mistresses ; and never dreamed of such a thing as glory. He undertook to raise ten departments, without ever alighting from his travelling carriage : the traditions of the conqueror of Lens, Rocroi, Fribourg and Senef were lost to him. His Highness experienced the shame and sorrow of receiving a passport, signed by a colonel of gendarmerie, accompanied by a request that he would quit the kingdom : and this was before he had succeeded in effecting that which the intrepid and immortal La Rochejacquelin accomplished on the day after his departure.

On the other hand, was Monseigneur a fit person to be set to oppose Napoleon ? The merits

of that Prince, though of a nature to shed lustre on domestic and civil life, were by no means calculated to distinguish him on the field of battle. The course of his education, whilst it deprived him of the wish to earn glory, afforded him no opportunity of developing military talent, and of acquiring military experience. He had been taught to be distrustful of his own abilities; and his excessive modesty, his exalted piety, withheld from him that confidence in his own judgment, which is an indispensable virtue in Princes.

It was, therefore, *maladroit*, perhaps designedly malignant, to oppose the Duke d'Angoulême to the active military genius of Napoleon. His place should have been filled by the Duke of Orleans. Policy should have dictated that appointment, had it been only for the sake of making the last named Prince win his spurs in the royal cause.

The Duke of Orleans had fought for the Republic. Loaded as he was with favours by Louis XVIII, he must have been eager to prove his gratitude. No better opportunity could have presented itself.

The presence of the Duke of Orleans alone would have sufficed at Lyons. There he could have injured no one. But, to send him as second to another, was to place him in a false position, and could not fail to be injurious to the Duke d'Angoulême. They must have reciprocally in-

terfered with each other; and never was there a more perfect verification of those two droll lines of Scarron :—

> Deux soleils renfermés dans un lieu trop étroit
> Rendent trop excessif le contraire du froid.

Besides, was it wise to expose the Duke d'Angoulême to the risk of a rout or a retreat? A Prince, in his position, should march to certain victory. The whole arrangement was dictated by the fatal ignorance of M. de Blacas.

What was the consequence? That the Duke d'Angoulême did what Alexander, Cæsar or Charlemagne would have done in his place. A single general cannot defeat an army. He who was to have seconded the Prince, passed over to the enemy before his eyes. The cowardice of some, the incapacity of others, and the treason of the greater number, afforded the Duke no opportunity of attempting resistance. He departed from Lyons very shortly after he entered it.

" I was uneasy," said Napoleon to Count Regnauld, " when I learned that Monseigneur was sent to oppose me. But I was re-assured when I heard the names of his two acolytes. Each had a deep interest in preventing him from doing anything without his assistance. They will soon separate, thought I, and the Duke will accomplish nothing. I guessed right. Besides," pursued the Emperor, " what could the Duke have done with-

out an army? That on which he counted, had already come over to me. He should have had at his command an army of emigrants, Swiss, nobles, and fanatics. Had that been the case, I will not say what might have ensued. But battalions are not to be mustered in four-and-twenty hours. The Duke of Orleans, entrusted with the sole command, might have embarrassed me for a time; but, being second to another, he aided my cause."

M. de Vitrolles, when about to depart to join the Duke d'Augoulême at Toulouse, advised the King to leave Paris, and journey in the direction of the Pyrennees.

"That would be a singular proceeding," replied his Majesty. "How Sir! would you have me begin by the end? I hope you will give better counsel to my nephew. As to me, I will dispute the ground inch by inch."

The King would have done as he said; but, in 1815, he was surrounded by the alarmists who ruined the monarchy in 1789. The terror of others was attributed to the King; whilst his Majesty was the only person who gave proof of courage.

As soon as the intelligence of Napoleon's landing was known in Paris, anarchy prevailed in the Tuileries; and in the different ministerial offices all occupation was suspended. A crowd of persons, male and female, and of various ranks, were seen hurrying up and down the staircases of the palace.

Amidst the din and uproar, were heard exclamations of anger, despair, and vengeance, supplications and menaces. Women were fainting and weeping; men were uttering imprecations. In short, it would be vain to attempt a description of the various passions and feelings observable in the Tuileries, in the gardens, at the Carrousel, in the streets, or on the quays, from the moment of the first receipt of the intelligence till the 20th of March.

Thousands of contradictory reports were in circulation. Every one had his authentic source, his private letter, his influential friend: no one knew what to believe. The mass of the people, who to appearance were royalists, spoke confidently of the triumph of the Bourbons and the rout of Bonaparte. The mob, always brutal and violent, attacked several individuals who cried '*Vive Napoléon!*' I saw even women and girls striking people with their umbrellas.

Count de Barruel Beauvert was inconsiderately the cause of a man's death. He was crossing the court of the Tuileries, when the man, who was a person of very respectable appearance, asked him what was the latest news?

"His Royal Highness, the Count d'Artois," answered the Count, "has killed the monster with his own hand at the battle of Marais Bourgoin."

The man burst out laughing. The Count applied to him some offensive language, called him

an emissary of Napoleon, and thrust him aside. In a moment canes, umbrellas, and even knives, were raised against the man. In self-defence, he struck at his assailants, and gave one of them a severe wound in the forehead. The rest attacked him furiously. He fell to the ground, and, when raised up, was discovered to be a corpse.

CHAPTER VII.

Bourrienne and his Memoirs—Atrocious falsehood of that publication—Visit to Prince Cambacérès—A conversation between Cambacérès and Fouché—Anecdote of Robespierre—General Quesnel—Journal des Débats—Napoleon's landing announced to the people of Paris—Joke on a serious subject—Marshal Ney—His character—Napoleon and the iron cage—The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême at Bordeaux—The provisional government at Toulouse—Letter addressed by Prince Cambacérès to the King—Conversation between Carnot and Cambacérès.

At that moment, it was thought that any weapon might be serviceable; and Bourrienne presented himself. The hatred he bore to Napoleon served him as a passport. He was made prefect of the police, a post which had been vacated by the excellent M. d'André. It is pitiable to reflect on the importance which, in furtherance of a mere mercantile speculation, has been conferred on this treacherous and ungrateful assailant of Napoleon. One of the vilest publications that ever issued from the press is that which bears the title of Bourienne's

Memoirs. That mass of falsehood, is the united production of various fabricators, one of whom has penned a volume, another a chapter, a third a few pages, a fourth an anecdote, etc. In that heterogeneous compilation, the contingent furnished by the pretended author is limited solely to the effusions of his paltry envy, malice, and revenge. He has unsparingly poured his venom on his friend and benefactor, and slandered Josephine and Hortense; in short, Bourrienne seems never to have taken up his pen, except for the purpose of enditing falsehood and calumny.

Bourrienne was dismissed from Bonaparte's service, and it is well known for what reason. The cause of the second disgrace of this modern Verres is equally well known; and when we find him asserting in his pretended Memoirs that he gave a sharp retort to Bonaparte, and that in the presence of witnesses, we throw aside the book, and exclaim with Pascal—*Mentiris impudentissime!*

This man—this Bourrienne, was made prefect of the police; but he had not time to do any material harm. However, such mischief as he could do was not neglected. Instead of inspiring confidence in the inhabitants of Paris, the measures he took were calculated to augment their alarm. He compromised the dignity of the government by suffering it to be assailed by placards; and, but for the exertions of the national guard, the streets of Paris

would have been thronged with robbers and murderers. The police pursued the Bonapartists, but suffered incendiaries and felons to escape with impunity.

On the 7th of March, I made a visit to Prince Cambacérès. He was very low-spirited, and appeared indisposed. He had several friends with him. As soon as I entered, the indispensable question was addressed to me :

" What is the news ?"

" The Duke of Otranto," I replied, " is in Paris, and at the Tuileries."

The company stared one at another, and the Prince, turning to Count Dubois, said :

" This is what I told you."

" Is it possible it can be true ?" said Count Dubois.

" The person who told me," said I, " is in general very well informed, and he is not in the habit of repeating idle reports."

" Did your hear who saw the Duke of Otranto ?"

" I understood it was Monsieur."

At these words, there was a general exclamation of incredulity. No one would believe the report, and yet it was perfectly true.

" Yesterday," said Prince Cambacérès, " Fouché called on me ; he was perfectly furious.

" ' This man,' said he, (alluding to Napoleon) ' is insane ! What does he mean by coming here ?

Affairs would have gone on well by and bye, and here we are plunged again into chaos.'

"Very well, replied I, but, if you are so vexed at his return, why have you been corresponding with him?"

"'Mon Dieu! he wrote to me, and I answered his letter. He expressed an inclination to return, and I politely informed him that his friends would be happy to see him.'

"Was that all?"

"'All, I assure you. Do you imagine I would intrigue? Those who think so, do not know me. I dig my garden, and I find that more amusing.'

These last words put me quite out of patience. Do you think, said I, that I do not know your manœuvres? You have been the prime mover in this affair.

"Fouché burst into a fit of laughter. 'Come, come,' said he, 'don't be angry. The Bourbons are imbecile and ungrateful. I have rendered immense services to the King, and he has never acknowledged them. I was not reluctant to help him into this difficulty; let us see how he will help himself out of it!'

"And what do you intend to do yourself?"

"'Nothing; I don't see what I can do. Yet I will endeavour to serve Bonaparte, for he is our last resource.'

"These, gentlemen, were his very words; and now my friend there (pointing to me) informs us

that the Duke of Otranto has been at the Tuileries."

I bowed; I was certain of the fact. The Prince thus continued:

"I defy any one in the world to know precisely what Fouché is doing. I remember, that a few days before the 9th Thermidor, I was not a little surprised at receiving a visit from Robespierre. I was not intimate with him. I showed myself but little in public. I had given up speaking in the Convention; and, with the exception of some occasional duties which I was required to discharge, I had ceased to play my part. My reserve was, I confess, dictated by a mingled feeling of fear and prudence. I imagined that, by not showing myself, I should be forgotten. Consequently, I was alarmed as well as surprised when I received a visit from my incorruptible and virtuous colleague.

"In spite of his tiger-like countenance, and well-known atrocity of character, Robespierre's elegant exterior could not fail to produce a favourable impression. He was always neatly and fashionably dressed; his waistcoats were usually blue, pink, or white, lightly embroidered in gold, silver, or silk, and his cravats and linen were always exquisitely fine and white. Who would have believed that this elegant envelope concealed so many odious qualities? But though Robespierre really inspired me with disgust and horror, yet I deemed it prudent to disguise

those feelings. After we had interchanged the ordinary greetings, Robespierre said :

" ' My friend, how is this ? I never see you now. Have I offended you ? I know certain persons who are always endeavouring to breed mischief between me and my colleagues. But, tell me, what is the misunderstanding between Fouché and you ?'

" I know not."

" ' He told me just now that you were very unfriendly to him.'

" That he should be unfriendly to me is possible enough. As to me, I neither like him nor dislike him."

" ' He is a conspirator—a traitor,' pursued Robespierre, angrily. ' Whenever he calls on me, it is for the purpose of denouncing some of my colleagues. If I were to believe him, they all seek my life.'

" On hearing this, I was not without some degree of alarm. I expressed my indignation at Fouché's baseness. Robespierre thus continued :—

" ' I know very well that it is untrue. You are prudent men, not turbulent, not ambitious : good republicans at heart, though too moderate. But, we all have our peculiar characters ; we cannot all possess an equal degree of energy. I can see Fouché's object. He wants to embroil me with every body, so that I may stand alone and unsupported. That shall not be. I have, therefore, come

to seek an explanation of you. I want to know in whose cause Fouché is conspiring.'

"I really cannot inform you," replied I, "only I would thank him not to mix me up in his schemes.

"'Let him do what he pleases. Do not emerge from your retirement, and you will find yourself perfectly safe. Allow a few weeks to pass over; they will be marked by trouble, I am aware; but, at the expiration of that period, order will be restored in France, and the republic, now so disturbed, will be tranquil, because a wise and vigorous government will be at its head.'

"Robespierre left me, without any further explanation; but it was not difficult to guess that he wished to place himself at the head of the wise and vigorous government. This was the earnest desire of his heart; yet he wanted the courage necessary to grasp the power for which he so eagerly thirsted.

"The first time he mounted the tribune after the visit above described, Robespierre made an attack on Fouché. The latter, thinking himself ruined, promptly joined the authors of the 9th Thermidor. A day or two after Robespierre's visit to me, I met him in the garden of the Luxembourg. I walked up to him and taxed him with his base conduct. He laughed, and replied, that they who wished to make an omelette, must break some eggs. On a subsequent occasion, I took my revenge. Fouché, when accused and put under arrest, in

August 1794, owed his life to the amnesty which terminated the existence of the Convention. You know the rest of his history."

When it was known that Napoleon had left the Isle of Elba, and that the spirit of insurrection had been roused, in his name, in various parts of France, it was thought proper to revive certain accusations which had been brought against the partisans of the Ex-Emperor, in connection with the death of an obscure general, whose body was found in the Seine about the end of 1814. The murder of General Quesnel engrossed the attention of the police, and excited a considerable sensation in the public mind. The affair was enveloped in mystery, and, when the return of Napoleon became known, his partisans were accused of putting General Quesnel out of the way, because they suspected his fidelity. A thousand absurd tales were circulated on the subject.

The government, though informed of Napoleon's landing on the Sunday, kept the intelligence secret until the 8th of March. On that day, all the journals were simultaneously filled with reports, most of them false, but almost all favourable to the existing authority. The Journal des Débats, which has been a furious organ of royalist sentiments since 1814, announced the great event in the following terms :—

"Bonaparte has escaped from the Isle of Elba, where the imprudent magnanimity of the allies

granted him a sovereignty, as a reward for the calamities he had so often brought upon their states. At the the head of a few hundred Italians and Poles, he has presumed to return to a land whence he had been irrevocably banished. Let him die the death of traitors! The soil of France, which cast him off, and to which he has dared to return, must now be his grave."

The remainder of the article was in the same tone; but it was curious to observe how that tone changed on the succeeding days, as the danger increased. In reference to this gradual change, the following satire was published in one of the papers:—

"The monster has left the Isle of Elba; the brigand has landed at Cannes; the usurper has entered Grenoble; the Corsican has received the authorities at Lyons; Bonaparte's army has been reinforced by that of Marshal Ney; the redoubtable rival of the Bourbons has reached Fontainebleau, and has entered that very chamber in which he signed his abdication; His Imperial Majesty will sleep this evening at the Tuileries."

This was the sort of gradation observed by many. It was now requisite to resort to other measures, besides convoking the chambers, issuing proclamations, publishing consolatory assurances, and addressing compliments to the army: it was indispensably necessary to take up arms. The question was, to whom was the command of the army

to be given? No Prince of the royal family was popular with the military. It was, therefore, necessary to select one of the marshals. There were many of incorruptible honour, and high talent. The choice fell on one of whom it has been remarked that he was an eagle on the field of battle, and a goose everywhere else.

Marshal Ney, Prince of the Moskowa, and Duke of Elchingen, had performed prodigies of valour in every campaign in which he had had the opportunity of distinguishing himself. This hero, so beloved by the army, was one of those thunderbolts which made Europe tremble. At the time of Bonaparte's return from Elba, he was slumbering on his laurels, but his was the slumber of discontent.

Ney, in private life, was a very different man from Ney on the field of battle. In his intercourse with society, he was trifling, feeble, and narrow minded. Women were his companions, and he was the very humble slave of his wife. He was never able to raise himself to the level of his new sphere, in which he always seemed to feel as if he were misplaced. Pride, which in him would have been perfectly natural, was transformed into a sort of petty and vulgar vanity. He was vexed at the little importance which the court attached to his services; and he flew into a furious passion when his wife returned from the Tuileries and informed

him that Madame Royale had not addressed a word to her.

Michel Ney thirsted for royal favour, and he made many low bows to win it. He was by turns servile and dissatisfied. One day, he would swear by Saint Louis, and the next he would listen to the schemes of an imbecile conspirator.

Amidst the inconsistencies and wavering by which Marshal Ney compromised his fame, he was not conscious how petty he appeared at the Tuileries, and how great he would have been had he kept himself aloof. Whilst his imaginary annoyances at court rendered him a prey to chagrin and disappointment, Bonaparte returned. Had Ney possessed any sincerity of feeling, he would have hastened to meet his old friend; had he possessed any sense, he would have feigned illness, or made any other excuse for absenting himself from court. But what did Ney do? He went straight to the Tuileries, and offered his services to the King. He did not receive a decided answer, either of refusal or acceptance. He departed out of humour. A messenger was sent after him, and he came back so speedily, that he was at the Tuileries before the return of the messenger.

The supreme command of the army was offered to him; he accepted it, but expressed a wish to have another interview with the King. The interview was granted, and, on that occasion, Ney promised to bring Napoleon to the Tuileries in an

iron cage:—Napoleon—his Emperor, his General, his benefactor! It is melancholy to think that courtly servility could so far degrade a man endowed with generosity of feeling, and most heroic courage.

His aid-de-camp pointed out to him the error he had committed; and he already repented of his indiscreet words. They were a weight on his conscience, and, from some remarks which fell from him, it was evident that he was already prepared to turn *volte face*. He departed to assemble the army; but when, in the midst of his troops, he found himself, as it were, alone—generals, officers, sub-officers, and private soldiers—all forsook him. They were ashamed both of Ney, and of his iron cage, and they idolized Napoleon. Ney was then seized with remorse; his old sentiments took possession of him; in short, he violated his word, and forfeited his honour. But, after all, it may be asked, is it just to tarnish the glory of that great captain by an odious charge of treason? Could he alone control the army? Would it not have deserted him? This is more than probable. Had Ney not thrust himself forward, his loyalty would have remained unsullied.

I may safely affirm that no one, more than myself, admired his courage or deplored his death; but, unless we totally pervert the meaning of words, we cannot characterize his conduct by any other epithet, than that which is usually

applied to the man who breaks his oath. Undoubtedly, Ney was guilty:—every line which his partisans have written against Dumouriez, Pichegru and Bourmont, may be applied to him. No one forced him to accept the command from the King; he promised of his own free accord, to fight in the King's cause, and to bring Bonaparte to the Tuileries in an iron cage. Yet, after this, he himself led his army to Bonaparte. Had I been Ney's judge, I should have decided as the peers did; but, had I been King of France, I would not have stained my reign with the blood of the hero. There are circumstances in which rigid justice is worse than injustice; in the case of Ney, we may appropriately apply the words of Prince Talleyrand—"*C'est pis qu'un crime, c'est une faute.*"

When it was understood in Paris that Ney was to command the army opposed to Bonaparte, public opinion was divided, respecting the chances in favour of each of the able generals, thus arrayed against one another. The friends of the Bourbons did not despair of the success of the royal cause; and they enjoyed a brief interval of respite.

The city of Bordeaux had been the first to proclaim the return of the Bourbons in March 1814; and, in the following year, the inhabitants invited the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême to grace by their presence the fêtes with which

they proposed to celebrate the anniversary of the restoration of royalty.

The Duke and Duchess accepted the invitation; but they had no sooner arrived in Bordeaux, than they learned that Bonaparte had entered Provence. The fêtes were, of course, suspended. The Duke immediately repaired to Toulouse, where he established a central provisional government. I have already mentioned that he had under him, the Count de Damas Crux, and the Baron de Vitrolles. Madame Royale remained at Bordeaux, where, following the example of Maria Theresa, she repressed rebellion, and inspired fortitude by her heroic courage.

As soon as Prince Cambacérès heard the fatal news, he wrote a letter to the King, and requested his Majesty to dispose of him in any way he might think fit. No one I presume will venture to deny this fact. The letter exists, and is preserved among the archives of the crown. The Prince expressed his grief and inquietude, his attachment to his country, and his aversion of plots, conspiracies, and intrigues. He disavowed all participation in the event which agitated the kingdom, and implored the King not to doubt his loyalty, and good faith. From beginning to end of this letter, the Prince employed not one word of hostility or disrespect to his old colleague, his former sovereign.

How different was the style in which Fouché

wrote on the same occasion! He did not scruple to apply, in his letter, the language of insult to Napoleon. Carnot, I believe I have already mentioned, was not on very intimate terms with Cambacérès. After the publication of Carnot's Memorial, they had ceased to see each other, though no enmity existed between them. Prince Cambacérès was a hearty and sincere partisan of monarchy; the ex-director would have been a republican, had not circumstances constrained him to follow an opposite career.

Soon after Napoleon's arrival became known, he called on Cambacérès.

"Ah! said the Prince, I expected to see you."

"I am anxious to have a little conversation with you, said Carnot." What do you think will be the result of all this?"

"I don't know. The Bourbons may have a chance for five days to come; but if, by the 10th, or the 12th, at latest, Bonaparte is not beaten: if he should enter Lyons, if he should only take possession of Grenoble, the Bourbons are lost. What is your opinion?"

"Their faithful adherents are devoid of genius and energy; the truth is, that among their friends there are no men of talent. The mass of the people are unjust, and do not appreciate them. Bonaparte has thrown dust in the eyes of the military and the populace. Their attachment to

him is like that which a lover bears to his mistress. It is a sort of idolatry."

"General," said Cambacérès, "what do you mean to do?"

"I shall serve Bonaparte. Between me and the Bourbons an implacable war must henceforth exist. I have declared it, and I will maintain it. However, Bonaparte must be held in check. He must not be allowed to recommence the system of the Empire."

"I do not rightly understand you."

"I will explain my meaning. Napoleon wrought only for himself. His tyranny was oppressive. He was ruined by his flatterers. Cannot you, and I, and some other well disposed men, combine to wean him from his old errors, persuade him to support constitutional monarchy, and, above all, prevent him from yielding to the influence of his two eternal enemies, Fouché, and Talleyrand? I am firmly convinced that they have both been negotiating with him; and, when he returns, he will again give them his confidence."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the Prince, "he might as well commit suicide.'

"I would lay a good wager that he will do as I have said."

"Then, you would lose your wager. You are not aware that Fouché has offered himself to the Bourbons?"

"'What signifies that? He is always nego-

tiating and intriguing with some one or other. How many times has he attacked me; — but I have always dismissed him with these words, *Vade retro, Satanas.* How often has he endeavoured to take you by surprise?"

" Five or six times, at least.'

" Without counting those occasions when you did not perceive him amidst the springs which he set in motion. I think I can guess, with tolerable accuracy, every movement that he proposes to make. He will address himself to you, to me, to the Bonapartists, to the republicans, to the Count de Blacas, to the King in person, to Monsieur, to the Duke d'Angoulême, to England, to Russia, to Austria, to the Congress,—in short, to my dog, if he could suspect the poor animal of having any influence. But you must understand, he will first of all commence with Napoleon. Let us, then, thwart his schemes, by pointing out to Bonaparte the mischief:—let us impress upon him the necessity of satisfying the nation. Above all, let us prevent him from throwing himself into the hands of the chamberlains, or into the fangs of that demon incarnate—Fouché."

" You may be right, replied Cambacérès, mournfully; but I cannot run after Bonaparte. I shall keep in the back ground, and suffer myself to be forgotten. If I were to present myself to Napoleon, on his arrival, my conduct would be attributed to mean and selfish motives.'

"Whether you present yourself to Bonaparte or not, you will be equally an object of suspicion to the sovereigns. Do not torment yourself about what will be said; look to your own interests, and those of France; never mind anything else."

"I have promised the King not to move."

"Necessity has no law."

"I have laid down for myself a line of conduct from which I cannot swerve."

"It is all very well to say that; but do you imagine that when Napoleon is once at the Tuileries, he will not command,—nay, compel you to present yourself?"

"I shall not care for that; if it be made known that my presence there is the effect of compulsion."

"Only one fact will be remembered hereafter; and that is, that you did present yourself. All the rest will be regarded as a mere farce."

Prince Cambacérès traced out a course for himself, and did not deviate from it. He did as he had said he would do; but everything happened as Carnot predicted. His integrity was suspected, and consequently he felt annoyed and uneasy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Count de Gregoire—His fidelity to his old republican principles—Sitting of the Chambers of Deputies on the 16th of March—Details hitherto unpublished—The Prince de Condé—The Duke of Orleans—The King's Speech—The Duke of Orleans swearing to maintain the Charter—The King made acquainted with the treason of Marshal Ney—Fouché's intrigues—Bourrienne—The Arch-Chancellor and General Le Pic—Conversation with Prince Cambacérès—He complains to the King of Bourrienne—The Duchess de Saint-Leu—Visit to a Bonapartist lady—Fragment of an unpublished letter of Napoleon—Vision seen in the palace of the Tuileries—The White Lady of Berlin—Louis XVIII convinced of the necessity of quitting the Tuileries—His angry apostrophe to his ministers—Indecision respecting the route to be taken by the King—Paris on the night of the 19th March.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance called on Count Gregoire on the 11th or 12th of March. He found him just after he had said his mass, at an altar erected within his house. The gentleman observed that the situation of affairs having become critical, it was deemed prudent that all well-disposed, influential, and clever men, should unite together.

"Unite together!" said Count Gregoire. "And for what purpose? To offer themselves as auxiliaries to the King? He will not accept us. The royal family is, in its essence, antipathetic to the revolution. They hold in abhorrence all that has risen from the Revolution, and they would not even owe their safety to us."

"But," replied the person to whom these words were addressed, "we are not to look merely to the Bourbons. Bonaparte has already good chances; if they should augment, he will become important. Then the people will rally round him, and a nucleus of men, distinguished since 1789, will keep him in awe. He will think himself too happy, if he gain their support; and it will be easy to impose on him conditions which may be converted into concessions useful to the country."

"That," said the old Count, shaking his head, "does not appear to me very reasonable. Those who have not had enough of Bonaparte must be fond of tyranny indeed. As to me, I will have nothing to do with him. He is not to be trusted. He will be lavish of his promises: but I want to see promises fulfilled."

Gregoire, nevertheless, seemed curious to know the individuals who, it was proposed, should unite together. The gentleman who had called on him, at the request of Carnot, gave him a list of names. Count Gregoire listened attentively whilst the names were read, and then he said:

With the exception of two or three names, which ought to be erased, the list is very good. I would not hesitate to add my name, if instead of merely having for its object to change the Bourbons for Bonaparte, this union were formed for the purpose of enlightening the people, and presenting to them provisional candidates, destined to direct the councils and arrange the governmental machine."

"But, Count, that would be a republic. Have you not had enough of that?"

"Abuses prove nothing. Because we have made a bad experiment, ought we to conclude that the thing itself is bad? That would be unjust. At that time, we were governed by rogues; let us now try honest men."

The person, who was sent on this mission to the Count, saw that the veteran of the Revolution had not awoke from his utopian dreams. Not wishing to prolong the discussion, he took leave of the Count, observing that his refusal to connect himself with a monarchical government, rendered any union with him impossible.

"You do not precisely understand me," said Count Gregoire. 'I do not absolutely insist on a republic. I merely wish to see whether that form of government might not be made the foundation of a beautiful and solid edifice.'

"The republic will never be any thing but a stepping stone on which ambitious men will mount to

show themselves conspicuously. Look, for example, at Pétion, Marat, Dumouriez, Robespierre, Barras and Bonaparte."

Count Gregoire reflected for a few moments: then his fine features assumed a solemn expression, and he said:

"Sir, France will have whatever government it may please Heaven to give her. It would be tempting Providence now, when a great convulsion is about to take place, to devise measures for instituting this or that form of government. God will grant us that which he may deem fit for us."

This language looked more like the evasion of a jansenist, than the diplomacy of a statesman. Carnot failed in forming the nucleus which he was so intent on establishing for the purpose of at once opposing Fouché and Bonaparte. His mind was already made up with respect to the Bourbons. He seemed convinced that they never could succeed again in establishing themselves permanently in France.

The gentleman, whom he had sent to sound Count Gregoire, returned to render an account of his mission. Carnot heard it with dissatisfaction; and, stamping his foot on the ground, exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* what are these honest men good for? When the critical moment arrives, instead of availing themselves of it, their inability is such, that they invariably leave the field open to intriguers. What a glorious opportunity now pre-

sents itself! But we shall lose it, whilst the enemies of the country and of mankind will turn it to their own advantage."

It is certain that, from that moment, Carnot became dispirited, and he was one of the first who surrendered himself to Bonaparte.

Through the influence of my friend the Marquis de Fourquevaux, I obtained admittance to the Chamber of Deputies on the 16th of March, the day of the famous royal sitting, which I should have been very sorry not to have witnessed. As I passed along the streets, I could not help observing the manifest dissatisfaction of the troops. The rain poured in torrents, and they were wet to the skin. They amused themselves by crying with all the vigour of their lungs, "*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!* And then they added, in a subdued tone, "*de Rome! de Rome!*" If this was the spirit of the regiments garrisoned in Paris, what was to to be expected of those in other places?

If the aspect of the streets was alarming, the interior of the chamber presented a very different picture. Though I arrived early, I procured one of the last vacant places, so great was the concourse of persons who filled, not only the Tuileries, but the four first rows of benches. To the peers who were seated on the right, and the deputies ranged on the left, just as much space was assigned as was indispensably necessary. The brilliant aspect of the assemblage, and, above all, the mingled feel-

ings of interest and inquietude which pervaded all present, imparted a deeply impressive character to this solemnity.

I remarked one novelty peculiar to the occasion. The throne was hung with draperies of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, white feathers and standards, with *fleurs-de-lis*; and the spaces on either side of the throne were filled with body guards, national guards, and troops of the line; a union which would have been more satisfactory had it taken place on the day when the King of France superseded the Emperor of the French. Governments are not sufficiently alive to the inutility and the mischief of those concessions which are wrested from them by fear: they detract from the dignity of the monarch, and are far from increasing the solidity of the government.

On this occasion, Louis XVIII, owing either to the embarrassing state of affairs, or to indisposition, perhaps to both causes, forgot his maxim:—"punctuality is the politeness of Kings." The sitting, which had been fixed for two o'clock, did not commence till four.

The firing of the cannon of the Invalides, the acclamations of the multitude assembled round the gates of the Palais du Corps Législatif, and the sound of drums and trumpets announced the royal *cortége*. A deputation, composed, according to custom, of twenty peers and twenty deputies, immediately proceeded to the outer gate of the

palace to receive his Majesty. The two folding-doors, communicating with the interior of the chamber, were thrown open, and the troops drawn up in a line, presented arms. All this caused a commotion, which augmented the prevailing anxiety. Suddenly, a loud voice exclaimed, *Le Roi, Messieurs! le Roi!* Silence pervaded the assemblage, and every eye was turned towards the door to watch the entrance of the sovereign on that solemn occasion. First entered the usher of the Chamber of Deputies, the messengers of state, the ushers and inferior officers of the King's chamber, the heralds at arms, pages, equerries, and gentlemen. Then, at some distance, came Monseigneur, the Prince de Condé, that hero of misfortune, more bowed down by grief than by age. His reason sometimes forsook him, and, at the moment when he entered the chamber, he inquired what was the meaning of the ceremony; no one could venture to tell him that the head of his house had come to solicit the aid of his subjects in opposing the man who had taken the life of the Duke d'Enghien.

The Duke of Orleans followed. The studied composure of his air seemed to denote that he expected a catastrophe. After the Duke of Orleans came his Royal Highness the Duke de Berri, who, in his turn, was followed by Monsieur the Duke d'Angoulême.

The Duke de Duras, and the Count de Blacas

supported the King. His Majesty walked slowly. His countenance bore traces of suffering; but his eye was calm, and his forehead was marked by that expression of dignity which never forsook him. The King was greeted with affectionate acclamations, which continued until he had seated himself on the throne. I cannot say whether or not it was an illusion of vision, but the throne appeared to me to shake.

Napoleon remarked, that a throne is merely a few deal planks covered with velvet. It is strange, that in modern times thrones are always temporary; surely, this serves to prove to mankind that they may be dispensed with. If I were a King, I would have my throne constructed of porphyry, of bronze, of silver, or of gold; at least, I would have it so solid, that it should not tremble beneath me, and give rise to sinister presages.

Flourishes of drums and trumpets resounded through the chamber, the ladies waved bunches of lilies and white handkerchiefs, the peers and deputies agitated their elegant white plumes, *à la Henri IV*,—the whole had the appearance of a thick fall of snow; and the effect was unique, and imposing.

His Majesty requested the peers to be seated, and the Chevalier d'Ambray, the Chancellor of France, expressed, on the part of his Majesty, the same request to the deputies. The King seated

himself on his throne. On his right and left were ranged the Dukes d'Angoulême, de Berri, and d'Orléans, and the Prince de Condé.

The King, who had lost none of his noble serenity, and who appeared to be animated by affection for, and confidence in, his people, saluted the assembly, then, putting on his hat, he delivered, in a firm and sonorous voice, the following speech:

"Gentlemen,—At the present moment, when the event which has taken place in one portion of the kingdom, threatens the liberty of all the rest, I come amongst you to rivet those links, which, by uniting you to me, constitute the strength of the state. Addressing myself to you, I shall explain to France the sentiments which animate me.

"I have returned to my country, and I have reconciled France with all the powers of Europe, who will, you may rest assured, be faithful to the treaties which have restored to you the blessings of peace.

"I have laboured for the happiness of my people; I have received, indeed, I am daily receiving, the most touching proofs of their love for me. I cannot, at sixty years of age, close my career in any way more satisfactory than by dying in my country's defence."

When the King uttered this last sentence, which is so forcibly imbued with paternal and heroic

feeling, he was interrupted by exclamations of attachment and devotion addressed to him by the military, and by the enthusiastic and prolonged plaudits of all present. His Majesty, who appeared gratified by these demonstrations of loyalty, placed his hand on his heart, and thus continued:—

" My fears are not for myself; but for France. He who comes among us to kindle the torch of civil war, brings the scourge of foreign war in his train. He comes to place our country under his yoke of iron. He comes to destroy that constitutional charter which I have given you;—that charter which will be my noblest monument of glory in the eyes of posterity;—that charter which all Frenchmen cherish, and which I swear to maintain."

Here the four Princes who were ranged on each side of the throne, extended their hands to the King, and, advancing to him, exclaimed:—

" Sire, we also swear to maintain it."

" Let us rally, gentlemen," resumed the King, " let us rally round that sacred standard. The descendants of Henry IV will take the lead, and they will be followed by the whole French nation.

" Finally, gentlemen, let the concurrence of the two chambers give to the government the necessary power, and this truly national war will prove, by its happy issue, how much may be achieved by a great people, united by love for their sovereign, and attachment to the fundamental law of the state."

These last words excited renewed transports. A sort of agitation pervaded the assemblage, and every one supposed the sitting was concluded, for in France custom forbids subjects to speak after the King has spoken. Consequently, not a little surprise was manifested when Monsieur rose, left his place, and advanced to the King. Silence was restored, as if by enchantment, and we heard the august Prince utter, with considerable emotion, the following words:—

"Sire, I am aware that I am departing from ordinary rules in speaking after Your Majesty; but I beg you will pardon me, and permit me to express, in my own name, and that of my family, how sincerely we share the sentiments which animate Your Majesty."

Monsieur then turned to the assembly, (His Majesty having bowed his head in token of permission) and, raising his voice so as to make himself distinctly heard, he said:—

"Let us swear, upon our honour, to live and die faithful to our King and to the charter which secures the happiness of the French people."

All present simultaneously rose, and emphatically repeated, with the Prince, the oath which he proposed. The King, deeply moved, presented his hand to Monsieur, who kissed it with transport. His Majesty, yielding to his chivalrous sensibility, embraced the Duke d'Angoulême, with

the dignity of a monarch, and the affection of father.

On witnessing this touching spectacle a sudden emotion seized all present, and every eye was suffused with tears. It was not until the moment when the royal cortège prepared to leave the Chamber, that the suspended acclamations were renewed with increased enthusiasm.

This grand and impressive scene, the remembrance of which will never be erased from my mind, and which closed the short era of the first Restoration, took place on the 16th of March. On the morning of the 17th, the war minister entered the King's apartment pale and agitated.

"Sire," said he, "Marshal Ney has treated with Bonaparte."

"I am sorry to hear it, for the sake of the army," replied the King. "The old army can no longer be reproached with the treason of Dumouriez and Pichegru. I am sorry, too, for the sake of France. That man (Ney) will deliver up the country to the exactions of foreigners. Oh, Paris! the Cossacks will once more revisit thee!"

The Duke d'Angoulême entered, and, with tears in his eyes, embraced the King.

"Brother," said His Majesty, "such men as this are a disgrace to human nature."

The Duke of Orleans also came to offer his condolence. He remarked that the ancients used

to erect statues to great criminals in commemoration of their infamy.

" Cousin," said Louis XVIII, " in modern times, when a noble disgraces himself, his escutcheon is broken, and his armorial bearings are scattered to the winds. Heaven avert this misfortune from our family."

" Amen, Sire," replied the Duke of Orleans, and all the court applauded the words of the King, and the acquiescence of the noble Prince.

It was easy to discern, in the proceedings of government, a certain vagueness and indecision which indicated an approaching catastrophe. At the very moment when the King was swearing that he would die upon the throne, the crown diamonds were packed up, and active preparations were making for the departure of the royal family: A certain set of persons, who surrounded the King, continually recommended him to fly ; thus proving themselves to be precisely what they were in 1789, and what their sons were in 1830. The royal cause was far from lost. The King might have made a stand at La Vendée. It was his wish to have proceeded thither, and the Duke d'Angoulême conjured him to do so.

In this interval of anxious uncertainty, the Duke compromised his pride so far as to consent to see Fouché. That artful intriguer did nothing at the Tuileries, except to lay the foundation for that transient power of which he gained possession

three months subsequently. He deceived the Duke d'Angoulême as he deceived Wellington, Talleyrand, and all the sovereigns of Europe.

Meanwhile, Bourrienne, anxious to make himself of importance, endeavoured, during his brief exercise of authority, to effect that object by ordering the arrest of the Duke of Otranto, Prince Cambacérès, Count Regnauld, Carnot, Sebastiani, and I believe several other individuals. Fouché had prepared himself for flight, and therefore easily escaped. Besides, all the police agents were devoted to him. They foresaw that the time was not far distant when the Duke of Otranto would be again at their head. Consequently, so far from manœuvring against him, they exerted themselves, under his directions, for the interests of Napoleon.

Count Regnauld, who had ostensibly retired to the Val, (his country seat) returned to Paris, but not to his own residence. The partisans of the Emperor collected round him. He directed their movements; and, whilst he recommended them to be prudent, he urged them to endeavour to paralyze the efforts of the expiring power. The *dénouement* was hurrying onward. We saw the supporters of the monarchy retreat: whilst the adherents of Napoleon were advancing and installing themselves in office, La Valette was preparing to take possession of the hotel of the director of the post office, and Count de Montalivet

was ready to assume the functions of minister of the interior.

Prince Cambacérès, dissatisfied and dispirited, was a prey to anxiety and apprehension. I one day heard him say to General le Pic, who with absurd affectation, persisted in addressing him by the title of arch-chancellor—

"Really, General, some of you are so very fond of that title, that I am quite willing to resign it in your favour; and, what is more, I promise not to return from the Isle of Elba to deprive you of it."

M. le Pic felt a little mortified, and departed rather out of humour. When he was gone, the Prince, addressing me, said:

"These people are quite intolerable. Because they are themselves haunted by ambition, they think we are so, too. As to myself, I do assure you I am satisfied with having played my part to an end. I have not the least desire to begin again, and all I wish, is to purchase tranquillity at the price of complete seclusion."

He sighed, and then, after a short pause, thus resumed the conversation:—

"I behold with alarm the vortex in which I am again about to plunge. The Emperor wishes to make me his mannekin. He will urge me forward; I shall be the visible power, and I shall consequently be assailed by myriads of petitioners, who will not leave me a moment's rest. It appears to me," continued the Prince, "that a new race of men is

springing up. Napoleon is about to connect himself with the tail of the republic. Those odious men, who slumbered during the Empire, are now rousing themselves into a new existence. They will urge Napoleon to the commission of some acts which will degrade and compromise him."

"Truly, Monseigneur, since your Highness has been the first to broach the subject, I must confess that I see with alarm those groups of furious brawlers, who heretofore were scarcely observed. They talk of the sovereignty of the people, and affirm that Napoleon will re-establish it. And what is that sovereignty, Monseigneur? Is it not pure anarchy?"

"Those are the men," said Prince Cambacérès, "whom Fouché employed in the murders of Lyons, and Provence, and whom Bonaparte, as General, as First Consul, and as Emperor, constrained to hide themselves in their own sanguinary haunts. I cannot imagine what hope deludes them. It is but too certain that they are re-appearing, and that they will overwhelm us."

"The Emperor," said I, "will again banish them."

"Can he do so? Will his situation be the same as it was before his departure? I fear that he will be carried away by absurd ideas; that he will ruin himself or ruin us all, and drive us rapidly back to 1793. Do you know," added the Prince,

"that this very night you had well nigh set out on a perilous journey ?"

"Had your Highness any intention of commanding my services ?"

"Yes; I had some thought of sending you to meet Napoleon, and to convey to him my warning to hold himself on his guard against the fatal impressions he may imbibe, or which will be forced upon him. In short, I wished to request of him not to drag me forward. He need not, for he will find plenty willing and able to serve him."

"But, Monseigneur, it appears to me that neither France nor Europe would be willing to see you superseded. Your integrity, your judgment, your experience, are universally known and acknowledged. The people will be gratified to see you near the Emperor, because they imagine that the coolness of your reason is a counterbalance to the impetuosity of his genius. He and you are henceforth inseparable."

"But I wish to prove the contrary," said the Prince; "and, if I did not send you on the mission to which I have just hinted, it was first on your wife's account, and next because I feared the Emperor might attribute to ambition a step which would have been dictated solely by my disgust at the intrigues of the world."

We next spoke of the absurd conduct of Bourrienne. The Prince assured me that the King himself had directed that old scribe of Bonaparte's not

to annoy men, who, so far from having offended him, (Bourrienne,) had screened him from the just indignation of his deceived friend.

"You are aware that he wished to have arrested me and several others. I addressed a complaint to His Majesty, who accorded to me a secure safeguard. Such an attempt will not be made again; but still I wish that all this turmoil were at an end."

Some remarks were made on the interesting law process between the Count de Saint-Leu (Louis Bonaparte) and the Duchess his wife (Queen Hortense) concerning the guardianship of their son, which was claimed by both. The case was tried before the civil tribunal of Paris, and just at the time when Bonaparte landed in France, the judgment was given in favour of the Count. The Duchess appealed during the hundred days, and the imperial court decided in her favour.

This lawsuit, which was a source of endless scandal, was alike displeasing to the families of Beauharnais and Bonaparte. It had originated in the mutual dislike of the husband and wife. It was alleged, that the beautiful Queen, in imitation of Hortensia Mancini, went about exclaiming: *Point de Saint-Leu!* as the niece of the Cardinal adopted the cry of the Fronde, and said: *Point de Mazurin!*

On the morning of the 18th of March, an intimate friend of mine received a note from a lady of high rank, begging him to call upon her immediately.

It was then eleven o'clock. My friend obeyed the summons. On reaching the lady's house, he experienced some delay in gaining entrance to it. The gate was strongly barred, and the court-yard was filled with half pay officers, well armed. Cumbrous articles of furniture were placed on the stair cases, with the view of impeding the advance of any one who might attempt a sudden and forcible entrance; and I was assured that horses and cabriolets were constantly kept in readiness for the use of the lady's friends and agents.

"All is going on admirably," said the lady to my friend, as soon as she saw him. "We shall triumph. The Emperor is advancing rapidly. He will sleep this evening at Fontainebleau. He will be delighted to see, assembled round him, the majority of his council of state. You, Sir, have shown so much fidelity, that we may confidently rely on you. Take this list; it contains the names and addresses of those of your colleagues who are now in Paris. Go to them; say what your own feelings dictate. Prevail on them to follow your example, to remember their oaths; and, on his Majesty's return, let them be ready to serve him."

My friend, though not much gratified by a commission which very much resembled an intrigue, nevertheless found himself unable to decline a proposition coming from so high a quarter. He took the list, and, having read it, remarked that it contained some inaccuracies. Several of the

persons, whose names were inserted in it, were not in Paris, but in the country; others had connected themselves with the Restoration in a way too decided, to admit of any hope of detaching them; and there were some who, by the effect of the treaty of Paris, no longer belonged to France. The names of all those individuals being erased, the list contained about a hundred, two-thirds of whom might be expected to answer the appeal.

The lady next questioned my friend respecting the feeling which prevailed in Paris, and she asked him whether he was of opinion that the enthusiasts would endeavour to defend the capital foot by foot?

"That would be terrible," said she; "the Emperor will be too happy if he can enter without shedding a drop of blood, without firing a single ball."

"His wish will be fulfilled, Madam. These shouts, these oaths, this military parade, this clamour are like bonfires of straw. As long as the Bourbons are here to fan the flame, it will burn; but let them depart, and it will be speedily extinguished."

"Heaven grant it may be so, Sir! but yet you see how every one is pressing round the throne."

At this moment, a courier entered; he brought a letter from Napoleon, dated Auxerre. His journey from Cannes had been merely a pleasant ride, preceded, surrounded, and followed by the joyous

greetings of the populace. The following are some passages from Napoleon's letter :

" All now depends on Paris. If the Bourbons leave the capital, the revolution will be consummated; if they make a stand, and defend themselves, I shall be wrecked in sight of port; for the victory will be sanguinary. It would be glorious for my cause and gratifying to me, if flowers alone were scattered along my path, and that the tears shed for my return should be tears of joy, not of grief. You see, my friends, that we are all labouring to effect one object; the voluntary retirement of the Bourbons. I will raise up a bridge of gold for them. I authorize you to acquaint the King, that I have given orders that he shall not be molested on his journey, and that he shall pass the frontier without impediment. I would advise him not to take the body guards with him; he cannot retain them, and he will only occasion dissatisfaction. Let him remember the first emigration.

" On my arrival, I should wish to see Montalivet, Defermond, and Lavalette. Let the latter immediately take the direction of the post-office. This is a point of greater importance than is imagined. An enemy at the head of the post-office may disorganize every thing. I expect to find, at the Tuileries, on my return, the Queen of Spain (the consort of King Joseph.) I feel assured that my other sister-in-law will not fail to be there."

The Emperor closed his letter with some remarks upon his health, and by expressing a hope that the Empress and the King of Rome would be at Saint-Cloud before the 10th of April.

My friend, to whom this letter was read, was overjoyed at its contents, and he felt certain that henceforth nothing could oppose the return of Napoleon.

On that same night (the 18th), several of the inmates of the palace of the Tuileries, asserted, that they heard a great noise in the Salle du Trône, and in the Galerie de la Paix. On proceeding to those apartments, they fancied they perceived, through clouds of dust, figures wearing red caps and coats *à la Jacobine*. These figures were engaged in sweeping the throne and the insignia of royalty. This vision terrified those who beheld it. They raised an alarm, and summoned the guards. But, when the latter arrived, the mysterious figures had vanished, and nothing was visible but thick clouds of dust.

This strange circumstance could not be kept secret. On the following day, it was mentioned to the Abbé de Montesquiou, who said, shrugging his shoulders, "This is like the White Lady of Berlin."

Tradition records, that in the ancient family of Hohenzollern, and especially in the royal branch, whenever any misfortune was about to occur, one or several persons, and almost always near relatives

of the King, see a vision in the form of a female dressed in white, who, with a broom in her hand, is employed in sweeping the apartments. In Berlin, the existence of the White Lady is equivalent to an article of faith.

Louis XVIII was not made aware of his position, as long as it was possible to conceal it from him.

He was still nursed with hope on the morning of the 19th. On that fatal day, the King went in his calèche to hold a review. This ceremony was a mere mockery. The soldiers insulted the infirm and unfortunate monarch by exclaiming, in his hearing, *Vive le Roi de Rome!*

After his Majesty's return to the palace, the Count de Blacas entered, accompanied by two or three of the ministers. The Count, with a very doleful air, informed the King, that it was impossible the royal family could prolong their stay in Paris, for that, next day, the troops of the Corsican would occupy the barrières. He added, that it was desirable his Majesty should avoid the humiliation of owing his safety to the generosity of the conqueror.

The King suffered his feelings to overcome him, and he made a reply at once characterized by want of temper and want of dignity. It has never yet been faithfully rendered; I will, therefore, transcribe his Majesty's words, as communicated to me through a channel of unquestionable authenticity:

"You are all, without exception, fools, and

traitors! Truly, I have done well to be guided by your counsel! If ever I should return, I shall be wise enough to act for myself. Leave me! Begone! Let me be rid of you and your professions of fidelity. The men of the Revolution would have served me a thousand times better!"

Then, turning to an individual who was present, he said, "I should not be situated as I now am, if I had taken, as my minister, Vicomte de Barras, Prince Cambacérès, or even Carnot. Let my brother sovereigns take warning by my fate. Let them not place reliance on words, but only on deeds."

Count de Blacas, and the other ministers, obeyed the commands of his Majesty, and withdrew into an adjoining cabinet. There a scene of mutual recrimination ensued among the ministers, and Count de Blacas was treated with very little ceremony.

I have been informed, by a person thoroughly acquainted with all that happened at the Tuileries, that such was the inconceivable imbecility of the King's counsellors, that the requisite precautions for securing his Majesty's departure on a safe point, were utterly neglected. Some brave and faithful friends of the King urged him to repair to Spain. They suggested that, by passing through the west of France, an attempt might be made to excite a rising in La Vendée. By joining the Dauphiness at Bordeaux, and establishing a government at Toulouse, whilst the hero of the south was at the

head of an army, and still master of Bas-Languedoc and Provence, immense advantages might be gained; and, at all events, the sea and the Pyrenees would offer a safe asylum.

M. de Blacas was fearful, that in those parts his credit might be disputed; and that he would appear very insignificant among those Vendeans, who were such colossal heroes of courage and fidelity. M. de Villèle had already begun to torment him.

Some proposed that the King's route should be by the way of Rouen, and that he should embark at Havre. Lille was finally determined on, under the idea, that that city, having a numerous garrison, and being well stored with ammunition, would form an excellent *point d'appui*. Besides, Lille was the shortest course, and it was desirable to quit France as speedily as possible. Alas! among all who then surrounded the unfortunate King, there was no one who reminded him of the remark addressed by Biron to Henry IV—*Sire, on perd la couronne, quand on sort du royaume.*

Whilst preparations were being made at the Tuileries and at the Palais-Royal for a second departure from France, and a departure infinitely more humiliating than the first,—the streets were illuminated as on a festival day. In spite of the cold and rain, they were filled by crowds of people,

exclaiming, *Vive le Roi*, and venting imprecations on the conqueror.

On the evening of the 19th all was lost to the royal cause. Napoleon's troops had shown themselves at Villejuif, and a bed was prepared for the Emperor at Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning of the 20th of March—The Place du Carrousel—Curious details respecting the King's departure—Alarm of fire at the Tuileries—General Excelmans hoists the tri-coloured flag at the Tuileries—Arrival of Napoleon's grognards—The departure from Elba—Meeting between Napoleon and the Prince de Monaco—Journey from Cannes to Grenoble—The royalist advanced guard—The Emperor's challenge—Heroic scene at Vizille—Eagles and tri-coloured cockades concealed in drums—Napoleon enters Grenoble—Popular enthusiasm—The three Dauphins—Lesbarres, the inn-keeper—The gates of Bonne—Details relating to the entrance into Lyons—The barricades demolished—The imperial Decrees—List of the proscribed—Marshal Ney—Berthier and Rovigo—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

I WENT out at seven o'clock on the morning of the memorable 20th of March. The weather, which had for some time previously been wet, cleared up; and, though cold, the morning was dry and bright. The sun of Napoleon rose again radiantly.

I directed my course to the Place du Carrousel, and there I remained until the arrival of Napoleon, resolved not to lose the most trivial incident of the curious drama which was about to be enacted.

The white flag, which had hitherto waved on the Pavillon de l'Horloge, was no longer visible. It is a curious fact, that a gust of wind blew it down on the preceding night, just at the very moment when the King left the Tuileries. Strange as this coincidence may appear, I have been credibly assured that it actually took place. Thus, with the King, departed the insignia of the monarchy.

The gates of the court of the Tuileries were closed; and the National Guard, stationed within the court, were thus, in some sort, imprisoned. This was a precautionary measure adopted to prevent the pillage of the palace. I learned the following particulars from one of the sentinels. At one o'clock in the morning, two carriages were drawn up close to the vestibule of the grand stair-case. Suddenly, the doors of the *Salle des Maréchaux* were thrown open, and four lackeys carrying wax candles appeared. They were followed by ushers, who were, in their turns, followed by a herald at arms. These, with several of the ministers and courtiers, formed this funeral cortège of royalty.

The Count de Blacas supported his royal master on one side, and the Duke de Duras held the other arm of the King, who was the victim of a severe

attack of the gout, at the moment when circumstances demanded the exercise of his utmost energies.

Next came Monsieur, holding the arm of the Duke de Berri. The Prince of Wagram, too, was there, employed, as usual, in biting his nails. Any one, not aware of his incorrigible habit, would have regarded this as a most indecorous mode of manifesting his painful state of feeling... But biting his nails and making love to Madame Visconti, were almost the only occupations of Berthier's life. That man, who in the year preceding, had been transferred like the furniture of the Tuileries, to the new sovereign, now seemed to ask himself why, as the King was going, he might not as well remain in the palace, for the service of Napoleon, along with the Hartwell table and armchair. What a strange character was Berthier!

The royal party having descended the staircase, in the order above described, the King, Monsieur, Berthier and Blacas entered the carriages which were waiting. The Duke de Berri went on horseback, and the Duke of Orleans was to be met at the barrière. I do not know what was the destination of the venerable and unfortunate Prince de Condé.

The Dowager Duchess of Orleans, who had recently had the misfortune to break her leg, was unable to quit Paris. Napoleon immediately ordered a hundred thousand francs to be paid to her

out of his property, which had been confiscated on his departure from France.

Soon after I arrived at the Place du Carrousel, there gradually collected a vast crowd, composed partly of spectators and partly of actors in the scene. All ranged themselves in the most convenient positions, as if their places had been allotted to them. The mere lookers on, who were for the most part respectably dressed persons, occupied the entrance to the Rue Napoléon, the lower end of the Rue du Musée; and, in short, all those points from whence a retreat could be easily effected, in the event of any disturbance. Among those who appeared to have been attracted solely by curiosity there were many foreigners and English; though most of the English residents in Paris, warned by their experience of the rupture of the peace of Amiens, had suddenly quitted France. They feared that Napoleon would again detain them as hostages.

The mob, that is to say, the lower order of bourgeois, and mechanics, intermingled with a vast number of bad characters, male and female, were planted along close to the railings of the court-yard, and amused themselves with singing, joking and laughing.

All were eager to see Napoleon; and, at the same time, all appeared equally eager to satisfy their appetites at the temporary stalls of the *restaurants*, who had established themselves in the

streets. Venders of *coco*, *vivandières* of the grand army with their casks of *eau-de-vie*, and their groups of beautiful but dirty children, dealers in fried potatoes, and *garçons de café* hurrying here and there with glasses of beer, completed the picture.

In the centre of the Place du Carrousel, round the Arc de Triomphe, numbers of officers, both those on half pay as well as those in active service, were assembling from all quarters of Paris. Almost all were mutually acquainted, and they formed a happy and animated group, awaiting the arrival of their General, their father, their friend, their sovereign. All had seen him, had spoken with him, or had served under his command, and all had some pleasing anecdote to relate of him. What shouts of exultation and promises of fidelity were repeated from mouth to mouth!

About ten o'clock, the Place du Carrousel became very crowded; but still there was sufficient room to move about with ease; especially as the police had prudently ordered the cabriolets, fiacres, diligences, and carts should not drive through the crowded streets. It had been wisely determined that on a day, when so many circumstances might occur to interrupt public tranquillity, the confusion should not be augmented by the movement of public vehicles. From every point which commanded a view of the Tuileries, all eyes were directed towards the Pavillon de l'Horloge where it was momentarily expected that the tri-coloured

flag would supersede the Bourbon standard which had waved there the preceding day.

Suddenly, a column of thick black smoke was observed to rise from the elegant chimneys which surmount the Pavillon de Flore. Wafted by a breeze, this cloud of smoke passed over the whole length of the roof of the château. An alarm was immediately raised, and nothing was heard but cries of "Fire! Fire! The Tuileries are in flames! The palace is blown up!" etc.

I beheld men, women and children, running with inconceivable rapidity from the supposed scene of danger;—flying to the bridges, the quays, the boulevards and the Palais Royal, spreading contradictory reports, and meeting with no one capable of explaining what had really occurred.

A party of the National Guards, who entered and searched the château, speedily discovered the cause of the panic. Some faithful servants of the Royal Family had been left behind for the purpose of destroying an immense quantity of papers, the public disclosure of which would have ruined certain imprudent and unfortunate persons. In burning these papers, the servants had set fire to the chimneys, which had not been swept since the commencement of the winter.

After having stood, for some time, attentively watching these occurrences, I repaired to the Quai de Voltaire. The dead stillness which prevailed along both banks of the Seine was sur-

denly broken by the rapid trot of three horsemen, who were advancing along the quay in the direction of the Pont Royal and the Carrousel. These three horsemen were General Excelmans, his aid-camp, and a chasseur.

The General wore round his waist, in the form of a scarf, a magnificent tri-coloured flag, which had been presented to him by the hands of the beautiful, the elegant, the accomplished, and I may add, the noble-spirited Countess de B—— V——d'Au——. General Excelmans and his companions presented themselves at the gate of the Tuileries, on the side near the river; and, after some interchange of communication, the gate was opened, and they entered. Precisely at twenty two minutes past two o'clock, the acclamations of the populace, and the firing of the cannon of the Invalides announced the re-appearance of the national flag. Those by whom it was triumphantly borne, threw down, from the platform of the Salle des Maréchaux, fragments of old white flags, which the mob caught and bandied from one to another, amidst hisses, laughter, and ironical jests. From that moment, the revolution appeared to be consummated.

At two o'clock, the Duke of Otranto, more bold than the Duke of Rovigo, ventured to instal himself in the hotel of the minister of police; and at four o'clock there arrived by the Barrière du Trône, a detachment of old *grognards*, consisting of two

hundred men, to whom Napoleon had given an express order to take possession of Paris.

Night approached, and the Emperor had not yet appeared. Considerable surprise and consternation were manifested. It was generally known that he had slept at Fontainebleau on the preceding night; and that on the morning of the 20th an estafette despatched by Count de La Valette, had apprized Napoleon of the departure of the Royal Family. A superb carriage ornamented with newly emblazoned coats of arms, and drawn by eight horses had been sent to meet His Majesty. Why then did he not appear? Did he distrust the people of Paris? What mysterious cause could retard him, at the last post of his route? It was never positively known what strange whim caused Napoleon to defer starting from Fontainebleau until three o'clock; but the consequence was, that he did not reach the Triumphal Arch of the Tuileries until eight or nine at night.

After a ball given by Princess Pauline, at Elba, on the 26th of February, Napoleon embarked with a hundred men, to attempt the recovery of his old Empire. He eluded the vigilance of the English, passed the brig commanded by Captain Andrieux, and, on the 1st of March, he landed at Cannes, in the gulf of Juan. Napoleon was accompanied by General Bertrand, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and by Generals Druot and Cambrone.

Immediately on landing, Napoleon detached twenty-five men from his force, and directed them to proceed to Antibes. The officer who commanded that place, instead of giving them a welcome reception, made them prisoners. This was a bad beginning.

At the same time, the Prince de Monaco, once an imperial chamberlain, and who subsequently filled a post in the household of Josephine, had been re-instated by the Congress of Vienna in his humble principality of Monaco. Accompanied by two gendarmes, who had been sent to him by way of a guard of honour, he was proceeding on his way from Frejus to Nice. Having stopped on the road, he found himself unexpectedly, face to face, with his old master. Never was there a more unlucky meeting. The poor Prince, in order to free himself from the degradation attendant on the servile situations he had once held in the imperial household, had presumed to insult the absent lion. The latter had heard of this peccadillo, and might have punished it; but he behaved as if he knew nothing about it.

The Prince de Monaco would fain have taken upon himself the airs of a monarch in the presence of General Bonaparte; but this would have been playing a hazardous game, and he did not venture upon it. On the contrary, he observed the most ceremonious punctilio. The Emperor said to him jestingly:—

" ' Prince, you had better follow me, and resume your old situation at the Tuileries; for, among my generals, there is no one who will make a good chamberlain. They are as rough as bears, and you are so sleek and courtier-like."

" M. de Monaco replied, in the most humble tone imaginable:—

"' I trust your Majesty will pardon me when I inform you that I am hurrying to take possession of my principality of Monaco, and to get crowned at Menton. As soon as that ceremony is ended, I will post back to Paris, and it is possible I may be there as soon as the Emperor.'

" Napoleon laughed, and, after making inquiries respecting several persons in Paris, he let his ex-chamberlain proceed on his journey; and at one o'clock in the morning the bivouac was raised.

The entrance into Cannes recompensed Napoleon for the disappointments he had sustained at Antibes. The inhabitants received him with transport. Similiar enthusiasm was manifested at Grasse, though the royalists had circulated a report, that the troops who accompanied Napoleon were merely bands of corsairs from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. This at first excited alarm; but, when the truth came to be known, the people unanimously greeted the Emperor with shouts of welcome.

The six pieces of artillery brought from Elba, found embarrassing in crossing the

mountains, it was resolved to leave them at Grasse. This, at least, denoted the hope of meeting with a fresh supply further on.

At Bareme, where the Emperor slept on the 3rd, at Digne, and at Castellane, popular enthusiasm continued to increase.

On the 5th the fortress of Sesterone surrendered to General Cambrone, whose corps consisted of only forty men.

On the same evening (the 5th) Napoleon entered Gap. He was so gratified by the manner in which he had been received in the Upper Alps, that he thanked the inhabitants by a proclamation.

Some individuals at Saint Bonnet, seeing him followed by so feeble an escort, said—

"Sire, we will sound the tocsin, and the country people will rise *en masse* to follow you."

"No," answered Napoleon; "your sentiments are sufficiently well known to me. I was not mistaken when I thought I should find sympathy in you. I only want soldiers, and I feel assured that all whom I meet will join me. You, civilians, remain tranquil."

During the whole of the 6th, Napoleon halted at Gap. He was now approaching the troops of the line. Cambrone, still with only his forty men, passed the night at La Mure, forming an advanced guard. There he fell in with the advanced guard of the King's army, about six thousand strong. He wished to communicate with the troops, but he

was given to understand that all communication was interdicted, and, at the same time, the royalist advanced guard fell back, as if fearful of coming in contact with the Emperor. Napoleon galloped forward, and despatched his orderly officer, Revel, with a flag of truce: they would not listen to him. Then Napoleon, by one of those resolutions which genius alone inspires, and which only great men know how to turn to account, advanced and dismounted. His grognards followed him with their arms reversed, and, when he came within hearing of the opposite battalion, he fixed upon it his eagle-eye and said:

"Behold me! It is I who stand before you. If there be any soldier among you, who wishes to take the life of his Emperor, let him do so now."

The whole battalion dropped on their knees and exclaimed: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" At that moment, the crown was transferred from Louis XVIII. to Napoleon Bonaparte.

Subjects are not inclined to assassinate their sovereign under such circumstances as this. On the contrary, they vow to them eternal fidelity, and are willing to follow wherever they may be led. Besides, what regiment had been chosen on this occasion to oppose to "*Jean de l'Epée*," or "*Père la Violette*," as the soldiers then called Napoleon? One of those which, under his command, had served in the campaigns of Italy? The troops tore from their caps the white cockades and

fastened on tri-coloured ones which the grognards distributed to them. They then ranged themselves in the order of battle, that the Emperor might review them. From that moment, the fifth battalion never left him, and, on the 26th of March, Napoleon in the court-yard of the Tuileries, publicly eulogized its fidelity in the following terms:

"I must express my gratitude to these brave fellows, and to the company of miners who followed them; for, when they might have taken my life in a defile of which they were masters, they ranged themselves round me with the shouts of loyalty."

Napoleon proceeded on his way. When he had advanced a little further, loud shouts were heard, and in the distance was seen the seventh regiment of the line, commanded by its colonel, the Marquis de Labédoyère. The patience both of officers and men, was almost exhausted, and they were now rapidly marching to meet the Emperor. When they came up with him, they threw themselves at his feet, a drum was speedily broken open, and from it was extracted an eagle. It was that which had belonged to the regiment before the Restoration. Another drum contained tri-coloured cockades, and in a moment the royalist colours disappeared. Napoleon complimented Labédoyère and his regiment, and, placing himself at its head, marched on towards Grenoble.

As they approached, all was agitation and confusion in that important city, which was well gar-

risoned, and contained an immense quantity of ammunition and provisions. When night came, the whole force was concentrated within the walls, and the gates were closed. The third regiment of engineers, having two thousand sappers; the eleventh regiment of the line; two battalions of the fifth; and the fourth regiment of artillery (of which, twenty-five years previously, Napoleon had been made captain,) occupied the ramparts.

At half-past eight, some Polish troops, forming the Emperor's advanced guard, made a reconnaissance at the gate of Bonne. The Emperor, at that moment, appeared in the suburb, and his presence was marked by the most enthusiastic greetings. The gate of Bonne was closed, and General Marchand, the commandant of Grenoble, had the keys.

"Comrades, open the gate, and let us enter!" exclaimed Napoleon's troops, joined by the inhabitants of the suburb.

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" shouted the soldiery stationed on the ramparts; and their shouts were re-echoed by the national guards, and all within the garrison; even the gunners joined in the cry, though they stood with their matches ready lighted, and had been ordered to fire.

Still, the gate continued closed. The sappers attacked it with their axes. They were actively seconded by the working people of the suburb, and bars of iron were employed to wrench the gates

from their hinges. At length, an expert locksmith succeeded in picking the lock: the gate tottered, and fell to the ground with a terrific crash, amidst cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Napoleon's troops now marched in, and they found the town illuminated, and the inhabitants at their windows and doors, holding torches and branches of laurel.

The advanced guard, consisting of Poles, sappers, and troops of the line, followed by the people of the suburb, defiled triumphantly. At some little distance from the gate, in an open space, appeared Napoleon on horseback, and unattended. At that moment, any one who had chosen to do so, might have aimed a musket shot at him, without any chance of failure: even those who were comparatively indifferent to his safety, trembled at his imprudence.

Labédoyère, with his regiment, the battalion of the fifth, and the grognards, followed the Emperor. Soldiers and citizens immediately flocked round him, whilst the air resounded with their enthusiastic cries. All who witnessed this scene, describe it to have been, in the utmost degree, moving and sublime. On that occasion, Napoleon must have felt himself to be a legitimate sovereign. After the lapse of a short interval, the mayor and several other functionaries, in their official costumes, waited upon him with an address of congratulation, just as if he had returned from a tour.

It was proposed that the Emperor should take

up his abode at the Préfecture; but he declined this.

"No," said he, "one of my old consular *Guides*, Lesbarres, keeps the inn called the *Trois Dauphins* in this town. I have not seen him for a very long time, and I am sure he will readily give me a lodging. Gentlemen, it is useful to have friends in these times, and Lesbarres is my friend."

These words, which were uttered with seeming negligence, had the effect which they were intended to produce on the good people of Grenoble. All admired the Emperor's kind remembrance of an obscure subject:—it was so gratifying to find the great general recollecting the name of an old soldier, after a long lapse of years!

The populace is vain, and loves to be paid attention to. The most galling affront that can be inflicted on a man of low condition, is, when a great man, to whom he has once been known, does not recognise him. He is always gratified by being remembered.

Lesbarres, the keeper of the Trois Dauphins, expected his illustrious visitor. Whenever he heard of Napoleon's landing, he exclaimed, "If the Emperor should pass through Grenoble, I know he will sleep in my house."

As soon as he beheld his sovereign, he threw himself at his feet, and fervently kissed the hand that was extended to him: "Now," he said, "I

could die without regret, for I shall leave behind me a name, which will not be buried in my grave!"

Napoleon was no sooner installed in the quarters which his old *guide* had prepared for him, than his ears were saluted by the performance of a band of music, composed of drums, trumpets, bad violins, flutes, etc. This rude harmony, together with the loud and triumphant shouts with which it was blended, announced the performance of a new scene in the interesting drama. The populace, aided by the soldiery, having completely pulled down the gate of Bonne, were carrying its fragments on their shoulders for the purpose of laying them before the Emperor's windows. A mechanic, who had formerly served in the army, and who was one of those brave fellows who had slept in the shade of the Pyramids, took upon himself the office of spokesman for the assembled multitude. Taking his station before Napoleon's window, he said:—

"Beloved Emperor, we were not able to present to you the keys of your good city of Grenoble; but we have the pleasure of laying before you its gates."

This novel kind of homage was received with unfeigned gratification.

Next day, there was a grand levee at the Trois Dauphins. The Bishop, the members of the courts of law, and other dignitaries, paid their

respects to the Emperor. His Majesty developed some of his plans for the happiness of France, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which he had been received at Grenoble. The learned Fourier, then Prefect of Isère, attended the levee. The Emperor had known him in Egypt. Some days after, he was appointed Prefect of Lyons.

On the 9th of March, Napoleon slept in the village of Bourgoins, whilst the *Moniteur* announced that he had been killed that same day, in the same place, by the Duke of Orleans.

On the following day, he advanced towards Lyons, where the Count d'Artois was employing every exertion to animate the troops in behalf of the King. His efforts were unavailing. The Pont de Morand and the Pont de la Guillottière, had been barricadoed, and it was proposed to destroy them. But this would have been useless trouble; even had it been done, Napoleon would speedily have found means to cross the river.

At three o'clock, on the afternoon of the 10th, Marshal Macdonald, that model of unshaken fidelity, led two battalions on the Pont de la Guillottière. As they were approaching the barricades, a reconnoitring detachment of the 4th hussars debouched from the faubourg, preceded by some hundreds of young Lyonese, all shouting *Vive l'Empereur*.

This shout was like the trumpets of the Jews before Jericho. The barricades of the bridge were

demolished, like the gate of Bonne. Marshal Macdonald's battalion responded to the cry, and immediately the beams, planks, trees, etc. etc. which formed, as it were, a shadow of resistance, were hurled into the Rhone. These obstacles being removed, the soldiers, who, a few moments previously, had been destined to contend with each other, embraced with the cordiality of brothers. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Lyons, who were stationed on each bank of the river, witnessed this incident, and rent the air with their enthusiastic acclamations.

The Count d'Artois, Marshal Macdonald, and the Prefect, quitted the city; but no superior officer followed them.

At seven o'clock, the Emperor galloped forward on Lyons, to review and place himself at the head of those same troops who had been destined to oppose his entrance. He was not escorted by any guard, and the people thronged round him; many struggling to touch his boot or the flap of his coat. He graciously saluted every person near him. A man advanced, and presented to him a glass of wine, but he declined it: — "Thank you, my good fellow," he said, good-humouredly, "I am not more thirsty than those hundred thousand Lyonese, who are not thinking of refreshment."

He thus adroitly avoided a familiarity, which would have been inconsistent with his dignity.

The Cour Royale and all the public authorities

of Lyons, except the Prefect, paid their respects to him. The vicars of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, did the honours of the arch-episcopal palace, where he took up his abode.

At Lyons, the certainty of triumph betrayed Napoleon into the error of issuing those decrees which proved so injurious to his cause, since they all bore the impress of his former despotism. General Bertrand refused to countersign them, though they appeared in the Moniteur, with his name attached to them. Napoleon abolished the constitutional charter, the two chambers, the royal orders of the Saint Esprit, of Saint Louis, of Saint Michel, and of Saint Hubert. He cancelled all the creations made by the Bourbons in the order of the legion of honour, all the appointments and promotions in the army and navy, and he placed under the ban of proscription thirteen individuals, who were sentenced to suffer death and the confiscation of their property.

The proscription list commenced with Prince Talleyrand, and ended with Viscount Sosthene de la Rochefoucauld. The King's body guards were broken, and were ordered to retire to the distance of forty leagues from Paris. In a word, thunderbolts were hurled in every direction. Napoleon announced himself to be implacable, whilst in reality he was far from being so.

On the 14th, the Emperor slept at Autun; on the 16th at Avallon, and on the 17th at Auxerre.

In the latter place, he was found by Marshal Ney, who on the 12th had published an order of the day, in which he proclaimed to the army his treason, or to call it by a less severe name, his error.

On the 19th, Napoleon reached Fontainebleau. How many different recollections must have crowded on his mind! He found himself surrounded by courtiers, who came to meet him in the very place where they had taken leave of him. On his arrival, he inquired whether Berthier and Rovigo were there. The former thought he could not with decency forsake the King; as to the latter, if he dared not show himself at Fontainebleau, he at least sent a letter in which, whilst he rendered homage to his imperial master, he repeated his triple *mea culpa.*

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's entrance into Paris—His arrival at the Tuileries—The Queen of Spain and Queen Hortense—Fouché's enmity towards me—My appointment at Toulouse—The sovereignty of the people—Napoleon's conversation with Cambacérès on that subject—The Bourbons quit France—Brief summary of events in the South—Murat—His death—The Imperial peers—The Champ de Mai—Napoleon's speech—Close of the Hundred Days.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 20th of March, the Emperor was met by a brilliant *cortège*, accompanied by a vast multitude of the inhabitants of Paris. He declined to use the triumphal carriage which had been prepared for his reception, and insisted on entering his capital in the calèche in which he had travelled from Cannes. It had previously conveyed him from Fontainebleau to Fréjus, and he afterwards rode in it to Rochefort, when he embarked for Elba.

Eight or ten post chaises, filled with persons of His Majesty's suite, followed the calèche. On each side of the road, files of Polish lancers cleared the way.

On reaching the barriers of Paris, the Emperor saw advancing towards him, the force which was to have been commanded by the Duke de Berri. Generals, officers, and privates, all enthusiastically greeted their Emperor. They tore off and trampled on their white cockades, and fastened to their caps tri-coloured favours, which they had concealed in their knapsacks.

The Emperor, who was driving rapidly, soon passed by amidst the joyous cheering of the troops. Anxious to avoid the irksome ceremony of a triumphal entrance into Paris, he proceeded as privately as possible to the Arc de Triomphe of the Carrousel. There he was recognised by the group of officers who were anxiously waiting for him since an early hour in the morning. They forced him out of the calèche, and carried him through the courtyard, the vestibule, up the grand staircase, and into the apartments of the palace.

All were pressing forward, anxious to get near him; some were endeavouring to speak to him, and others to touch him. The Emperor, incommoded by the pressure, and not knowing whom to listen to, or to answer, said:

"My good friends, do not stifle your Emperor. Spare his life, I entreat you. He will require a long one, to prove the love and gratitude he bears you."

He spoke in vain; the pressure continued to increase. Among those nearest to him, were the

Count de Montalivet and the Count de La Valette. At length, Napoleon was carried into the imperial chamber, and with some little difficulty the doors were closed.

Thus ended the most extraordinary enterprise that stands recorded in the pages of history;—the conquest of a kingdom almost by the efforts of one man. But here likewise terminated the fortune of Napoleon; his brilliant star was eclipsed from that night. His after-life was an interrupted series of disaster and suffering.

The Queen of Spain, the wife of King Joseph, and Queen Hortense, were the only members of the imperial family who presented themselves to the Emperor. Queen Hortense, his beloved step-daughter, flew to embrace him, shedding a torrent of tears. Napoleon received her affectionate welcome with truly paternal feeling. He thanked the grand officers of his household and his servants, all of whom were at their posts. He promised them a happy future; and that night we all once again dreamed of victories.

I was fortunate enough to be one of those who gained entrance to the imperial chamber. I wore my official costume as auditor of the council of state, which I had sent for from the country at the close of the preceding year. I had my share of Napoleon's kind reception, and I heard him utter the following words:

"So the poor Arch-chancellor is ill. Let him

be informed that I consign to him provisionally the portfolio of the minister of justice."

Prince Cambacérès did not present himself at the Tuileries on the occasion of Napoleon's arrival. He spoke truly, when he assured me that if he did appear there, it would be in obedience to reiterated commands. Suddenly, I heard a door open behind me, and two persons entered ; they were the Duke of Otranto and Carnot. Unluckily for me, I was standing so near the door at which they entered, that I happened to be the first person on whom Fouché cast his eyes. He extended his hand to me with a friendly air ; and this seeming cordiality convinced me, that I was ruined beyond redemption in his regard. I was not mistaken.

Napoleon, without manifesting any surprise at seeing men of such very dissimilar characters, received them kindly, and thanked Carnot for his admirable defence of Antwerp.

" ' Sire,' said Carnot, ' I looked upon Antwerp as the country."

A favour-seeking courtier would have added :— "*and as the Emperor, too.*" But Carnot was too independent for that. In a short time, the majority of the persons, who filled the imperial chamber, withdrew, and the Emperor was left with a few of his most intimate friends.

On the following day, the different ministerial appointments, necessary for the re-establishment of

the government, were made known. To the Arch-chancellor were consigned the functions of minister of justice and keeper of the great seal.

The Duke de Gaëte resumed the portfolio of the minister of finance, which certainly the Restoration ought not to have deprived him of.

M. Maret, Duke de Bassano, once more became a secretary of state. The Emperor valued his business-like habits. He was right; and it is only a matter of surprise that the Duke de Bassano's many estimable qualities did not obtain for him a higher degree of the imperial favour.

The Duke Decres was made minister of the marine. This choice seemed to be approved by the Emperor alone. The incapacity of the Duke certainly operated very injuriously to the interests of the French navy.

M. Fouché, Duke d'Otranto, was appointed minister of the general police.

Count Mollien was placed at the head of the treasury. This appointment met with general approval.

Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, was minister of the war department. The Duke of Dalmatia. [illegible]pected to fill this post. He was consoled, by the [illegible]omise of receiving a high military command in war which then appeared inevitable.

[illegible]. Savary, Duke de Rovigo, doubtless expected [illegible]e reinstated in his old post at the head of the

police department. He was disappointed, but, by way of compensation, he was made inspector-general of gendarmerie.

The Count de Bondy, a man who had no qualifications to recommend him, was made prefect of Paris; and the office of prefect of the police, devolved on Count Réal. The latter appointment could not have been better disposed of.

To complete these nominations, I may add that on the 22d of March, Carnot was created a Count of the Empire, as a reward for his glorious defence of Antwerp. He was likewise appointed minister of the interior, and, provisionally, minister of public worship.

Count Bertrand retained his post of grand marshal of the palace. M.M. de Montesquiou-Fezensac and Ségur, having both presented themselves at the Tuileries on the 20th of March, received their old appointments of grand chamberlain and grand master of the ceremonies.

Count de Luçay was préfet du palais.

Baron Fain was maître des requêtes, and the Emperor's cabinet secretary. The latter office had been very meritoriously filled by Baron de Meneval.

The Count de Montalivet, who was prevented by a political intrigue from recovering his situation of minister of the interior, was made intendant general of the crown domains, a post which his son now fills under the King of the French. The latter

sovereign is somewhat richer in private domains than Napoleon was.

M. de Champagny, Duke de Cadore, hoped to be minister for foreign affairs; but the Emperor deemed it more conducive to his interests to give this important appointment to M. Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza. The Duke de Cadore was, therefore, made superintendent of public buildings.

I had every right to expect that I should receive some official appointment under this new government; for almost all the individuals now raised to ministerial power were my patrons or friends. I hoped, too, that the Emperor himself would not forget certain services which I had rendered him in 1814. I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose the nature of those services, not that they could possibly reflect any discredit on myself, but because there are some individuals who took part in them, who might be annoyed or injured by the remembrance of them.

Among other influential persons, Carnot was my sincere friend. One day when I called on him, he informed me that there had been some intention of nominating me to a prefecture, but that Fouché had caused that design to be relinquished.

"'Fouché is unfriendly to you,' continued Carnot. 'Yesterday, at the council, he asserted, that all your family are royalists; and that your wife is most devotedly attached to the Bourbon cause. He

moreover affirmed that your uncle, Tristan de Lamothe, is at this moment commanding a corps of royalist volunteers, composed of students of Toulouse.' 'But,' observed the Emperor, 'I have unquestionable proofs of M de Langon's fidelity to me.' 'Well,' rejoined Fouché, 'make trial of him. Send him on a private mission to the south. The Count de Pontécoulant is going thither. Let M. de Langon go with him!' 'This advice was adopted,' added Carnot; 'so that now you must retreat, in the hope of advancing at another opportunity.'

Shortly afterwards, it was formally notified to me that I had been appointed sous-préfet of Toulouse.

I left Paris in fulfilment of my official duties, and, consequently, my evening visits to Prince Cambacérès were suspended during an interval of upwards of four years, viz., from March 1814 to December, 1818.

Napoleon, some days after his arrival in Paris, sent for Prince Cambacérès, who had not yet presented himself at the Tuileries. The Prince obeyed the summons, and the Emperor, as soon as he beheld him, said, jestingly:—

"'Well, coward! are you so afraid of ghosts that you could not venture here sooner, though you had all France, and all the army to protect you?'

"'Really, Sire,' replied the Prince, 'amidst

these extraordinary arrivals and departures, a prudent man may well be pardoned if he should feel a little hesitation in venturing from his hiding-place.'

After the interchange of these familiar observations, Napoleon, assuming an air of gravity, said:—

"'I am aware that you could not have expected me. I hurried my arrival; and, now that I am here, I find so much perplexity, so many obstacles, so little unity of opinion, such feeble resources, that I require the aid of all the able men of my old council. Prince, I have cause to complain of you. Why did you conceal from me the real state of affairs? Do you imagine I would have advanced so far, if I had been aware of the repugnance of the nation to follow me?'

"'Sire, could any one have ventured to open your Majesty's eyes, without incurring your displeasure? The flatterers, by whom you were surrounded, had too well succeeded in blinding you. We all remember Gil Blas and the Arch-bishop of Grenada.'

Napoleon inquired what was the opinion of Prince Cambacérès respecting the Bourbons, the charter, and the condition of the country. He listened attentively to the Prince's answers, and then suddenly turning the conversation, he said:—

"'What do you think the foreign powers will do?'

" ' They will take up arms, Sire.'

" ' I cannot conceive that they have any interest in so doing.'

" ' I am inclined to believe, Sire, that your Majesty's opinion, on this subject, is influenced by your own earnest wish to see Europe remain in tranquillity.'

Prince Cambacérès then requested that the Emperor would permit him to deliver up the portfolio of the minister of justice.

" ' No, not yet, said the Emperor. I have need of you. Your name has great influence in foreign cabinets. I was not so well aware of that fact last year, as I now am. It is generally believed that you are my guide :—that without you I should hurl myself and everything to destruction. Do you know they describe me as a man of the most ungovernable violence of temper :—that I not only employ the most gross and insulting language, but that I even deal out kicks and cuffs to every one about me. It is alleged that you have had your full share of these compliments. I confess, I have been a little annoyed by this nonsense. In what society do they think I have passed my life ?"

After this first interview, Prince Cambacérès conceived it to be his duty to make the Emperor acquainted with some points of public opinion, which appeared to escape his observation. Being closeted with His Majesty at the palace of the

Elysée, he seized the opportunity of thus addressing him :—

" Sire, I wish to draw your Majesty's attention to a question of great importance. It excites no little astonishment in France, and indeed throughout Europe, that your Majesty should so frequently have made a sport of the rights of the people, and consequently called in question your own right of sovereignty. I trust your Majesty will pardon me ; but a sense of imperative duty urges me to speak without reserve. I know that remarks have been made, which, though true, are calculated to have the most mischievous tendency."

" ' I rejoice to hear it,' exclaimed the Emperor, exultingly. ' I have then attained my object. Do you imagine, Prince, that it can be agreeable to me, to find myself, since my return, treated as a paria by the faubourg St. Germain—to hear my illegitimacy continually made a ground of reproach ?—Morbleu ! If they will have legitimacy, they shall have it after my fashion, and not after their own. If you look into the annals of nations, you will find that there were people before there were kings. Kings were originally created by the consent of their subjects. Therefore, the sovereignty is in the people. The King is only the mandatory of his subjects, and is legitimate or illegitimate according to their good will and pleasure. This is clear and indisputable. Thus, then, the consequence is, that when a nation wishes to rid itself of any particular

royal family; it dismisses that family, and transfers the rights, with which it was invested, to some other family, chosen in its stead. This is precisely the state of the question between the Bourbons and myself. Their time is now ended, and mine is beginning. This is the truth. But it is a truth I would not have spoken, had I been better treated by them. I am only flinging back the stones which my enemies have thrown into my garden. That is perfectly natural."

"But," resumed Prince Cambacérès, "your Majesty must be careful lest, by dint of constantly telling the people of their sovereignty, you inspire them with the desire to exercise it personally. Whenever that may happen, farewell to kings! But it appears to me that this question may be placed in a light different from that in which your Majesty views it. Before there were nations there were families, and royalty then had its birth. Adam was the king of his children; that cannot be disputed. The terms monarch and father are synonymous. Royalty, therefore, existed previously the formation of society; and the founder of royalty is God, for He created the first man. Thus, a sovereign may justly say that he reigns by the Grace of God; for God created him the father of his people. Certainly Adam had every possible right to style himself father, or king, or father and king, by the grace of God."

Napoleon appeared to be struck with these remarks, which evidently shook his faith in the correctness of his own opinions. Prince Cambacérès dwelt on the danger of allowing the people to imagine themselves all-powerful; and pointed out the temptation to the abuse of public power. But the Emperor still maintained that he was the chosen of the people.

"No matter," said he; "let me gain four or five battles, and you will see, that they who would imagine they can reign by their divine right, will lose all hope of ever succeeding me."

"I cannot pretend to say" observed the Prince, when he related to me the above conversation, "what policy Napoleon really intended to adopt. But, till the day of his fall, he continued to hold the above language. The address, which he delivered at the Champ de Mai in June, was merely a commentary on this dangerous principle."

On quitting Paris, His Majesty Louis XVIII. took the direction of Lille. In that city, the King hoped that he might still reign. But it would have been necessary to get the troops out by a surprise, and the royalist party had not sufficient tact for the accomplishment of that object. On the other hand, the agents of Napoleon exerted themselves so effectually, that the royal family found themselves compelled to depart. On leaving France, the King dismissed his guards

Thus, in the east, the north, and the west, the conquest was made without striking a blow:—it was not so in the south.

I have already mentioned that a provisional government had been established at Toulouse, composed of the Duke d'Angoulême, Count Damas Crux, and Baron de Vitrolles. The Duke d'Angoulême remained but a short time at Toulouse, and then proceeded to Bas-Languedoc, where the friends of the royalists had made strenuous exertions to organize a military force. This force consisted of the tenth regiment of the line, under the command of Count d'Ambrugeac, and some parties of national guards, and royalist volunteers.

These combined troops moved along the banks of the Rhone. Some slight advantages, which they gained at Montelimard, and at la Pallu, were suddenly succeeded by reverses. Whenever the imperial troops made a vigorous attack, it was immediately followed by defection in the royalist forces. Mutiny and disorder prevailed. The Duke d'Angoulême having reached Pont Saint Esprit, with the wreck of his army, magnanimously refused to retire to Turin, alone, as it was proposed he should do.

A capitulation concluded between General Gilly and the Duke d'Angoulême, was violated. General Grouchy, who arrived to take the supreme command of the imperial force, refused to allow the

Prince to depart. The Emperor, to whom the matter was referred, expressed his displeasure at the mistake committed by the general, and immediately allowed the Prince to depart. His royal highness embarked at the port of Cette, on board of a Swedish vessel. He proceeded to Spain, landed at Barcelona, and there awaited happier days.

The Duke was still fighting with heroic courage and struggling against every species of adverse fortune, when Toulouse was taken. The inexperienced generals, whom he left there, had placed themselves in the power of General de Laborde, and were betrayed by him. Four hundred artillerymen terminated the conflict on that point.

Twenty thousand national guards well armed, and full of enthusiasm, surrendered to prevent the useless effusion of blood. The King had left France, and what could be done when the movement in his favour was not universal ?

Whilst such was the state of affairs at Pont Saint-Esprit and Toulouse, the Duchess d'Angoulême, the august daughter of Marie-Antoinette, animated the people of Bordeaux by her sublime courage and magnanimity. There likewise the troops were devoted to Napoleon ; but the citizens and national guards continued faithful to the royal cause.

The Duchess d'Angoulême held consultations with the generals, arranged measures of security

and defence, and received from them assurances of the most inviolable fidelity. Astonished at not seeing the commandant of the Fort of Blaye among those who came repeatedly to renew their oaths of allegiance to the King, her royal highness one day summoned the commandant to her presence. He presented himself, but he found means to evade the oath.

On Easter Monday, the Duchess reviewed the troops of the line and the national guards in the Champ de Mars.

It was made known, on the Thursday following, that General Clausel, who had been sent by Napoleon, was advancing with a very small corps on Bordeaux. Blaye immediately unfurled the tri-coloured flag.

The Duchess was now inspired with increased zeal and energy. One day, at a review, she addressed to the troops the following words:

"If there be any men among you, who have sworn, in my presence, to remain faithful to the King, let them step forward, that I may know them."

A few swords were drawn, and a few men advanced in front of the square.

"You are but few in number," observed the Duchess. "No matter; at least, we know on whom we may rely."

At length, this illustrious lady found herself compelled to yield to treachery and violence and

she quitted Bordeaux. On the 21st of April, she embarked on board an English vessel, which bore her from her native France; her overwhelming grief being augmented by her uncertainty respecting the fate of the prince her husband.

The King was at Ghent, the Duke d'Angoulême in Spain, Madame Royale on the sea, the Duke de Bourbon in England. Napoleon had completed his conquest. The great event was announced by the firing of cannon in all the seaports and frontier towns.

Napoleon, secure of the present, fancied himself master of the future. He flattered himself that his reign had once more commenced, and he said this to Count Fabre de l'Aude, in an audience which he granted him. Yet, Europe was at that moment preparing to wage war against him. The troops which, in the preceding year had subdued France, were now advancing to invade her territory a second time.

The congress of Vienna was still sitting: Napoleon's return filled its members with dismay. On the 13th of March, a thundering declaration, issued by the congress, pronounced the doom of outlawry on Napoleon. His imperial title vanished; He was now merely an adventurer, a brigand, on whose head a price was set.

In every period of modern history, monarchs have themselves contributed to diminish the respect due to their own dignity. The young princes who

have been put to death, and who have been placed without the pale of the law of nations, by other princes, have tended more than anything to bring sovereignty into contempt. Two striking examples of this error followed closely one upon the other, viz: the declaration against Napoleon, and the execution of Murat.

The latter, who was a traitor to his brother-in-law, to his benefactor, and to France, had contributed to our disasters, and to Napoleon's fall, by joining the coalition. By way of recompense, the allies consolidated his throne though but for a little time; for the congress was preparing to issue against him a sentence of deposition, when he anticipated them in their hostile design.

The intelligence of Napoleon's entrance into Paris, roused the imprudent courage of Murat, who, regardless of the advantage of co-operating with France, marched, in April, against Upper Italy. The Pope and the Duke of Tuscany fled at his approach, and he fancied himself the triumphant ruler of the country.

But, at Tolentino, General Bianchi drove the Neapolitan regiments before him, like flocks of sheep. Murat found his army reduced to a few lancers, and, on his return to Naples, he answered the reproaches of the Queen, by saying, "Madame, I could not die!" On many other occasions, however, he had shown that he did not fear death.

Murat and the Queen left Naples, and came to

France. Napoleon would not see his brother-in-law, whose recent defeat seemed like an ill-omen. Murat wandered through Provence, and from thence proceeded to Corsica. Finally, when Waterloo had destroyed the dream of the Isle of Elba, and when all was lost, Murat once more resolved to tempt his fate. He landed at Pizzo, in Calabria, was arrested, and shot on the 13th of October, 1815. Yet, Murat was a king.

Though Napoleon proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, he would have wished to retain possession of the dictatorship until the termination of the war, then about to ensue. But the allied sovereigns, far from treating with him, would not even receive his ambassadors or his letters. France was enclosed within a wall of circumvallation, which prevented any one from leaving the territory. Masses of troops already menaced our frontiers; and it was necessary to act on the defensive.

But the Napoleon of 1815 bore no resemblance to him who had once been the conqueror of Europe. We might have applied to him Voltaire's line:

Sémiramis n'est plus que l'ombre d'elle-même.

He had to contend against the party clamour which was kept alive by Fouché; and he found himself compelled to yield to its influence. A new charter was demanded, and Napoleon gave

the additional act, with the constitution of the Empire; a political code which excited general dissatisfaction. It was regarded as the manifestation of a wish to refer every thing to himself; and betrayed none of the candour which characterized the charter granted by Louis XVIII.

Whilst the electoral colleges were engaged in composing a chamber of deputies destined to represent an insignificant minority of the people, the Emperor nominated his chamber of peers.

The selection of the imperial chamber of peers created innumerable enemies to Napoleon. It is inconceivable what pretensions were set up to the right of admittance to the chamber of peers, and, in every instance, the disappointment of these pretensions had been succeeded by a feeling of animosity to the Emperor.

Count Lanjuinais was made president of the chamber of deputies. This was a good choice; but the Emperor had to encounter the opposition of the chamber from the very outset. He had given offence, by corresponding with that assembly through the medium of his chamberlains.

The Champ de Mai opened in June. The ceremony which took place in the Champ de Mars was magnificent. Deluded by the idea that he represented the people, he uttered the following words, in the course of his address—

"As Emperor, Consul, or General, I derive all

my power from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the field of battle, in the council, on the throne, and in exile, France has ever been the constant object of my thoughts, and the sole motive of my actions. I am like that King of Athens, who sacrificed himself for his people."

The rest of the speech contained nothing remarkable. It recommended union, and dwelt on the efforts which it would be necessary to make, to overcome the enemy. The Emperor's speech did not excite much attention; but great curiosity was manifested to see Lucien, who appeared in a uniform of white velvet embroidered with gold. Napoleon wore a purple velvet uniform. Those costumes, which were perfectly unique, formed a contrast to the more modern style of those worn by other individuals. That day it seemed to be a fact universally admitted, that to re-establish the Empire was a thing impossible. Twelve months had sufficed to throw it three centuries in the rear. The Emperor himself appeared to be convinced of this truth.

Napoleon now placed himself at the head of the army. He was full late in taking this step. The war ought to have been commenced a month earlier, while the allies were yet unprepared. Conceiving that he had made every requisite arrangement for securing internal tranquillity, he left Paris on the 11th of June, anxious to join those heroic legions, at the head of which he imagined himself

..to be invincible. The illusion was speedily dispelled —on the 24th of June, he returned to Paris, after the loss of the battle of Waterloo. Unfortunately, on this occasion, he did not show himself superior to adverse fate. Had he remained with his army, he might again have fought and conquered; but, by returning to Paris, he sank into insignificance —he was lost in the crowd.

Fouché immediately assumed the direction of the government; and he set on foot fifty different negociations and intrigues. Napoleon, yielding to vain apprehensions, abdicated a second time. He was soon forced to quit Paris. After wandering, like an exile, to the shores of the Atlantic, he refused to effect the escape which was in his power. Unluckily, he preferred consigning himself to the good faith of England. He went on board the Northumberland, and his political career was at an end.

The allies, and Louis XVIII, returned to Paris with equal eagerness. The reaction was terrible:— the conquerors manifested no generosity. Consternation pervaded France; but the cruelties of 1815 and 1816 bore their fruits in 1830.

Fouché for a while flattered himself that he had got safely into port. But he soon became an object of merciless attack; and his fall was the just punishment of his crimes. He died in a foreign land:—he who had signed so many proscription lists, terminated his own career in exile.

The rest is known; Louis XVIII once more ascended the throne of his ancestors. Napoleon died on the 3rd of May, 1821, and the King on the 16th of September, 1824.

END OF VOL. II.

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